

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

4⁹⁵

A BARGAIN!

RUBBER SEX
STRETCHING
THE LIMITS

MARK I. CHESTER:
METAMORPHOSIS
SAVAGE
FICTION SECTION:
DRUMMER
MENAGERIE

SENSORY
CONTROL:
INSIDE
THE BOX

AT THE MOVIES:
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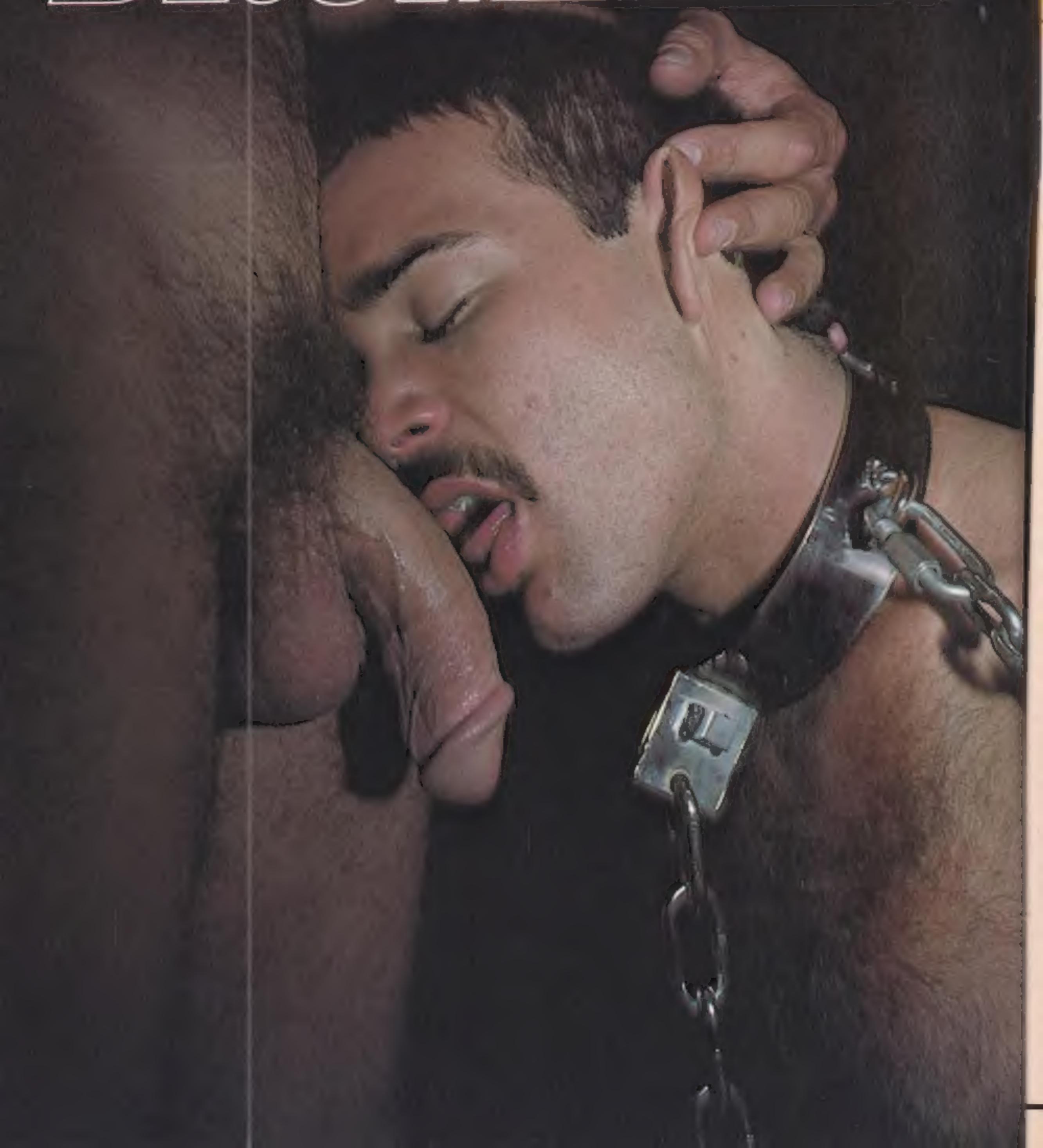
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DRUGSMOKER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover: Our young coverman strikes a commanding pose (photo by Patrick Nunn); and (opposite page) gets caught in a compromising position (Photo by Henry Dryovage). We'll take him any way we can get him!

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COMING UP

We were curious as to what would happen when the media finally had their hands on the information that screen star Rock Hudson has AIDS. Now we know. Magazines that wouldn't mention the word or which, like the present administration, had a definite policy of ignoring the problem, now have their version of AIDS information (which we in the gay community have known about for more time than we ever wanted to) all over their covers. The coverage is predictable with *TIME* and *NEWSWEEK* being objective and above it all, *PEOPLE* wallowing in it and *LIFE*'s screaming front cover with very little information inside.

But we have to take our hat (or something) off to the *NATIONAL ENQUIRER*. We can think of no time in which they have sunk quite as low, within recent memory. Not even Jerry Falwell would have publicly put out the hogwash they slapped into a hurried front page. As usual, what followed inside had not too much to do with the headlining. There were no facts, of course. The *ENQUIRER* has never been known for facts. Just quotes from unknown persons claiming the *Dynasty* cast was aghast at having been exposed to Rock Hudson during both taping and rehearsals. There was a statement from another unnamed source quoting co-star Linda Evans, then John Forsyth, that one or the other had kissed him repeatedly and was now frightened to death. Even one supposedly from Joan Collins, who certainly must be aware of the dangers of venereal disease, mouthing hogwash which she probably never mouthed.

But that isn't all you get for your 60¢. Another unnamed source quotes Nancy Reagan as similarly aghast that Mr. Hudson was invited to a state dinner at the White House and exposed everyone there to his loathsome disease.

We doubt any and all of this and fervently hope that some of these quoted individuals sue the living hell out of the *ENQUIRER*, which, God knows, is no stranger to lawsuits. Perhaps, we suggest, just in the name of a rather nice guy who has had to live in the closet all of his professional life. When you win, and if you collect, give the money in his name to one of the many causes around which can be of immeasurable help to similar victims who haven't such a newsworthy name.

In the meantime, Mr. Hudson, God be with you. Your illness may accomplish more than you ever dreamed throughout your very creditable career.

—John H. Embry



STRETCHI

R

by

Photo Courtesy of THE PLEASURE CHEST, Los Angeles

NG THE LIMITS UPBBER

Aaron Travis

The Rubber Master stands over you. He has encased you in his element. You cannot see, hear, smell him, but you feel his presence...like so many times before...

Rubber can be natural, as natural a substance for covering the flesh as leather—though its origin is plant, not animal. The vegetarian's leather. Or it can be synthetic, produced at will in laboratories of human ingenuity. An animal is stripped of its hide, its flesh tanned and cured, and the end product is a vest, a jacket, an armband, a pair of chaps molded over lean, sinewy hips. A tree is stripped of its bark in spiral bands and bled of sap; the juice is heated, treated, made to conform to desired shapes that mold the body more tightly than any other substance. Natural rubber is even more primal than natural leather, its origins even more ancient and alien. Synthetic rubber is more alien still, a chemical creation of polymers. Rubber is the substance of prehistory and science fiction sex.

The Rubber Master produces a dildo: thick, long, and like all of his implements, made of his favorite element. He coats it with a polymer sheen, and as you bend before him, he inserts it full-length into your waiting rectum. You are held fast upon his rubber dildo, held fast inside the rubber suit, penetrated and protected by the Rubber Master's chosen substance...

PHOTO BY MARK I. CHESTER





PHOTO BY MARK L. CHESTER

The heritage of rubber: American Heritage Dictionary defines it as a noun. After the scientific and industrial definitions comes the good part: One who rubs; One who gives a massage; Something made of rubber, as an eraser; (slang) a condom.

You are encased in rubber from head to foot, penetrated by rubber—a dildo in your ass, a ball-gag between straining lips, accepting the imprint of teeth unable to clench. Your cock as well is sheathed in rubber; not a sheer prophylactic in nude fleshtone, but a heavy black rubber casing, outlining your balls and cock as if they were a replica cast in black polymer. Nothing gets in, nothing gets out. You are waterproofed, so that when he stands over you, pointing his great truncheon toward your face, your chest, your own upstanding rubber-covered erection, you feel the wet pelting like drumbeats against your desensitized flesh, as it runs over you, runs off you to gather in a pool at your knees. And nothing escapes: your sweat forms a sweltering layer between your fist and second skins, your own gushing urine is trapped in the

heavy-duty cock-and-ball condom, ballooning it outward, a viscera in which your genitals float suspended...

He binds you with straps of inner tubes. You have known bondage before, but this is a different sensation—the rubber yields in a way that leather never does, allowing you some leverage—depending on your strength—but sapping you as you strain against it. The elasticity excites you, tempts you to attempt escape—but in the end it defeats you utterly. Now you are exhausted, and the bands wrapped tight around you seem all the stronger in proportion to your defeat...

He remembers the first condom he ever wore. It was a child's balloon, red. Something about the shape keyed the potential in his awakening awareness of sacred shapes. He fit it over his cock, peeling it onto his erection like a sheer second skin. The band fit supertight over the base. The color and the way it outlined the ridge of the head, traced every vein, was somehow obscene and exhilarating. He had never even heard of a condom or a prophylactic. He peeled it off, pissed inside it, tied it off and threw it

against a wall, watching the Jackson Pollock pattern it made, like a splattered painting in piss...

The Rubber Master has connected you to his tubes. Rubber tubes, of course, flowing into all the moist openings of your body. A tube into your mouth, another into your ass, another into your piss slit, and tiny tubes feeding into your nostrils. The body takes in and expels liquids and gasses at his command. He controls the elements now, through the medium of rubber. The tube in your ass is an enema tube, filling you with fluid. Now more tubes, attached to your flesh; suction tubes on your distended nipples, sucking the blood to the surface, making the sensitive points of flesh tingle and ache. Another suction tube on the place between your balls and asshole, sucking sensation into a forgotten erogenous zone.

Now he takes the truncheons, beating you with rubber against rubber. It smacks loudly, liquidly, and at first the blows seem far away. Then the stinging begins...

Once another man hung you by your wrists from the rafters, naked. The



PHOTO BY MARK I. CHESTER

bindings on your wrists were made of rubber, so that you bobbed helplessly up and down when he pulled on your balls or punched you in the gut, like a toy, like another man's puppet. Then he stood back, and you waited, wondering what he had in store. There was a plastic sack on the table beside him, filled with something...you bobbed and turned a few degrees, and he spun out of sight. Then the wasp stung your shoulder blade, and you knew. Another sting, on your ass cheek—you continued turning—another sharp sting, glancing off your testicles, making you draw up and bob harder, faster, increasing the spinning as the hornets continued their attack. It was a sack of rubber bands at his side. Perhaps a hundred in all. One by one he mounted them against his thumb, stretched them back and let them fly. When it was over, your flesh was an envelope of sweet pain, marked with a hundred tiny welts. He took you from your bondage and wrapped you in his arms.

The Rubber Master pulls a similar trick. Encased in your rubber body suit, he lays you on the table. He grips the thin

rubber at a point above your right nipple, between his forefinger and thumb, pulls it up as far as the element will yield, then lets it snap down again. Rubber snap against swampy flesh. Not as sharp as the flying rubber bands, but a stronger, duller pain. He pulls up the rubber and lets it snap back against your balls. You writhe on the table. Against your stomach, arms, thighs. He turns you over and pops it against your ass. *Jesus!* Like nothing you've ever... And when it is over, he pulls you from the table and wraps his body around you, and you feel his body heat through the elastic embrace...

Oil on rubber, slicker than anything else. Piss on rubber. A rubber cock ring pulling heavy on your ballsack. The sweat inside a body suit, draining you of will and resistance along with your salt, and the thirst that follows, like a need you've never guessed existed. Pelted with water balloons—memories of humiliations as a kid—balloons like bladders filled with piss, balloons filled with scalding water, with bursting sprays of paint, with KY, heavy as mercury and hard as a fist in the stomach, then slick as

semen all over your belly when they burst. Crawling through a man-size inner tube lined with dildos, like a porcupine turned inside-out—anywhere you sit or reach or open your mouth, the rubber fills you. Smells of warehouses, factories, auto shops, memory of the good-ole-boy mechanic who snapped an inner tube against your unsuspecting ass, and the shock on his face when you looked back at him with sex in your eyes.

You stand before a tropical tree, stripping off its bark, and the rubbery sap runs over you, coating you, drying from the heat of your flesh into a mold that fits you like skin... you sink into an ancient pool of petroleum, the liquid remains of a million creatures from a million years ago—it coats your nakedness, and you emerge from the pool clothed in a thin sheen of purest black...

You hear a droning noise, far above, and you peer into a cloudless sky. High above you, jutting through the air with a proud, bobbing motion, is the great symbol of rubber, the world's ultimate phallic symbol: The Goodyear Blimp, like a disembodied, bloated cock cruising for a port... □





METAMORPHOSIS

Text and Photos by Mark I. Chester

Something in his eyes
might be dangerous.
keep him tied
there'll be hell to pay
what might happen...
he's a little wild
(Cut-up by Bill Browning)

I am an outlaw. I have always been an outlaw. Maybe that's why I was turned on to him from the first glance. It took only one look to know that he was an outlaw, too. Piercings. Tattoos. Sharply pointed eyes. And a sense of dress and boyish masculinity that drew as much energy from Road Warrior as it did from motorcycles and black leather.

I know what my turn-ons are. Beards. Streaks of gray. Funky lived-in leather. Glasses. Men with calloused hands and dirt under their fingernails. Balding heads. Experience. I know what doesn't turn me on. Boys. Unmitigated Youth. At 24, this boy is light-years away from what turns me on. We are introduced. We shake hands. And from the heat of our hands touching, my dick gets hard.

His name is Bill Browning. A New York man—urban survivor. But in my mind he is The Boy. Sometimes New York White Punk. And sometimes he is Rubber Boy. He is an escapee from a small town missionary mentality. Now he is an explorer into the outer reaches.

So he explores his body. Changing it. Mutating it. Controlling it. Creating through it a mixture of standard fantasy and outrageous futuristic visions. He is Boy Wonder meets Mad Max in a mixture of rubber and leather. Klatu driving a motorcycle. Devo singing *Whip It!* and meaning it for the first time. He doesn't fit easily into preconceived boxes. He doesn't take easily to preconceived rules and regulations.

Even before we met, we had met. It was an article about the New World Rubberman's Club that I wrote for *Drummer* that flipped some switch in his head. Rubber. Yeah. By the time he visits San Francisco, ideas are blossoming. I should say that I want to fuck him with my camera—let's just say that I want to steal a piece of his soul. The photo session concentrates on portraits, but his dick drips right through his cotton jock. Some energy is exchanged. Some connection is made. And all too soon he is back on a plane to New York.

It is difficult enough to maintain a connection when you live in the same city. Distance is its own kind of bondage. So within constraints, we explore. Letters. Art. Phone calls. Photographs. Drawings. Cut-ups. Juicy Stories. Self-portraits. Dried cum missives sent through the mails. They add up to a diary of change, Progression. Metamorphosis.





This is an odd sense of *deja vu* when he writes, "My fantasies are not clear. I have interests, but are my fantasies unconscious? I feel blank when asked about this topic. Are they unconscious? It seems like something is trying to work itself out. I'm not sure exactly what it is, but I know it's there inside. My sexual feelings are the focal point. I'm waiting for the right person to initiate me to things I've only thought about."

So he explores and shares his explorations with me. His body, tight, tender and lean, is just right for rubber. "I've had the pleasure of purchasing a particular material such as that like a second skin. Rubber pants and shirt. Wore the pants and enjoyed the feeling. Rubber does have a tendency to grip. After seven hours of wear I went home and jerked myself off thinking of the way the pants felt all night. I've found a new fetish. After being quite normal for weeks on end, the dark, imaginative side has emerged from inner corners... *World Watch Out*

But he matches the dark with light and serious with absurd. He continues, "On the day I bought the pants, my bag contained quite an interesting collection of items. I giggled at the fact of what would happen if I were run down by a car and the contents spilt out. Rubber pants, a copy of *The Leatherman's Handbook* second edition, a copy of *The Correct Sadist* and other everyday items. My reputation would have been ruined. I would never again be thought of as a good little boy."

We talked about the health crisis in the men's community. It is a rough time to be testing out new waters. But rubber can be the safe sex of the 1980s. Sensual but protective. Enclosing yet revealing. The perfect garment for outrageous funky sex. Cleanable and washable in a way

that leather never can be. It doesn't surprise me when he writes, "My interest in rubber has greatly increased. I have recently acquired quite a bit of gear. Pants, shirt, an assortment of gloves (fingerless, gauntlets, above the elbow),ock, a hood, and a pair of thigh-high black rubber boots (steel toed) made by Uniroyal. Also quite a number of rubber strips cut from bicycle innertubes. I'm about all set except for a full-length rubber raincoat. Rubber does become obsessive. I love how it grips the skin and how I look in it. It suits my personality. It brings about some great fantasies."

Fantasies. Realities. One by one he turns his fantasies into realities. Time after time others create realities that go beyond his current fantasies. There is no jealousy. I just want to hear all the details. Juicy Stories., My body responds to the rhythm of his words.

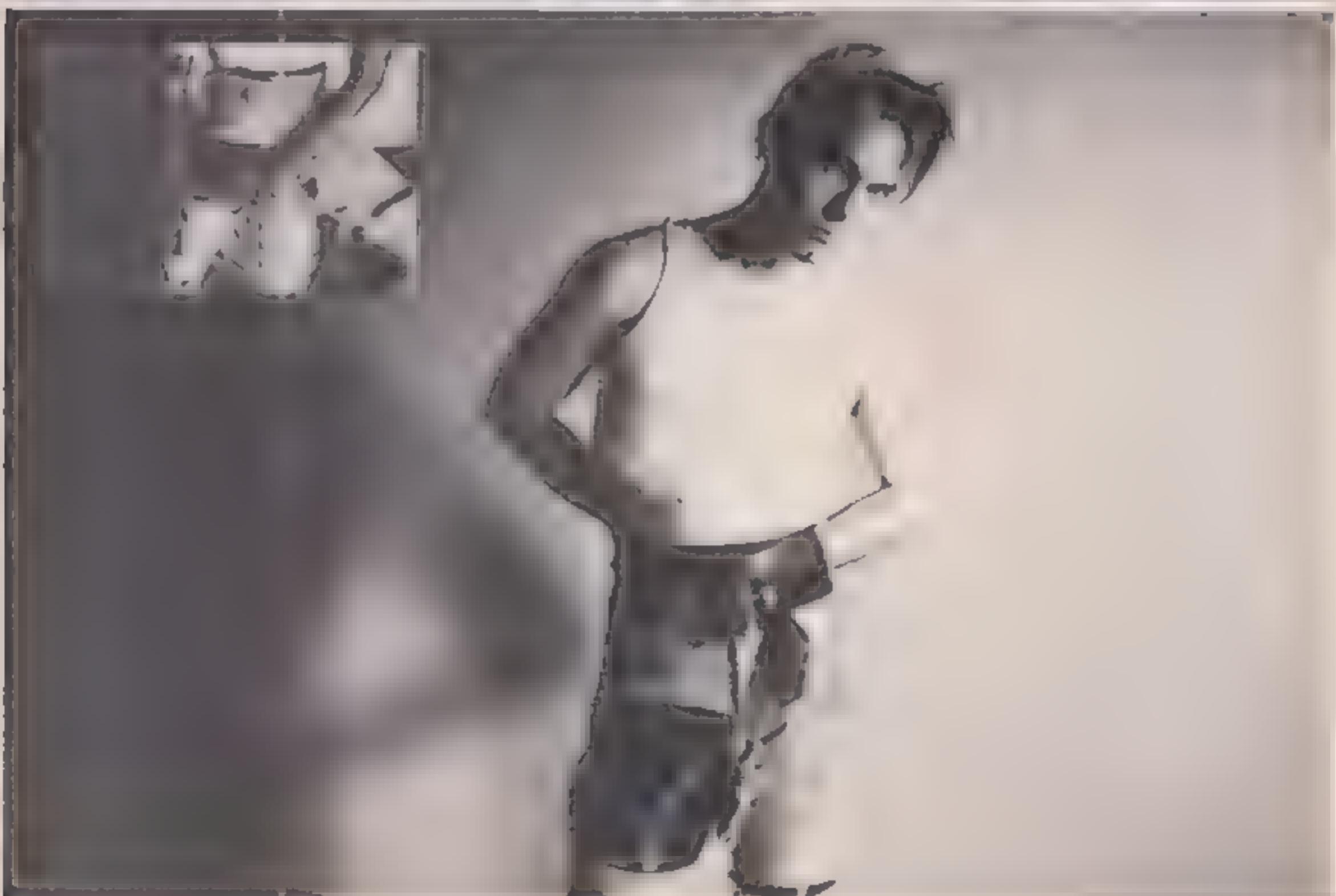
"My first piss scene. It was quite an experience and I was quite turned on. Ended up at the end of the eve at The Mineshift. I met a guy I felt comfortable with at The Spike. We closed the bar talking about music, art, tattoos, Body as Canvas. We consumed a lot of beer and the body must release. When I mentioned going to the john, he told me that I was going to stay at the bar and if I had to piss I would have to do it there. Well, I stiffened at the thought, after getting over a little bit of hesitation. Well, after a

while, my feet were wet. The warm piss felt great on my balls and under the crack of my ass being held up by the tight rubber. So we stood at the end of the bar and drank more beer... The only problem was my wet feet and having to empty out my boots."

And there is more. Snippets of scenes. Pieces of action. His pen tells me of 'Rubber pants, shirt, gloves, strips of rubber and rubber boots. Image







Leather hood, clip-in nose ring. Rubber and tied to a huge truck tire. Being dominated by two. Sucking on rubber-covered cocks. Gagged and blindfolded. Darkness... Rubber has brought about new scenes."

He is a changeable chameleon turning standard fantasies inside out. Black leather CHP pants with a white stripe down the side, high leather lace-up boots, rubber tunic, rubber armbands and hair greased down with motor oil, '50s style. Rubber corset, thigh-high rubber boots, fingerless black leather gloves and futuristic hairstyle. Brown leather cord tunic that intertwines and binds the body and head bound with brown leather cord that looks like barbed wire, but all together looks like something out of Greek antiquity.

So we cut apart reality. Rearrange it. Paste it back together again as we see it. He sends me cut-ups created from rearranged standard pap porn.

and grunting
pleasure at the
contact of rubber
his barely—his cock
the black latex sheets moaning

In return I send him mine:

g asses and presto!
I transform
put on
start
slowly jacking off
into dark
masters of fantasy

Fantasies. Realities. It is hard to tell them apart; where one ends and the next begins. He sends a fantasy that sounds real:

"The morning. My cock moves across my stomach. As a hand lowers and grasps. Go with the flow... My mind fills with a mental picture of a Taskless Man. Unknown, but receiving a response from my body. Eyes moved to a darkened corner. Eyes back. A Cat and Mouse Game. I'm the trapped mouse. In another dark corner

"A detached hand, finger pointed to the desired position. My feet moved by their own will. And I'm there. Hands touch. But they turn on me. More force and I'm further pressed against the wall. Spit explodes into my face

"Yes, Yes, Yes... More force and it builds. Yes. No. Yes. No. The game is fluctuating. Think my cock say yes! No, he's too hard."

Later he sends a reality that reads like jerk-off fantasy.

"The door opens... revealing. Leather cap, nose ring, chest harness. A large leather belt; almost like a corset, but very male. Studded codpiece. And thigh-high leather engineer boots. The glimpse of a black tattoo emerging from the codpiece 'Take your clothes off.' I shed my

covering revealing myself to the drama to unfold. One studded collar with attached leash finds itself a home around my neck as I'm led to the bedroom. Black with mirrors. 'On your knees... lick my boots!' My mind is moving a mile a minute but my tongue sticks its tip out and caresses the black leather. It's as if I couldn't get enough. The nose ring is switched as my reward.

"I'm to remove the codpiece. No, not with the hands. Teeth. It's off and I have a black demon staring me in the face. From the pelvic region down to his cock. A beer-can cock. Huge nipples. 'Suck on 'em like a good boy.' Ball stretcher with weights. Nipple clamps. First one set. The next; tighter. Polaroids taken as the scene unfolds. Restraints added and led to the balcony. As I find myself chained to the doorway looking out over the city. Drops of rain. I wait.

"Finally I'm unchained. Turn Around. A black leather face. Later, I find myself lying on a cold wooden floor. On my stomach. I arise to find a new look. A leather hood with strange metal goggles that had the appearance of bug eyes. Also a very large cigar. Very strange.



I'm hooded. Eye, nose and mouth openings. Hands touch and pull... Weight in the shape of a lock pulls my cock downward like gravity. Metal teeth. With fangs like a dog or wolf. Afraid of what damage these pair of alien teeth

"Fantasy runs amok! I release the seed of alien animals, dogs and demons."

We are creating connections, lines of live energy that inextricably bind us. We are... well, friends. There are some things that he understands about the world. Some ways in which he perceives the chaos, that I also understand. There are further trips to SF. Trips to NY. More photography sessions. Outrageous energy. Hard dick standing proud. Public performances that confront sexuality and living in the 1980s. First in SF and later a new one in NY

Another time it is a self-portrait—scary, intense, deeply-etched in a painfully sharp lines of red and green pen. In another done in black ink, a ring pierces one of his eyes. He writes, "1+1=1 is on the wall, painted on the newspaper, white numbers outlined in black. Painted by a Madman... We are all Mad in some ways; some more than others." And he is working on a set of dolls. Arms

torn off. Wrapped tightly in paper and wire. Bent into torturous shapes with more wire, feather, and other adornments. They are funny and frightening.

But much of the time he is a Leo, proud lion. Likes watching people's eyes open wide when he walks by. Puts himself on display. Performs with a band called "Excuse me, Sir." Does solo performances that tweak young trendies' minds. He tells me of a performance at a New York club. "Area's sex party. A peep booth. Covered in rubber from neck down. All black. Putting on a rubber hood with just a hole for nose and mouth. Cutting out sight and affecting hearing. Being a part of, yet almost somewhere else. A song by band called 'Throbbing Gristle'... 'Discipline... Discipline... We need some discipline in here.' A heavy drumbeat and screeching guitars. Begin whipping myself with a handmade rubber whip. Rubber against Rubber. A different type of sting. It continues as the drum beats. I can't see the crowd, but I can feel the heat of their eyes."

He designs more tattoos—black, sculptural and primitive. We get tattooed together; incorporating a piece of his design into mine. We talk of brands and scarification—other primitive beautifications. We get pierced together. A new ring for his dick, a new ring for my ear.

Later he describes the piercing as "A pointed sensation of a sharp point. My eyes are closed to what is about to begin. It almost feels good until the pressure increases to pain. My body becomes as stiff as a board as my dick becomes violated by a large silver needle. The darkness is filled by a blinding white light as the needle finds its way. A sound but not a scream emits from an open mouth. I open my eyes to see the needle through my cockhead. Perverse. Yes, I had been penetrated by another phallic shape. The pain brought me to another level of consciousness unknown to most. Intense pain which is felt but becomes a different feeling. It cleared my mind of thoughts as the white light took over." This is not just a Boy talking. It is a Boy creating for himself manhood rituals. Transforming himself. Modern and primitive, connected to the earth

Months after, I put a larger ring in my dick and send him the smaller one to put in his nipple. So he carries a piece of me in his skin. It is a magical connection. Ritual talisman. It makes us blood brothers.

But there are times when it is hard being so far away. And there are times when for him it is just as hard being 24 and different; an outcast from a group of outcasts. I tell him not to run away from the feelings, not to deny them. But to feel them and then do something with the energy. Put it into pictures. Put it into music. And put it into words. And sometimes he does. I call them mad ramblings.

Mad ramblings received in San Francisco: "Again my cock stands at attention. Wanting action. Alone. My room is the escape into...my fantasy world. Sex, but abusive. I want...I want to feel the sting!!!! For a couple of days Abuse me, Please. A good-natured Boy has anger...against the world! I walk. It builds. I need a release. What am I looking for? Sex, I fear it's more than that! Pain is real. My life is not. I want to feel the truth!"

We walk down the street and someone thinks we are brothers. We go to the bars together and people tell us that he is the type of person they want to tie up and

torture and I am the person they want to slam into a wall. We walk. The eyes turn. We walk. More eyes turn.

He send me a xerox of a letter from his mother. Plaintive pleas from a small-town born-again religionist. Over and over her words form a litany—You are not one of us anymore, she pleads. You are not one of us anymore, she screams. She proclaims that Bill is living for "Satan's satisfaction." I laugh. I LAUGH Publicly. Self-hating queers demand that I respect her. But outlaws have been hounded, tortured and slaughtered by the church for hundreds and hundreds of years. I save my respect for someone

like Bill—breaking borders, challenging standards.

But, if Bill is not one of them, who is he? And reflected in him, and through our art, who am I? I don't know. I have evolved and changed through knowing him and he through knowing me. Bits and pieces of the answer can be found in these photographs and words. Somewhere caught between the leather and rubber, dark glasses, high lace-up boots, rubber stockings, wild hair, rubber corset, nipple rings, tattoos, and prince alberts. Somewhere caught between the past and the future and an outlaw's pride. □





THE BOX

To enter The Box is to be stripped of all self-control. You cannot move. You cannot hear. You cannot see, unless it is merely the sight of your own face staring back at you from So ar-X mirrored glass, the face of a man locked immobile and helpless inside The Box.

Inside The Box: A mask covers your head. It controls your breathing, your sense of smell, your sense of vision. You have a sudden urge to move, even if only to make the least twitch of a finger. But your body is bound, strapped into the seat like an astronaut on a journey into Deep Space, and even your fingers are paralyzed by devious restraint, taped together and firmly packed into leather-padded mitts.

Inside The Box: You are frozen in Space, but acutely conscious of Time. The passage of Time is altered, bent, folded in on itself as in some advanced Einsteinian equation. Each second that passes carries an extra weight as you are alternately deprived of sensation and filled with sensation. You are isolated in Time.

Isolated in Time: Inside The Box, a vibrating dildo penetrates your rectum. A vibrating sheath envelopes your cock. A strange odor enters your nostrils, invading your senses. Fresh air follows, and then another odor, familiar but too faint to recall, pricking your memory, teasing your brain, taking you deeper inside yourself as your mind begins to race in slow motion.

You are being swallowed by heat—a rising heat that originates from below the seat and licks upward over your flesh. Your armpits begin to moisten, and the sweat erupts from your pores to run in rivulets over your body. The heater beneath the seat has been activated, turning The Box into a sweltering sauna.

You feel a sudden, urgent need to urinate. Will even that act of will be denied you? No. You relax the internal channel, feel the flow begin. But even this familiar sensation is strange, transmuted and magnified by the isolation of Time and crystallized Space.

It is an act of rebellion to piss inside The Box? No. Even this has been accounted for, accommodated for. A miniature urinal attached to your cock traps its fluids and carries them away...

There is another world, outside The Box, the world of The Controller. He extinguishes the light inside The Box, and for an instant you glimpse him standing outside, a man dressed in military fatigues. He brings up the lights, and now you see only your own reflection in the one-way glass—and you know he is watching you. Monitoring you, via the wireless mike inserted in your mask tube. Controlling the air you breathe, the vapors infiltrating your nostrils. Controlling heat and electrical stimulation. He is the man who put you here, at your own request..

The Box is not a fantasy. It is real. Its creator calls it a sensory control box. Sensory control—not sensory deprivation. Control is the key—the surrender of self-control to the overriding input and restraint of the outside Controller. It is all voluntary, of course, and the experiment/experience may be halted at any moment. It is not designed or intended for the uncertain novice. Those who enter The Box have made a special effort to seek it out; often they have traveled a great distance; often they return.

The Box is one specialized creation of The Training Center, located in Missouri. Drummer readers may have seen its Organization ad in the classified pages. According to The Controller himself, "Men with serious interest can experience physical training, cell confinement and immobilization in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere... safe, sane, discreet and monitored... Boot camp, stockade, POW, asylum, sensory deprivation..."

The range: From the absolute intimacy of The Box, to open-air, grueling physical training under the staccato commands of an ex-Marine drill instructor. The key, the motivation, is endurance. Sensory stamina. The outer limits of the body immobile and the body in motion. And always: Control.





REPORT

FULL OF SHIT

Don't even think about giving a New York City policeman an enema—no matter how much he begs for one. David Barton-Jay, author of the classic book *The Enema As An Erotic Art And Its History*, learned this lesson the hard way when an undercover cop busted him for prostitution.

As the world's foremost authority on enemas, Barton-Jay constantly receives requests from supplicants interested in getting cleaned out by the Master. But one recent applicant had matters other than enemas on his mind when he sought Barton-Jay's services.

"I knew there was something wrong with this guy from the beginning," says Barton-Jay. "He was extremely nervous, fidgety. I thought he was gonna rob me. I gave him a glass of wine to try and calm him down and the next thing I knew three other guys crashed into my apartment, arrested me, and ransacked the place."

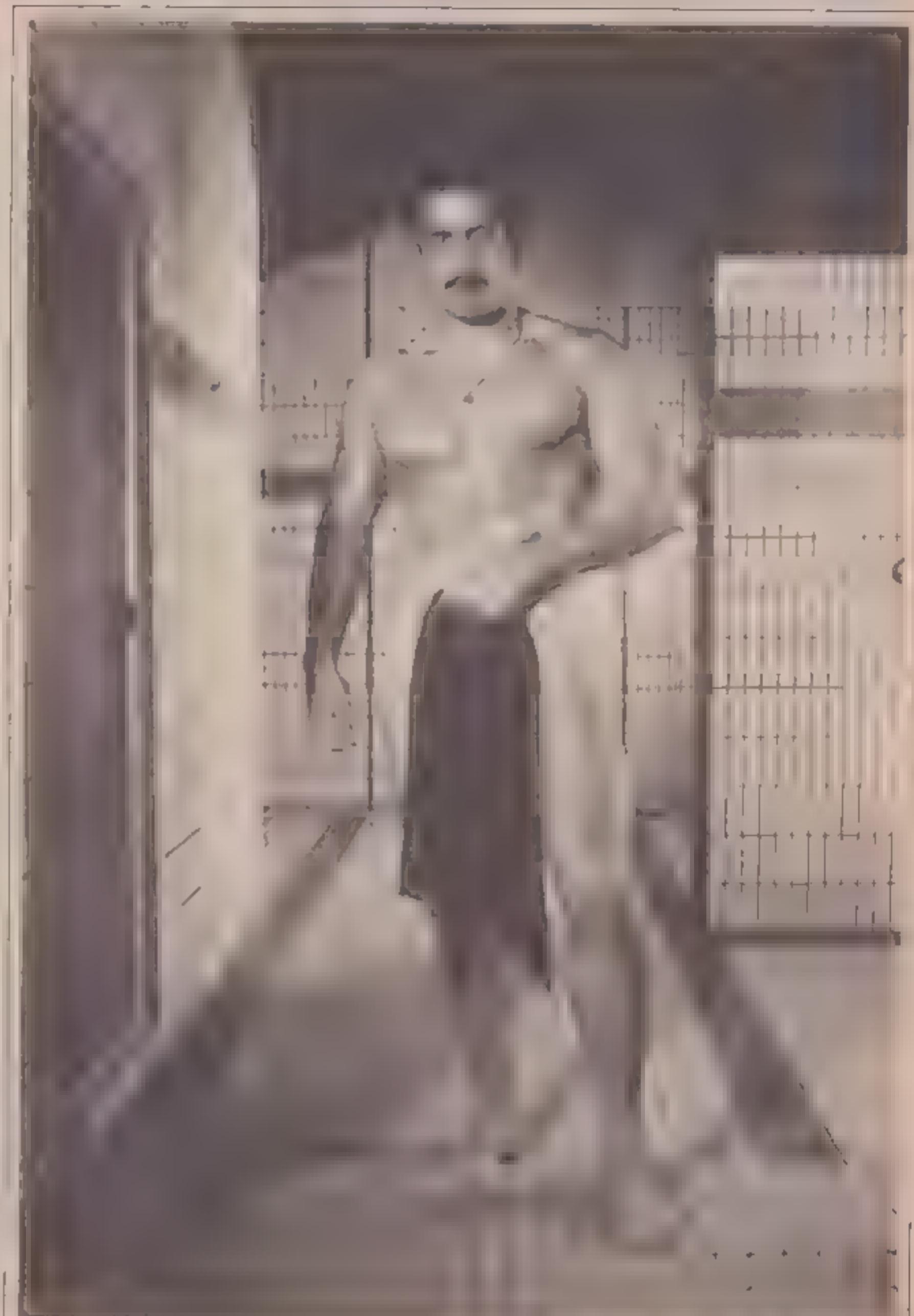
Charged with the misdemeanor of agreeing to perform an act of fellatio (cucksucking to you and me) in exchange for \$100, Barton-Jay was subsequently found innocent at his July 2 trial.

"The charge was absurd to begin with," according to Barton-Jay, "since I had never mentioned money or fellatio. Due to my fears of AIDS, I've been a strict practitioner of safe sex for the last three years, a fact that seemed to impress the judge very much."

But Barton-Jay's troubles did not end with his acquittal.

"When I got back home, I received the first in a series of threatening phone calls: 'You got away this time, faggot, but we'll get you the next time, you cocksucker!'"

The experience has left Barton-Jay shaken but undaunted. He plans on taking a working vacation to complete his next *magnus opus*—a tome on erotic spanking. Several major publishers have already



STRONG ARM OF THE LAW *Left side is a greater version of the cop, right is a smaller from the Cop Cakes 1986 Calendar, showing a real-life cop dressed more like Rambo than the guys in *Car 54*, and carrying a very big gun. You could say we arrested their attention. So here we go again: another look inside the Cop Cakes. *Right side is a real cop, and the one on the left is a public minded cop. Try the real thing: *Cop Cakes* might be a *scarce* item. It's still often for \$1.95 plus \$1.75 postage/handling from Dan Magill, 1065 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94103.**



RAW POWER: Evidence of new life in the leather scene South of Market—the July opening of the Powerhouse (1347 Folsom) in San Francisco. With long-established leather bars closing or converting to straight Yuppie clientele, the Powerhouse doesn't add to a net gain in the number of leather watering holes—it's in the same spot as the recently closed Brig—but it does offer a new high-tech look in leather bars. Reviews are mixed on the "look" but everybody agrees that the bartenders are easy on the eye. (Photo by Robert Pruzan)

expressed an interest

The real losers in this whole affair are those four cops. If anyone needed the sh*t cleaned out of them, those guys sure did.

—T.R. Wiromski

"IT ALL STARTED..."

Recently, San Francisco writer and photographer Mark Chester (whose "Metamorphosis" appears in this issue) dropped by the Drummer offices and regaled us with tales of his SM fantasies and auto-erotic experimentation starting when he was a teenager.

As you can imagine, Chester wasn't exactly the boy next door, and his kinks were already starting to bend at an early age. But he can hardly have been unique—or else this magazine wouldn't have the loyal readership it does throughout North America and Europe.

It started us thinking especially when Chester suggested the idea of collecting first-person stories from Drummer readers about their earliest awareness of their interest in SM. (Writer Aaron Travis says that for him it was watching musclemen in bondage in Italian gladiator movies, when he was a kid with

nothing better to do on a Saturday afternoon—not to mention the time his older brother tied him by the wrists standing spread-eagle in a barn and then left him that way. "It was scary," says Travis, "but I felt just like Steve Reeves."

So what are your memories of your first, uniquely personal attractions and reactions to the world of SM? What were your dreams then, and your first tentative self-explorations? C'mon—don't be afraid to spill the beans to Daddy...

Send your story (typed, if possible) to: Report, Drummer Magazine, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103. We want to hear from you!

IN MINNEAPOLIS: WITCHCRAFT & STUFF

From the mystic Rev. Paul, a Drummer reader in Minneapolis, this invitation

Would appreciate mention of a new leather/motorcycle club being started here in Minneapolis, oriented to those who are not only into SM, bikes, bondage & stuff, but who are also into Paganism, Witchcraft & Magick. Called the Black Riders, we will be sponsoring an annual run called W.O.W. (Witches on

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CLIP & COPY: From the enterprising Master Preston of Indiana, a phone memo designed in advanced cut-and-paste classes. An ideal present for your jack-off and phone sex partners

Wheels). Anyone interested can contact me in care of: The Black Riders, PO Box 80053, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408."

MARINES: HIGH & TIGHT NO MORE

What a blow to Marine morale and prestige—not to mention to those of us who like the look of a uniformed man with no more than a fringe of stubble across his scalp...

Yes, it's true—according to The New York Times, the Marine Corps brass is urging guards at US installations overseas to forego the shears and get rid of their trademark "high and tight" haircut. The reason: off-duty Marines with the close crop are obvious targets for foreign terrorists.

Lieutenant Colonel John N. Shotwell, a Corps spokesman, stated that the precaution was being urged worldwide in response to the June killing of four off-duty Marines at a sidewalk cafe in San Salvador.

The "high and tight" haircut, a crewcut far more severe than the neat trim required by military regulations, has long been a badge of pride, especially among elite Marine units like the security guards.

"It presents a very military appearance in uniform," said Colonel Shotwell, "but it also presents a very conspicuous appearance out of uniform."

Since the San Salvador episode, Colonel Shotwell said, there have been widespread rumors in the guard ranks that Marines were being encouraged to wear wigs and false mustaches off duty. That, he said, "is not true at all."

Though the directive took effect immediately, Colonel Shotwell acknowledged that "it's going to take the hair a little while to grow on those who do have the shaved-head look."

(Thanks to writer Robert Boucheron for forwarding this item to Report.)

SUBMIT!

The Report section is our effort to keep Drummer readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia, and elsewhere.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcement, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: Report, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □

FOLSOM ATTACK OF THE STREET FAIRE



FOLSOM STREET STRIKES BACK: It's big, it's bad, and it's back—San Francisco's second annual Folsom Street Fair this year known as "Attack of the Street Faire" (a follow-up to last year's groundbreaking "Megahood '84"). Those who attended last year's South of Market neighborhood celebration will remember sunshine bouncing off black leather and baking into naked sun-bronzed flesh, hot entertainment live on stage, hot bodies mingling in the breeze, and lots of cold brew. Neighborhood street fairs are a San Francisco tradition (including the ever-popular Castro Street Fair), and it's about time that Folsom Street got a regular chance to strut its stuff in broad daylight. The date is Sept. 22, the place is the "Valley of the Kings," Folsom Street between 7th and 11th streets. Producers are already promising appearances by Patrick Toner (International Mr. Leather), ten South of Market title holders, onstage strippers, and "surprises" (if anything can surprise the natives South of Market). Shown here: official logo art for Attack of the Street Faire, and a couple of partiers from last year's bash.

(Photo by Robert Pruzan)

MALECALL

WHAT HAVE WE STARTED?

The "Dynasty" take-off by Robert Payne in *Drummer* 83 was great—homosex and funny at the same time. I admit, without shame, that I watch "Dynasty" (as well as "Dallas" and "Falcon Crest"), and I found Payne's repartee delightfully familiar, as well as very humorous.

While I may not be in Payne's league in this regard, I'm working on it...

Scenario I: A truckstop outside Atlanta—groping and crusing by truckers during "Dynasty"—a muscular young trucker sighs over James Brohn in the "Hotel" opening credits as he lies on the truckstop floor, being royally fucked by one trucker and sucking another one.

Scenario II: A ripe, muscular slave is tied, gagged and blindfolded by his Master, who sits near the bed viewing his handiwork. The Master turns on the TV, just in time to catch the opening credits of "Dynasty." At the sound of Bill Conti's theme music, the slave gets an intense charge of lust, suffusing his body with ardor and homosex enthusiasm. The Master watches his slave twist and squirm within his bonds, making unintelligible sounds and pleading, and feeling his hard dick slap against his smooth belly as the music climaxes (I) with trumpet solo accompanying Joan Collins' credit... Can you guess what happens next?

I bet scenes like this (among others—God knows what straight couples are doing!) take place every Wednesday night when "Dynasty" is aired. My imagination is already running to what the British, French, Italians, South Africans and Swedes might be doing while "Dynasty" is being shown in their countries. It's fascinating to think how decadent American TV trash is affecting the hormones of gay men the world over...

FJ
Texas

YOUNG WARRIOR

I want to thank you for the photo of Australian actor Terry Serio on page 17 of *Drummer* 83.

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GET OFF! A previously unpublished outtake from "Dynasty Night" in *Drummer* 83

In Louisville, *Drummer* and all gay and "adult" mags are encased in plastic jackets on the bookstore shelves—there's no chance of investigating the contents before purchase. One can only conjecture, and then take a chance. I speak for a minority within a minority perhaps—but for that reason I think it important to address you. Others like me maybe don't bother to investigate *Drummer*. I can tell you my reaction in the belief that I represent thousands who are untouched by the current gay photo

I found Serio to be the only really stimulating model in your recent issue. I believe that if you more often had young men like this, set in scenes of combat, wrestling, or extreme tension or duress, you would find a remarkable response.

What we need but completely lack in gay publishing, it seems, is consistent attention to male beauty and male struggle in combination. What we get, instead, usually, are endless magazines picturing ripe young men in scenes of repetitive, weak and unimaginative

sex—and other publications (much rarer) that portray, all too frequently, older-looking, mustached, or decadent-looking men in highly artificial scenes of torture (seldom, with all the shiny equipment, does it look like the real thing, and seldom do the models convey genuine pain or fury—never mind the exhibition of godlike youth in a state of dynamic struggle for dominance).

Can't you try it just once (maybe you have, but I'm simply unaware)? Pose good-looking, non-clone young men in tight or desperate survival scenes—no beards, balding, or greying, or obtrusive mustaches this time around—and make them look as if they meant it. Accessories like lassos, weapons, or other equipment might easily augment such masterpieces—but not if they suggest a lot of supercivilized, self-indulgent weaklings merely play-acting in their penthouse equipment room.

Take your photo-story "Dynasty" for instance, also in issue 83. A good beginning, surely, because it's about time there was a consistently developed

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story pictorialized, with building tension and climaxes. Try it again—with GQ-type young models—with the likes of Terry Serio, say, and make it one of serious, no-holds-barred fury of combat (whether beginning in karate, wrestling, dueling of one kind or another, lassoing—or how about the classical *retiarius* stalking his gladiatorial prey?)—and I believe you will have a logical progress from weakness to strength, from fantasy to the most suggestive maleness triumphant.

G B
Louisville, KY

INDEX FINGER

The new Mr. Drummer for 1985, Steve Reiswig of Seattle, is one hell of a man! Big, blond, muscular and bearded—all this and a brain, too! (As proved by his winner's statement on page 15—eloquent words about the deeper meaning of the leather lifestyle, as well as a compassionate awareness of our brothers who are suffering.)

In the same issue (*Drummer 85*), I was also impressed by your ten-year "Fiction/Fetish" indexes. Yes, I'm one of those readers who's "pestered" you over the years about when and what you've published of special interest to me, usually when trying to decide what back issues to buy. My favorite fetish is bondage, and sure enough, you've got dozens of entries, going back to issue 24. Most of them I have by now, and those I don't I'll soon be collecting. A great idea! It's pretty amazing, how much ground *Drummer* has covered in ten years.

RMN
San Diego, CA

TO THE BRIM

Just got my copy of *Drummer 84*, and want to tell you guys how much I got off on "The Emema: As an Art Form" by Jason Bleu—photos of Chris Burns (one of my favorite porn stars) getting filled to the brim, and a hot text, too!

Tex
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

EASY RYDAR

I have been reading *Drummer* since it was first available on magazine stands in this area many years back.

You have featured many interesting articles and photos in the magazine over the years—but the cover of *Drummer 84* is a story all by itself. You have outdone yourself this time. Your coverman Rydar Hanson (Mr. Southern California Drummer) is one of the most handsome men shown in your pages in recent issues. This Teutonic god would without question be worthy of worship!

There is mention in the magazine that Rydar Hanson had been featured in films (and videos?) and I would like to learn more about this. Can you give me some titles, and where they might be available?

Perhaps we can look forward to seeing



MORE RYDAR: The official Mr. Drummer '85 Program photo of Rydar Hanson

Mr. Hanson in future issues of *Drummer*? I certainly hope so!

LL
Madison, WI
(Editor's note: We had already featured Rydar Hanson in *Drummer* before he won the Mr. Southern California title, in our photo spread in issue 78 on the erotic video *Chain Reactions*. (Both the video and a photo-magazine of stills are available from The Source—see the catalogue supplement in this issue.) And there were several shots of Rydar in last issue's coverage of the Mr. Drummer Finals, as well as in issue 84's report on the regional contests—including that

cover shot that's got you hot and bothered.

Some of Hanson's other video appearances—with more undoubtedly on the way—include *Head Trips*, in which he's matched up with superstar Al Parker, and *Faces*, in which Hanson and blond muscleman Rex have sizzling public sex surrounded by a crowd of horny voyeurs. (Both videos are from Surge Studios, available from LeSalon.)

So far Hanson hasn't had a speaking role in any of his films, but his opening statement at the Mr. Drummer Finals was delivered in a distinctive and very sexy German accent.)



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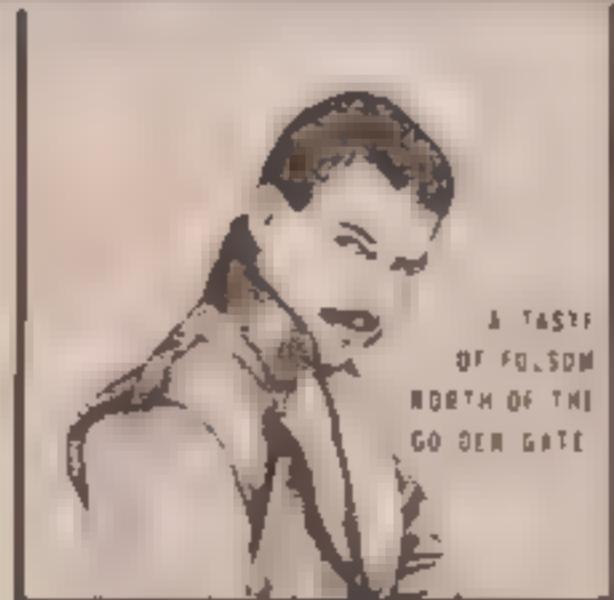
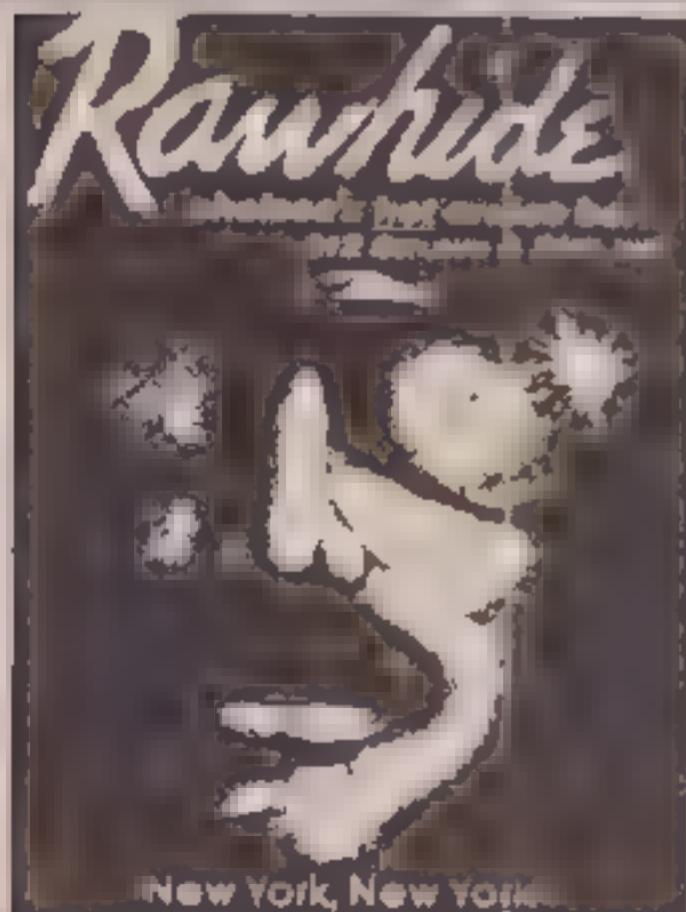
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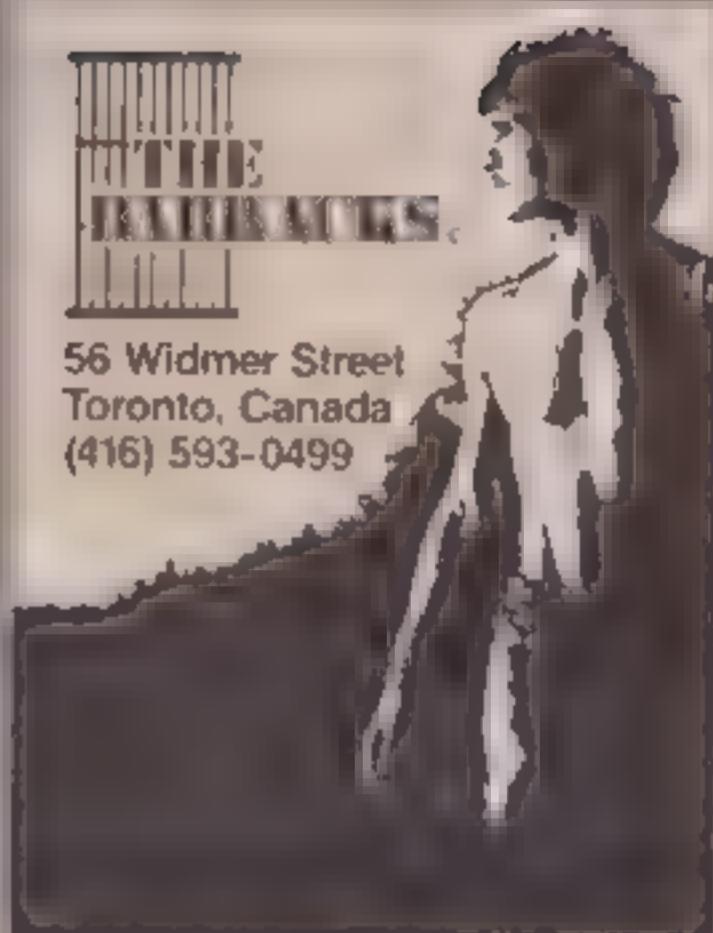
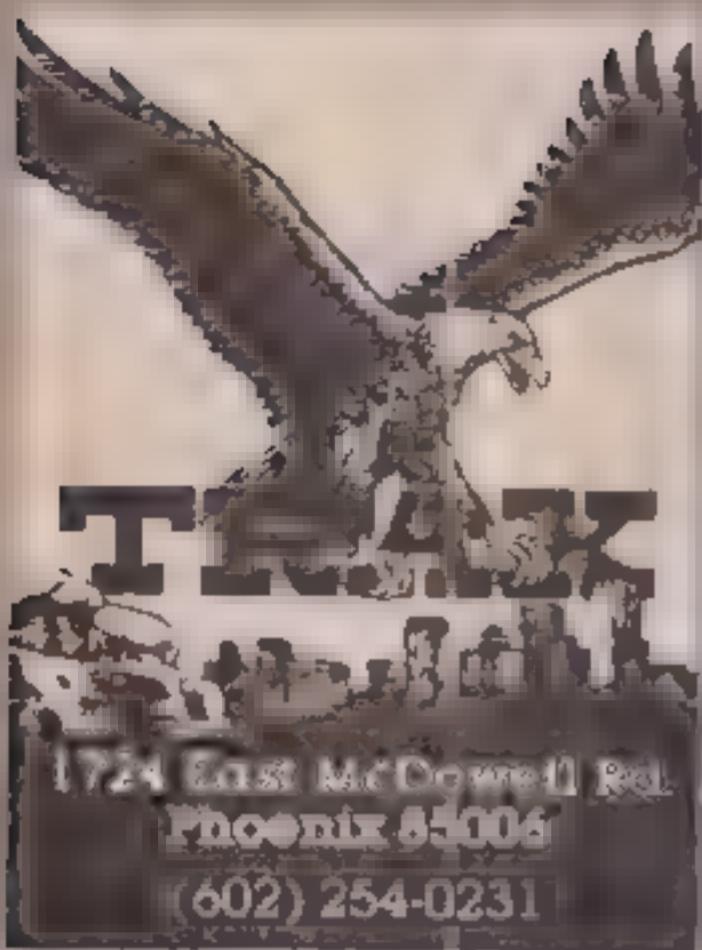
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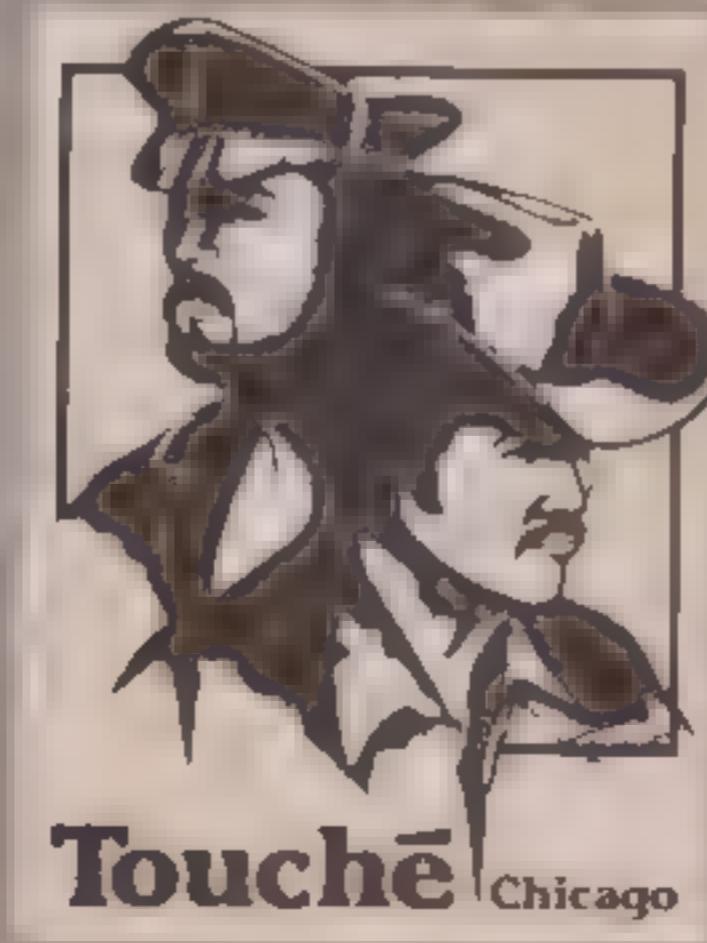
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DIRTY DAD DUDS

A CRAVING FOR RAUNCHY FEET

Dear Son,

Your letter arrived today and I must say that I was troubled and deeply shocked by it.

I never imagined that you harbored those kinds of fantasies about me. I always knew that we had a good relationship and that there were some special bonds of friendship that most boys never come to share with their dads. But the kinds of things you wrote to me about were things that go beyond the normal father-son relationship. And as much as some of those things excited me and had me longing for the days when we were together, I couldn't help feeling that maybe we had gone too far.

When I finished reading the letter, I thought about the things we used to do together and I realized that what was merely a fun thing at the time for me had greater meaning for you.

I know that there are many fathers who don't even discuss sex with their sons. I could never have been that kind of father. But I also wanted you to learn first-hand about how beautiful sex could be. And so, I took it on myself to do some of the instructing. I never imagined that you wouldn't go on from there, that you would remain forever fixated on those moments when I first showed you what it was to be a man.

I guess I should have realized that we were taking things far beyond the normal or usual, and that what seemed to be mere curiosity on your part was something far more. I should have noticed the signs...I can remember the morning when I woke to find your mouth licking my sweaty feet as they stuck out from the covers at the foot of the bed. I thought it was cute at the time...

But now I realize that it was

more than that. I remember how you used to love to polish my shoes for me and ask me why my feet sweated so much. Your letter answered that question and more. All the while I thought you were acting out of curiosity, you were learning to worship my feet and the smells that came from a long hard day inside my work boots.

I get hard thinking about that now. Every time I take my still smelly boots off and breathe in all that foot stink, I think of your face planted under my toes. I wanted you to know what a manly smell was. I never imagined that you would grow up to love that smell and try to find it again wherever you could. You said in your letter that you would always be a slave to your Dad and that every man you ever went with was a shadow of the real father who is now hundreds of miles away. The thought of you following men around and offering your body to them fills me with disgust. I had intended for you to know only one man's body. And that one is my own. I had assumed that the blood-tie between us would make the special kind of love we shared all right. But when you tell me that you like having older men tie you up and whip your ass, I can't help thinking that punishing my son is something that is my right and mine alone.

Son, I don't know if any of this is making sense or not. I'm trying not to be too emotional or too hard on you. I know that it might not be your fault. I'm just trying to make sense of some of the things you've told me in your letter.

You said that you want to be dominated by older men, and I almost think that I can understand that. In my generation, you had to look up to your father and you had to do whatever he said, no matter how wrong it may have seemed at

the time. My own father was the kind of man who hit first and asked questions later. I know that I inflicted plenty of punishments on you. Some of them you deserved and others may just have been because there was no one else around for me to vent my anger on.

I can almost understand how you came to equate punishment with sexuality. I remember the time I had first caught you jerking off and I spanked your ass sore after I had tied your hands together. I left you lying naked like that to teach you a lesson. But when you started begging me to let you play with my dick instead, I let you do it because I thought that giving you some little pleasure would soften my guilt at having treated you so bad.

I never imagined that you would end up begging strangers to shove their dicks in your mouth. And I never dreamed that you'd be asking me to let you come home again. Our last time together was a nightmare, not so much because of some of the things I said and did to you, but because I realize now how much I enjoyed it and how much you enjoyed it too.

I guess I was a bit relieved the first time you had told me that you would be going to a college far away from home. I must have sensed that our relationship went beyond the normal. Your occasional trips back home were something I looked forward to with more than just the usual excitement. But in back of my mind was the fear that there was something wrong with the way I reacted to the thought of having you home. Then, like now, my cock swells up as I think of watching you amble through the front door. Your lean, hard swimmer's body excites me in ways that no father should be excited by his own son.

Maybe that's why I was so angered when I saw the beard

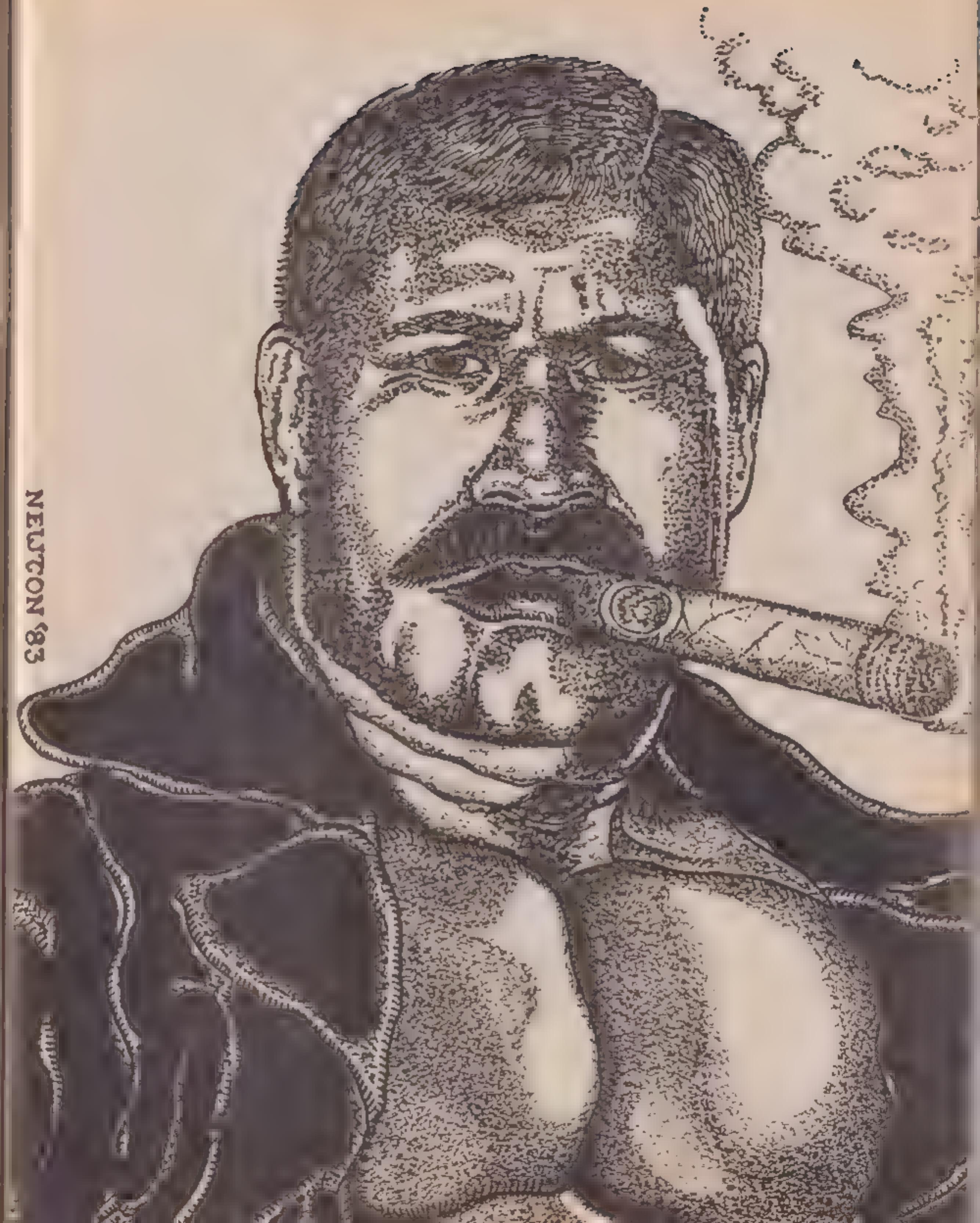
and moustache you had grown in the few months since I had seen you last. It reminded me that my little boy was now a man and that when we rubbed our naked bodies together, it wasn't just a dad teaching his son about the kinds of things he would someday experience for himself. It was so much more. You should have warned me that there was a change, not just in body, but in mind. From that point onward, everything you did seemed to bring up emotions in me that were better left buried.

You reminded me that I was getting old. I wanted you to still love my body the way you loved it when you were just sprouting hairs between your legs. But I thought about all the young bodies you would get to see in the gym. And I thought about what would happen if you told some of your friends about how you came to know so much about sex. I know it was wrong of me to punish you for my own hang-ups. But you were there. And you took the punishment so well. I just couldn't stop. And I don't think I could if you were in front of me right now. I felt so bad about it when you left. And knowing that you enjoyed every bizarre minute doesn't make it any easier to think about.

Why did you grow that damn beard? And why did you have to press your body so close into mine when you hugged me? I felt the hardness of your cock against my own and knew that inside those tight grungy jeans was a dick that matched mine, inch for inch. I wanted to pull my prick out and give it to you to suck on right then and there. You seemed to want it too. I remember how you let your hand slip onto my butt just before you began to caress my ass cheeks. I had been working in the basement and you told me how great my sweaty body smelled.

Then you reached into my sweat-stained shirt and started to rub your hand across my hairy chest. I remembered all those agonizing years you had waited to sprout hair on your chest so that you could look just like your Dad. I never told you that I was glad that your body remained smooth and

NEUTON, 38



almost hairless, just like a little boy's. Your hand grazed my nipple and I could feel the mound of flesh get harder as I thought about all those hours you had spent sucking on my tits. I told you then that it was good practice for when you'd do it with a woman. I know now that you'll never do it with a woman. And that knowledge hurts. But not as much as the thought of you doing it with strangers hurts. I once told you that those nipples were yours; that you had earned them after all the long hours you had spent sucking on them. I can almost feel your mouth on them now. Just thinking about it makes them swell up. And yes, son, even as I write to you, my hand keeps going back to my crotch as I think about that day together.

You threw your knapsack down and followed me into the bathroom. I wanted to change clothes and shower before we sat down and discussed plans for the rest of the holiday. The fact that you followed me into the bathroom didn't surprise me any. We had never been shy with each other. You said you wanted to help me off with my clothing. Maybe I should have protested. But you smiled as you asked my permission. How could I resist?

First you took my sweaty shirt off. I expected you to be offended by the heavy funk that had collected in the underarms after hours of hard work. But instead you held each stinking sleeve up to your nose and breathed in deeply. Then you shoved the rank fabric into your mouth and began sucking smelly juices.

I was shocked all right. But I was also turned on. It had been a long time since I had had sex with anyone. And although I was repulsed, I couldn't control the fact that I was getting hard under my equally smelly jock.

Before I could say anything, you had thrown the shirt on the floor and had moved over to me. Your hand reached out toward my crotch and with one quick movement you had undone the zipper on my work pants. They dropped down to the floor and came to rest around my grungy boots. I thought you were bending

down to pick them up. But when you stopped in front of my bulging jock, I knew that your mouth was eager for more raunch.

You begged for me to feed you my dick through that smelly jock. You said that you wanted to taste my uncut prick through all that dried cum and piss. The tip of the jock was wet from where my dick had begun spilling out its precum juices. I grabbed a handful of your long blond hair and pushed your face into my crotch. You gagged as all the stale juices filled your mouth. Before I knew what was happening, I shot a load of cum right through the jock and into your waiting mouth. You swallowed up every last drop before you let go of the now wet pouch. Then you thanked me for letting you have it.

I don't know what happened at that point. Something inside of me snapped as I saw a trickle of hot cum dribble from your lips. I smacked you hard, almost throwing your head up against the tile wall. Tears welled up in your eyes and you asked what you had done to deserve to be treated so badly by your dad. I grabbed the back of your head again and hauled you over to the full-length mirror. I pushed your face into the cold glass and asked you why you had grown a beard without my permission. You mumbled some answer, but I was too angry to even hear it. I pushed you back up on your feet and told you to shave it off immediately. But before I handed you the shaving cream and towel, I did something that I hadn't done to you in years.

The last time I had spanked you was when you were about ten years old. You deserved it then. You had borrowed my cuff links without my permission. I remembered that, as I pulled your jeans down over your smooth, hairless butt, You started crying. But your tears and pleadings only made me want to beat your ass all the more. I watched your long fat dick jump up and down as I stripped off your briefs. I remembered how you had always wanted a thick overhang of foreskin just like your dad's. Instead, you had to be content with playing with mine.

Once I had stripped you

bare I dragged you over to the toilet where you seemed to belong. I sat you down on the crapper and pulled my wet jock off. Then I stuffed it in your mouth to drown out your whimpering. Your balls were hanging so temptingly under your huge cock. I grabbed those nuts and yanked on them until I could see tears well up in your eyes. With my fist still gripping your heavy sac, I pushed your body over my powerful legs. Your dick came to rest on my thick-soled boots. A long stream of precum dripped across the well-oiled leather. I knew that sooner or later I would make you lick it up. But at that moment, I had other plans for you. With your lanky body draped across my knees, I began slapping your ass, not too hard at first, but with increasing pressure as my anger grew.

I watched your ass turn red as blow after blow reverberated through the tiny white-tiled room. Your dick jumped with each blow, and more and more precum stained my boots. I picked up some the juice and rubbed it into your sweaty hole. Then I continued to spank my son harder and harder until my arm began to hurt as much as your reddened butt.

When I had finished tanning your little boy's ass, I pushed you off of me. You could barely stand up. Your whole body was shaking. Instead of comforting you, I reached over for the towel and slapped it against your already tortured butt. Then I threw it at you along with the razor and shave cream. I ordered you to shave your face hair off. And just to make you know who was the daddy and who was the little boy, I also ordered you to shave your crotch hairless.

You pleaded with me and begged me not to make you do it. You said that all the guys on the swim team would laugh at you. I told you that you deserved to be humiliated, and that if you didn't do as you were told I would make you shave your head as well. Then I stormed out of the room, leaving you to follow orders or face even greater punishments.

I don't remember exactly what went through my mind

as I lay in bed waiting for you to complete your task. I know that even after dropping one load, my dick was still ready to give up more juice. I guess that I just concentrated on the cans of beer I was guzzling and the cigar I had started chomping on. I know how you had always hated my cigar smoke. And I also knew that watching me down can after can of beer always disturbed you. But I wasn't going to let any wet-eared college punk lord it over his old man. I just lay there, with my stilt filthy boots staining the bedspread as I waited for you to finish your tasks. When you finally entered the room bare-assed, I was relieved to see that you had followed orders to a T.

There wasn't a wisp of hair left on you from the neck down. You had even shaved your armpits without being instructed to do so. You asked me to forgive you for being such a bad son, and I almost gave in. I wanted to hug you and tell you how much I really loved you. But I was getting drunk by then, and more drunk with power than with beer.

I yanked your head up and pointed to the gob of dick juice that stained my already grimy work boots. I told you to plant your mouth on those boots and start cleaning them off like the good little slaveboy that you were. You obeyed. I could feel your tongue sucking on every inch of polished leather. When you had finished cleaning up your precum from one boot, I pushed your head onto the other one and made you clean it as well.

I blew stale cigar smoke at you as you lapped up all the boot crud that days of working in the damp basement had formed. I humiliated you verbally as I told you what a low, common boothlicker you were. Then I made you pull off my wet boots and shove your nose inside to breathe all my foot stink. With my sweat-soaked foot, I rubbed your extra-long cock. I wanted to suck on it as well, just couldn't tell you that. Instead, I made you pull off my stinking socks with your teeth before I gave you my bare foot to suck and worship. You always were partial to your dad's bare feet. But as I watched you lick the toes,

then the heels, before you buried all five toes in your mouth, I knew that my boy had done some practicing with other men since the times when I had discovered him planted at the foot of my bed.

Without being told to do it, you worked your tongue up my leg and into my manly crotch. I could smell the stale odors there and wondered what it was about those rank smells that made you want to lick up every inch of skin. But with your mouth planted on my oversized balls, I wasn't going to question why it is that you worship your dad's funky body.

As you worked my prick into your mouth, I started thinking about the time I had shown you how to piss like a man. I remember taking my dick out and showing you how to hold it before you let loose with a stream of piss into the bowl. My piss had splashed on the side of the bowl and you had reached out to get some of it wet your hand. I watched in fascination as you held it to your lips and tasted it. Later, you would always ask me to show you how to piss.

I never realized that you were born to be my slave. As you swallowed a second load of my cum, you begged me to let you shoot yours. I told you that I'd think about it. Even after you had licked out my raunchy armpits and cleaned the sweat out of my equally rank ass hole, I wouldn't let you shoot your cum. Instead, I walked over to the closet and took out a length of rope that I had used to lash down tarpaulins. Only this time I lashed down my own son.

The harder you begged not to be tied up, the harder I tightened the ropes around your wrists and ankles. I turned you over face down on the bed and stuck your face into one of my stinking boots. I wrapped the laces around your head and, just to stifle your whining, I slipped the leather boot tongue into your mouth. All you could breathe in was foot stink. Your dad's foot stink.

I pulled off your equally raunchy sneakers and wrapped one around your cock and balls. Your stiff prick almost touched the toe-end. I tied the sneaker around your

waist. Then I stripped off your sweat socks and shoved as much of the sweaty cotton into your ass as I could.

I left you like that for several days, only allowing you to take trips to the bathroom now and then, and only sporadically giving you food. Whenever I felt like it, I would take off my leather belt and run it hard across your already sore butt. Every time I had to use the bathroom, I would loosen your bonds and make you lie down in front of me as I sat on the crapper. I'd make you suck me off as I sat shitting. When I was finished, I made you flush the toilet and clean it up afterwards. You had to ask me for every favor and more often

I stand. I don't know why I have a need to treat my boy with the kind of contempt and indifference that would have made me want to kill my old man. And I certainly don't know why you don't feel that way about me after everything that went on weeks ago. But I do know that the thought of you giving yourself to other men the way you gave yourself to me fills me with more than just anger.

You say that you want to be my little boy forever and that you want your dad to whip you into the kind of slave you always thought you deserved to be. I guess that now, as the shock of that realization has worn off, and the excitement

come back here to live with me.

I can't guarantee that it will be the kind of life you really want. I'll keep your body cleanshaven, just like it was when I first started showing you what manhood was all about. I'll try to be more loving. But I also know that I'll punish you for any little offense that I think warrants action on my part. You'll spend lots of time being tied up. And your mouth will be sore from all the times it will be filled with my dick. And that goes for your ass too. I'll expect you to keep my boots polished and spit-shined. When I come home you'll have to undress me and lick off all the hard-earned sweat that I know you love to taste. It will seem like a living nightmare to you some of the time. But at least you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you're one little boy who can make his dad happy in ways that most little boys never dreamed of.

So, if you're ready to serve your dad like you said you are, you can start now by writing me a long letter telling me exactly what you'll do to deserve being called a "daddy's boy." And at the end, instead of sending kisses, you can send a wad of your dried cum. That'll be the best damn valentine any father ever had from his son. Maybe if you're a good boy, I'll send you some of mine. Either that, or I'll save it for when your mouth is available to swallow every creamy drop. Now, go to your bed like a good little boy. Keep that hand of yours from your prick until you're ready to send me a sample of your load at the end of a long letter. And just think about all those years left when I'll be able to tuck you into bed with a thick length of rope.

Until then, sweet dreams.

—(Forwarded by Michael Agreve)

Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eyestrain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: Drummer Daddies, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □

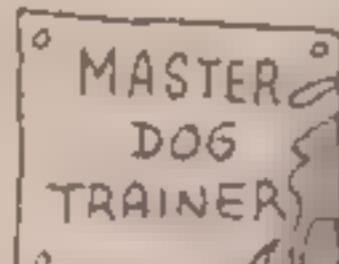
DRURASVIECAS

Begging For Time



"Now that's what I call whipped cream!"

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WILHELM RIE



WILHELM RIE

Phil is a good-looking guy with a bushy black beard and dark curly hair. He's built solid too, with a weight-lifter's body, and he makes good money. He's a welder at the shipyard, and nobody gives him any shit, even though everyone knows he likes his sex on the wild side.

He has a nice thick piece of meat between his legs and a pair of nuts that can pump out juice as fast as you can swallow and as often as you want it—if you know how to get him interested. I don't mean to brag, but I can get his load any time I want it—but that's another story, and I'm not about to let anybody in on my secret.

I will tell you another great way to get some of that big fat dick of his, however, and if you have the skill, go for it. He told me this tale himself one time when I was sucking lint out of his bellybutton after draining his nuts. We had just finished some wild stuff and he started talking about the kinky side of his nature. After what we had just finished with, I guess he didn't think I was likely to find fault with anything.

"How did you get started in the kinky stuff?" I asked. I had finished the project on his bellybutton and wanted just a little more time on his cock before calling it a night.

"It was when I moved to town about two or three years ago," Phil said. "I was 22, just been honorably discharged from a hitch in the Marines. Right away I noticed this guy in the apartment next door. Older than me, maybe 35 or 36; and he had a foreign look—like maybe he was Gypsy or something.

"His hair was black and shiny and he wore it kind of long. He liked black clothes a lot—black boots and pants, black muscle shirts and jackets. That day all he had on was a black bikini bathing suit that showed a fantastic box with two big, hot-looking balls—nuts turn me on...

I had managed to force both of his inside my mouth and nodded a little to let him know I was listening. He took a fistful of my hair and pulled my face up tight against the base of his cock, then spread the cheeks of his ass with his hands, giving me a gentle hint.

"Anyway, I followed this Gypsy guy down to the swimming pool the first day I moved in," Phil continued. "I wanted to get a closer look at those nuts.

"I said 'hi' to the guy and spread my towel out where I could check out that box. He nodded at me, giving me the once-over, just like I was looking at him. I had on a nylon suit that fit tight, and every vein and wrinkle of my dick showed right through the cloth. I don't wear that suit much in public, but I put it on specially to go out and meet Carlo—that's the guy's name.

"Carlo's eyes flicked over my body pretty fast, taking it all in, but when he saw the bulge between my legs, I noticed his eyes stopped long enough to check me out there twice as long as he looked at the rest of me."

Phil went on talking as I worked my tongue slowly down his cockroot towards his asshole. Now, everytime I get a good whiff of manhole, it seems like that story comes back to me...

Carlo, Phil said, was a handsome stud in an exotic way. He had darkly tanned olive skin, full lips, and heavy eyebrows that gave his face a sort of mean look, like he thought you were shit and you'd have to work pretty hard to convince him otherwise. He looked at Phil like he was daring the young man to have the guts to look back. It was the kind of look that made Phil's dick tingle and his asshole pull up tight at the same time.

Phil felt his pecker give a little start, which was a signal that it was about to throw a hard, just from the way Carlo was looking at him; so he just nodded back at the man and jumped in the water and swam a couple of laps to cool his pecker off.

After a few minutes, Phil climbed out of the water and went back over to the deck chair where Carlo was stretched out in the sun. He moved his towel over next to the man and lay down on his stomach to try and get him into a conversation. Phil lay face-down just in case his frisky dick decided to go into action again.

"You been living here long?" Phil asked, to have something to say.

Carlo turned his head toward the younger man and opened

his eyes.

"No, not very long," he answered. "Why is your hair cut so short? Was it your choice?"

The man had a slight accent that Phil couldn't place.

"Sort of," Phil said. "I just got out of the Marines."

"Are you growing a beard?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Sir?" Carlo said, and smiled. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

Phil decided not to lie and say his was older, hoping maybe Carlo liked young studs.

"Why did you call me 'Sir'? Is it just a habit from the Marines?"

"No, Sir. It was to show you respect—Sir."

"Did you learn that in the Marines—to show a man respect?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you learn to take orders, too?"

"Sure did, Sir."

"That's good. I like that," Carlo said. He smiled at Phil again, but the smile had a funny look to it, like he was thinking of something other than what he had just said, and his eyes seemed strange—midnight black and shining with tiny points of light in the very center of each pupil. For an instant, looking into them gave Phil a sense of falling.

"You sure are good-looking," Phil said. He had no idea why he blurted out the remark—the guy would think he was some kind of silly queen. His heart started pounding all of a sudden, and underneath him his dick was swelling and pressing hard against the concrete. Shit! What if the guy was straight and got pissed off at him?

"You forgot, kid," Carlo said. His lips still smiled, and the tiny points of light came back into his eyes. Phil felt the sensation of falling again, and a touch of vertigo.

"Forgot what?"

"To show respect."

"I'm sorry, Sir," Phil said, and laughed.

"I didn't make a joke," Carlo said in a flat voice. "So what are you laughing at?"

He swung one leg off the deck chair and kicked Phil in the butt. Carlo didn't smile, and the kick wasn't meant as a joke, although it didn't seem to mean anger either. The kick was hard enough, however, to make the muscle of Phil's butt ache—and when Phil felt the impact, something strange happened to him. His cock gave him a sudden flash of pleasure and he tightened the cheeks of his ass. The movement pressed his hard dick against the concrete.

"Knock that off!" Carlo said, and kicked the young man's butt again.

Phil didn't have to ask what Carlo meant. He knew, and relaxed his butt. He felt the strange sensation in his stomach again, and recognized it as the same feeling he had had as a kid when he knew he was about to get sucked off for the first time. He had a full bone now. It throbbed against the hard surface of the pool deck.

"You got any plans for tonight, Marine?" Carlo asked.

"Anything you want me to do, Sir," Phil said. He wasn't being cute or acting like a smart-ass when he said it. He really meant it. Whatever the man wanted, he would try to do.

"Come to my place after dinner—about nine," the man said.

"Yes, Sir. I'll be there."

Carlo looked straight into the young man's eyes again for a moment, and Phil had the strange feeling he could hear him saying something. He sort of understood what Carlo was saying, although not exactly. He nodded his head to say "yes," even though he didn't know what it was he had agreed to. Carlo smiled.

After the man left the pool, Phil took a swim to cool off, but his dick stayed hard for a long time in the water, and all the while he was swimming, he remembered Carlo's eyes looking deep inside him and talking to him in words he didn't hear, didn't comprehend, but somehow understood. Remembering kept the young man excited, even though he couldn't figure

out why.

Finally, when the hard-on went down enough to get out of the water, Phil went back to his apartment.

Carlo let the young man in right away when Phil knocked on his door later. The man was wearing a black velvet robe that hung to the floor and he was smoking a joint. He handed the pot to Phil as soon as the younger man was inside.

"Smoke this," he said.

"Yes, Sir," Phil said. He took the pot and dragged deer on it, then offered it back to the man.

"No," Carlo said. "Smoke it all yourself." It was a command, not generosity.

"Yes, Sir," Phil said, and took another long drag. He figured, just as the first touch of the coming high hit him, that he was going to need the dope.

"Sit down, Blacky," Carlo said. He gestured toward a big black leather chair across the room.

"Yes, Sir," Phil said, heading to the chair, wondering why the man had called him Blacky. He had told him his name was Phil at the pool. He started to sit in the chair.

"Not in the chair, Blacky," Carlo said. "On the carpet."

Phil sat down on the carpet next to the leather chair and looked up at the man.

Carlo let the robe drop to the floor. Underneath he was wearing leather briefs. Shiny chrome studs covered the bulge of his dick and balls under the black leather. Phil remembered that the man's stomach and legs had been hairy earlier at the pool, but now they were shaved smooth and glistened with oil. He smelled rich, like spice and something else that reminded Phil of sex.

The man ran both hands down over the bulge of his pectoral muscles and then, as Phil licked his lips, down the insides of his thighs. The flesh beneath his fingers was hard and didn't give at all as he tucked his thumbs under the leather briefs and rubbed the nuts inside.

The sight of the near-naked man made Phil draw in his breath. He felt his cock rising in his pants.

Carlo walked over to him and stood with his hands cupping the crotch of the briefs. Phil could hear the silent words again. They buzzed in the back of his mind, just out of the reach of consciousness.

"Yes, Sir," he whispered, not knowing for sure the question he had been asked—only knowing the answer was yes. Somewhere inside his mind he understood. His heart was pounding and his dick pulsed in his pants.

"Lick my hand," Carlo commanded. He extended the fingers of one hand, keeping the thumb tucked inside the leather briefs.

"Yes, Sir," Phil said. He licked the fingers, then the palm of the man's hand.

Carlo stared steadily into the young man's eyes. Perhaps it was the way Carlo looked at him or maybe it was the way Phil felt in the pit of his stomach. It could have been the pit beginning to work its magic inside the boy's head, but he felt himself beginning to change. The dark hair on his body was getting longer, growing out thick and shaggy. Saliva dripped from the end of his tongue, which seemed also to grow longer. He kept licking at the man's hand.

"Down, Blacky," Carlo said. "No. Don't lick."

Phil drew back his head. Panting, he looked up at the man. He had become a dog. He did not know how, but he was a black dog. He was Carlo's goddamn dog and that's what he wanted to be. The man's dark eyes stared into Phil's and the dog-boy whined and nuzzled the man's hand with his nose.

"You look like an asshole wearing those clothes," Carlo said. "Take them off."

Phil pawed at his shirt and jeans, pulling at them with his teeth, popping the buttons, yanking and chewing them. He was naked, then he tried to lick the man's hand again.

"Down, boy," Carlo said. "Get down."

The dog-boy sat down again on the floor on his haunches. "Roll over," the man said. "Lie on your back, boy."

Blacky rolled over. His legs were spread. His stiff cock thrust up from his hairy stomach. His nuts hung down heavy in their hairy sack over his asshole.

Carlo put a naked foot under the dog's nuts and lifted them with his toes, then he scratched the length of Blacky's cock with the foot and rubbed the hair on the dog-boy's stomach.

"Nasty goddamned dog," he said. "You've got a fucking hard-on."

Carlo picked up a newspaper from the chair and twisted it into a thick roll.

"Filthy, goddamned dog," he said, and swatted the head of Blacky's bobbing cock with the paper.

The dog-boy whimpered and rolled over onto his hands and knees.

The man swatted the dog-boy's ass with the paper. The blow stung and made a loud pop, but it did not hurt.

"Roll over, Blacky," the man said.

The dog-boy whimpered and looked at him for a moment, then rolled over onto his back.

Carlo hit the dog again with the paper, right on the dick root where it disappeared inside his body at the rim of his asshole. The smack of the paper sent sparks of pleasure rushing all through the dog-boy's body. He whimpered and spread his legs further apart. Carlo swung the paper again and gave the rigid peter a solid smack.

"Filthy, fucking dog," he muttered.

The dog-boy's dick throbbed and burned with pleasure from the blows of the rolled-up newspaper. He started whining again, one long series of repeated sounds from this throat. He wanted the man to hit him some more, but Carlo stopped and tossed the paper aside. With his bare foot, he scratched the dog's scrotum in all the ways of excitement through his gut as the man moved the dog-balls and cock around with the naked sole of his foot. Blacky continued to whimper, begging the man not to stop.

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"I got to pee," Carlo said. "Come, boy. Come watch me pee."

He went to the bathroom and stood in front of the toilet. Blacky scampered after him and sat down next to the commode. Carlo pulled the briefs down over his butt with his thumbs and a big, dark olive-skinned cock arched out half-hard over the toilet bowl.

Blacky licked his lips and panted. Saliva dripped from the end of his tongue as he watched Carlo pull the full foreskin back off the swelling dickhead. Blacky licked his chops again and whined. He saw the amber stream spurt out and splash into the water. Blacky whined and looked up at his Master's face, but the man ignored him and scratched between his legs under his nuts. The yellow stream slowed and after several quick final spurts, was only a series of drips.

Blacky eyed the golden drops and his tongue hung loose, dripping saliva from the end. He whined again.

"What is it, boy?"

Carlo pulled the leather shorts all the way down and kicked them away, then spread his legs.

Does Blacky want to taste some piss?"

Blacky whined and licked his chops, gazing at the dark red head of the man's dick. A golden drop glistened on the pishole.

"Does Blacky-boy want to put his tongue on his Master's dick? Huh, boy?"

The dog-boy squirmed on the tile floor. He stretched his neck toward the man's cock and extended his tongue to touch the hot, glistening drop of piss. The sharp acidic taste stung his tongue, and he whined as he ran his tongue quickly once over the whole fat head. The taste of piss was seasoned with a soft sweetness secreted from the base of the dickhead, protected until moments before under its foreskin shield.

The dog-boy licked again, harder and faster now.

"No!" the man said, after Blacky had licked the dick for a few seconds

He pushed the dog-boy's head away, "Filthy damn dog. Go get the fucking paper. Fetch."

Blacky whimpered and ran back to the living room. He found the paper and brought it back in his mouth to the bathroom.

"Roll over," Carlo commanded

The dog-boy rolled onto his back on the cold tile floor.

The paper found its mark again, this time dead center on the dog-boy's asshole. Carlo hit him over and over again on the same spot.

At first the blows stung like craze. Then a buzzing pleasure moved slowly out from his ass and into his nuts, traveling along the length of his cock and rolling in hard spasms inside his guts. He whimpered and whined and twisted under the blows.

The dog-boy was close to coming, but he didn't dare to reach for his dick, as a man would. He rolled onto his side with the leg toward Carlo raised up in the air, so the man could continue hitting the dog-boy's ass. Blacky stretched his head and neck as far as he could toward his throbbing dick, bending his back and sticking out his tongue, trying in a madness-driven attempt to lick the head of his own peter.

He looked up at Carlo, begging with his eyes. Softly and clearly he heard the words again inside his mind, and he knew he could do it. The dog-boy turned back toward his throbbing dick.

The slick pink rod pulsed before the dog-boy's eyes and he tasted the tip with his tongue. Then he discovered he could do more than merely touch the dickhead. He wrapped a wet, slick fold of drooling dog-tongue around the thick shaft of his own cock. He reached with the long, slick tongue for his nuts and felt the hairy sac in his mouth. It was hot and salty with sweat. The dog licked hard at his nuts, feeling the coarse hair inside his mouth.

He started licking his cock with long smooth strokes. It felt good. He was going to come. He licked harder and harder.

"No!" Carlo shouted at him. "Stop that, you filthy goddamned mutt! No!"

Chez Mollet

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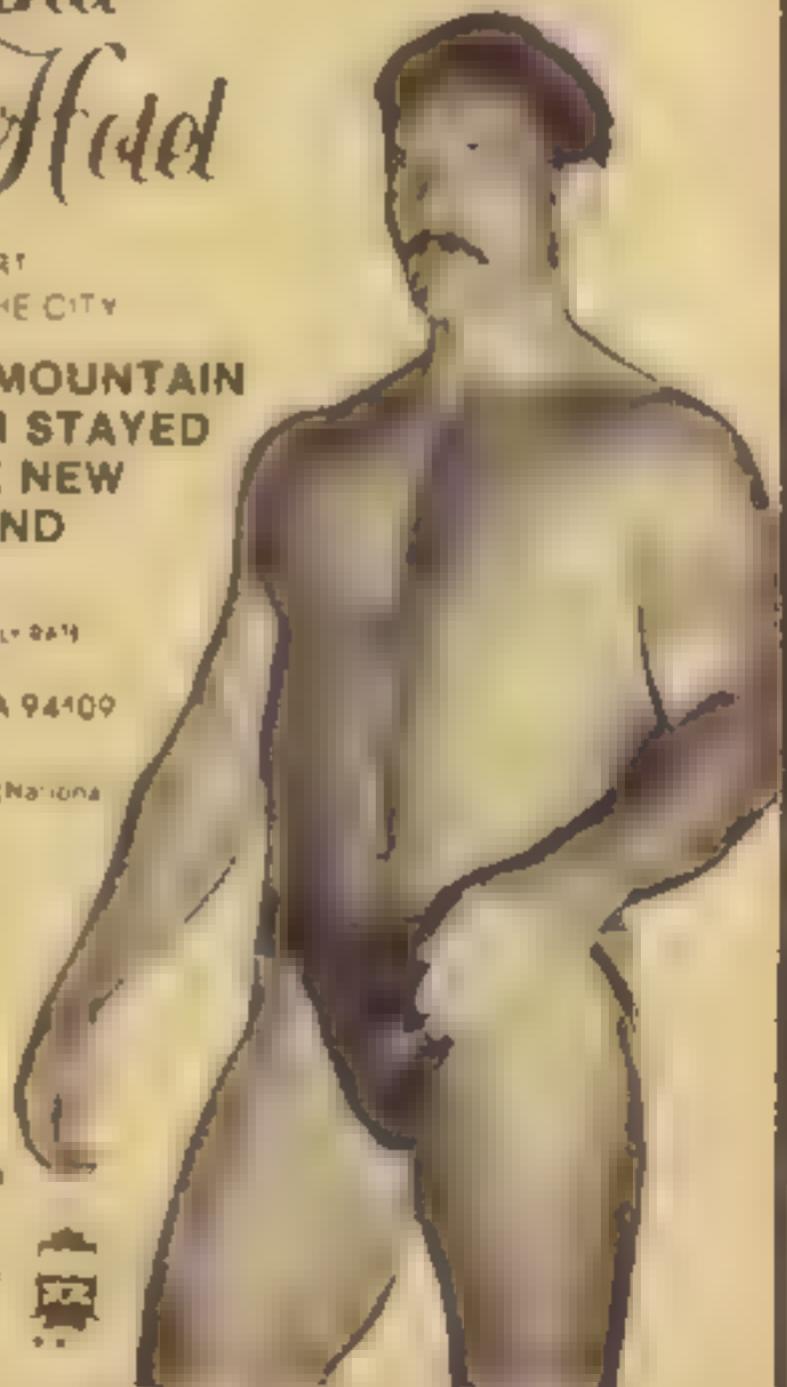
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The man hit the dog-boy hard on the balls with the paper. Pain snapped through the dog-boy's groin, killing the orgasm, but he kept licking his cock anyway. He loved the smell and the taste in his mouth. It felt too good to stop. His dick felt hotter, more sensitive than it ever had before. Nothing had ever felt or tasted so good. He licked the hot head again and again. His tongue was slick and drooling.

Carlo slapped the dog-boy's head with the paper.

"Stop it, goddamn it! I said no, you damned mutt!"

The voice, raised in command, broke through the crazy, sex-mad static in the dog-boy's mind. He slowed reluctantly and stopped licking his cock and balls. He whimpered and rolled over and stared up at the man, panting.

"Carlo's got something better for a dog to do tonight than lick his own joint."

The man shook the last few drops of piss from his swollen cock and Blacky followed him back into the living room.

Carlo stood over the dog-boy and ran his fingers into the thick black hair on his head.

"Carlo wants the dog to do a little fucking. How about that, dog? You want to fuck Carlo dog-style?"

The dog-boy squirmed on the floor in front of the man, whining and panting. Carlo got down on his hands and knees and spread the cheeks of his ass in front of the dog-boy.

"Fuck Carlo, boy. Put your big hard dog-dick in your Master's ass."

Blacky mounted the man's back, holding himself steady by grasping the man's shoulders.

Carlo kept his ass spread and the dog-boy blindly guided the rock-hard dick up between the man's legs, knowing by instinct the place to put it without having to touch the throbbing shaft. It was stiff as iron and it knew the way home.

Carlo twisted his butt under the dog-boy and when he felt the head of the cock touch the sphincter of his asshole, he lowered his head to the floor, resting it on his upturned palms, leaving his ass up and ready for the cock to enter.

The dog-boy lunged with his hips and thrust the dick half-way inside the man's ass.

"Easy, goddamnit, Blacky!" Carlo said, but the dog-boy lunged again. The man belonged to him now. The dog-boy had him pinned, and dog or no dog, the man was impaled by the dick and he couldn't get away.

"Please, Blacky..." the man whimpered. "Please be easy. You're a damn big dog, man."

Blacky rammed the dick into him again, hard, and lodged root-deep inside.

"No, please, I..."

Carlo squirmed and tried to pull away, but his sphincter had tightened on the cockroot and he was hung on the fat dick inside his gut. The dog-boy squirmed on the man's ass, pushing deep with his cock. He thrust and squirmed against Carlo until the asshole loosened on its own accord, then the dog-boy started screwing like an animal made crazy by passion. He fucked the man with nothing in control but instinct. Carlo's own instincts would have to see him through if he were going to survive being screwed by the beast his dog-boy had become.

Blacky rammed and ground and pumped his cock into Carlo until the man's whimpers and whines began to sound as dog-like as the sounds Blacky was making. After a few hard minutes of ramming, both men started to come. Both were howling their heads off...

And that, friends, was how Phil got started with that kinky scene. He says he still gets off on it, and he and Carlo get together often.

They've gone further with the fantasy since the first time too. Phil swears that he finally got to shoot off by licking his own cock. And he says that nothing—not even fucking dog-style—feels as good as licking your own meat. He says he understands now why you see dogs licking their peckers all the time.

Who knows? I may try it myself sometime—if I can find someone like Carlo to look deep into my eyes and show me how.

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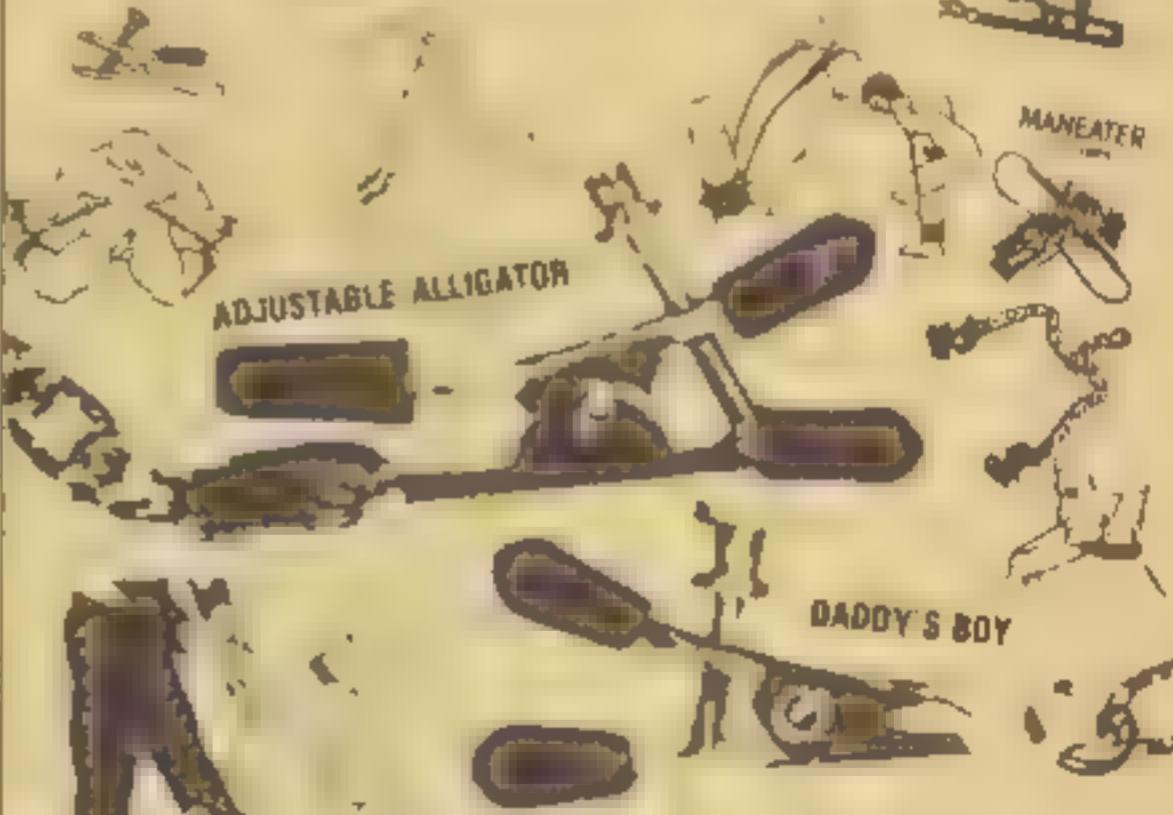
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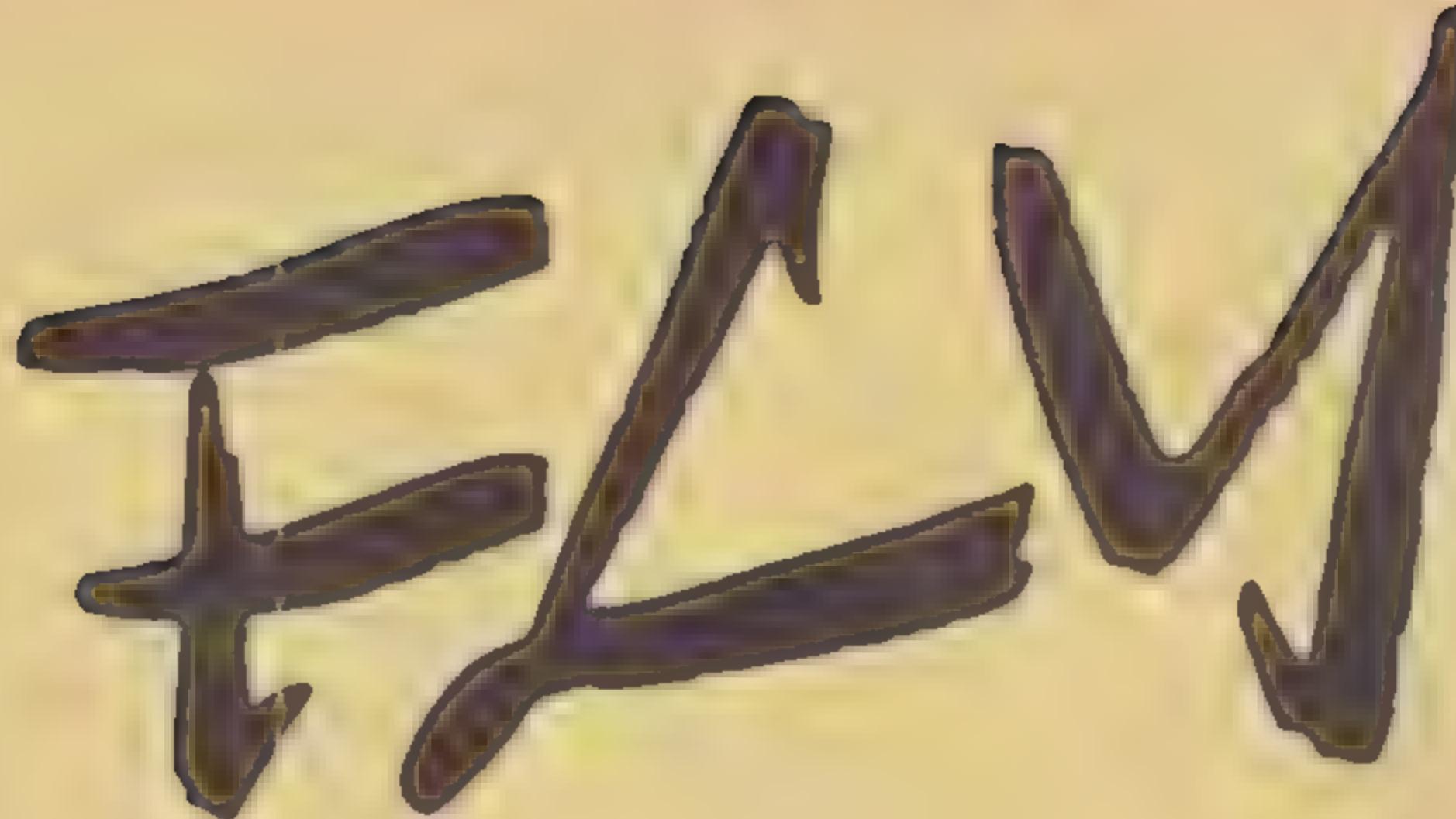
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by Don Perry

Somewhere In Rural Maine

So many visions...of desire. The bony, clawlike hands hold the oversized penis. The testicles hang like a grotesquely stretched sack. Almost to the knees. "How pleased," the demon face grins, "Mencheno, the Prince, will be to receive this one! One like this! How Ciclap will gloat! How Carellin will rejoice!...

Has it come to this? Fantasies of large, unyieldly dildos shoved full-length up my voracious ass? Dreams of human gorillas raping my craving bowel? Fat, erotic men reducing me to babbling jelly with their huge dongs and outrageous expertise? Thrust assunder. Entering me... Making me scream for more MORE! Deeper! Stretch me more. Thrust deeper! Ream me open! Wide open. Make me feel it! Don't stop! Keep thrusting! Oh!!!...Ripped open. Possessed. It fits! It all goes in! Sucked up in there. Somehow. Fills me utterly. Impossible. It's up in there. All of it. Thrusting! I take deep, deep breaths. God (excuse me), but it feels so... .

Fletcher (nicknamed Fly) smirked, then frowned. Has it come to this, he mused? First, the hunger. The waiting. And now... screaming moods, and weird feelings. He chuckled to himself. Could a curious longing become such a raving, hellacious lust? Ah, well... Too many questions never get answered.

He was walking down the Main Street of the town. He saw some houses. A barber shop. A library. And a park. No stores yet. There weren't many people about at this hour. It was nine o'clock in the morning. A few men... .

He examined the men carefully. They were a rugged looking bunch. No obvious pansies here. A telephone company truck passed by. The driver was dark, bearded, brooding. A sticker on the bumper said: Let A Telephone Man Put It In. A man came out of the barber shop. He was tall, square-jawed, intense. He stared at Fly for several seconds before moving on.

Out in the boonies... Fly smiled wryly. It wasn't funny anymore. The people weren't cold. Clannish, yes. Cliquish. Suspicious of strangers. Often cruel with their gossip. But there was an underlying warmth too. A depth of the soul the more remarkable for its lack of surface. Fly shivered uncomfortably. There was more here than met the eye. And plenty for the eye... .

A youngish man in flimsy jogging shorts flew by. Fly feasted on his backside. Now there was an ass you could get lost in. And all muscle. A beautiful, blond, bare-chested boy came out onto the porch of the house. A golden god. Slimly built. Sharply etched pecs. Washboard belly. A startling lush growth of black pubic hair extended up to and around his navel. Fly's tight asshole twanged. And he was jolted by the reaction.

Another jogger. Jesus! The craze was everywhere. Big, hairy, bouncing tits. Thick, flexing legs. Pumping. Pumping. What was it he liked most about sex? Stamina? Ummm! And over there... long, silky hair curling up and over a tight-necked t-shirt. Modest virility. Small-town men... .

Fly was standing at the corner of an intersection. The park was behind him. His skin felt numb and prickly. He stared at the passing parade of men. His body throbbed. He was impressed. And horny. The short hairs on the back of his neck were erect. They weren't alone.

Fly turned suddenly. There was an older man sitting on a park bench a few feet away. Grinning at him. The man was slim and solidly packed. He wore faded jeans and a tight t-shirt. His face was sharply sculptured. And handsome. Nordic. His hands were stroking his legs above the knee. Fly ambled towards him... drawn.

"Uh, excuse me."

"New in town?"

Fly laughed. And felt immediately foolish. "Uh, no. Well, not exactly." He was stammering. He couldn't help it. This man's eyes seemed to bore right into his very soul. To read his mind. He knew. "This is quite a town," he managed. "Very pretty."

"Very... moving. You might say."

"Well, yes. The parts of it that move." He laughed again, and had to tear his eyes away from the man's. His knees were shaking. He felt weak and light-headed. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the man looking him over. Eating him with his eyes was more like it. "You live here?" he fumbled again, wanting to maintain contact.

"Uh, no. Well, not exactly," the man mimicked. "Come over here and sit down."

Don Perry's "Cockwalk" appeared in Drummer 83 and 84. Readers of that story will recognize the Old Man, who appears in this episode of "Fly," as well as the Old Man's buddy Virgil, who can't be far behind... .



The park was small, occupying the very corner of the intersection on a triangle. There were three benches. All of them were being used. Fly had no choice. He sat beside the man who beckoned him so provocatively. He exhaled loudly and crossed his arms. The man stared at Fly's hugely flexed biceps. He uncrossed his arms, sighed and cleared his throat

"You're beautiful."

"I beg your pardon?" Fly jumped, shaken from his uncomfortable reverie.

"Do you work here? In town?" the man said softly, hypnotically.

Fly fidgeted, not knowing what to do with his hands. "No" he said haltingly. "I work in the city." Then in a rush: "I sell encyclopedias. I just moved up from the Midwest. Your cities are ugly. And they smell. So I've rented a house here. In the country. I commute. My hours are odd. I have a lot of free time," he finished, panting

"So do I." The man studied Fly's nostrils. The nose was broad and shiny. That was a good sign. And such a big man. So dark. And so fucking—

"You're making me uncomfortable," Fly interrupted. "I mean, I don't want to be rude but...you're staring at me."

The man continued to stare leering. He noticed the worry-beads of sweat on Fly's brow. And the way his damp t-shirt hugged the deep ridges of his massive pecs, nipples protruding. "You're an imposing and impressive man," he purred. "I imagine you'd be used to being stared at. And like it."

"Normally"

"You're not flattered?"

"There are people watching us."

"Nonsense."

"I just moved here. What will people think?"

"Nothing. Your leg is touching mine. It has been for several minutes now. Rubbing mine."

"I'm sorry."

"What's your name?"

"Fletcher. But everyone calls me Fly."

"I like that. You can call me the Old Man."

"I can't call you that. You're not old." Fly glanced around nervously. "I have a lover," he blurted suddenly.

The Old Man roared. "And so you should. But I saw you looking at every guy who passed you. Are you horny all the time? Or just hyper? Relax, Fly," the Old Man soothed. "Nobody's going to bite you. Although they might want to. Right on the tits."

This was too much for Fly. Christ, what kind of place was this? Hog heaven? He was getting a hard-on and he knew the Old Man noticed. He squirmed on his seat and crossed his legs. "I've got to get going," he said, settling back into the bench.

"Okay." The Old Man got up and stood directly in front of Fly. The monstrous bulge of his boner strained the worn white patch of material around his groin. Fly gulped and stared at the grapefruit-sized lump. "I come to the park every day," the Old Man whispered, just loud enough for Fly to hear. Then he turned and walked away.

Fly watched after him, admiring the shifting, tight little buns and panther-like grace of the man. Christ! Just like that, he mused; wish and you shall receive. His asshole was chewing a hole in the seat of his pants. A tiny hole. But he felt like devouring the whole bench.

Part One

I'm getting sick of this same old grind, Fly thought to himself, as he gave a savage thrust forward into the burning, gaping asshole of his maddeningly complacent lover. The headboard of the bed banged sharply against the wall, punctuating the sudden, shuddering groan of the man who lay open and receptive beneath him. Matthew lifted his splayed butt slightly to absorb Fly's fat, formidable cock.

Fly was definitely in a mood to haul some ass.

"Careful honey," Fly gritted through clenched teeth, "don't use up all your good moves on the first punch." His cock felt like a hot crowbar with which he wanted to pry this familiar bunghole loose from its pelvic socket and skewer it to the wall. Matthew began to buck rhythmically up and down in too perfect time to his blind drives.

If only I could really get to him, just once, Fly thought. Feel his ass shimmy and quake. Watch his eyes roll up out of sight. See that magnificent body jerk uncontrollably in the heated throes of a runaway rutting passion. There are a million guys out there who'd give their left nut to feel this bull's prod pumping in their bellies. Ten inches of thick, concrete meat. I've seen more than a few hungry stares at it packed away in my tight jeans. Some men are embarrassed with an impressive bulge in their pants. Me, I carry it pushed right out there in front like I could fuck the world...

Matthew tricked me. Yeah. Before we got together he was always coming on to me with his legs peeled wide apart. He never wore shorts. Said he was allergic to cotton. I imagined I could hear his asslips clapping time as we danced at the local bar. Used to sit there with his legs open "to let it breathe," he said. He even kept it shaved to prevent "odor" during the hot months. But now. Now—once in a blue moon. If I'm lucky...

Matthew was a very handsome dude. But too...brown. His hair was too long. It seemed to flow down into his thick beard. Down over his neck and into the forest of rich, silky hair on his chest and abdomen. Down into his broad, brown beaver and onto his legs. And all of it brown. Too brown. His body was gorgeous. Heavy with muscle. And he was a sleek, classically beautiful man. A decidedly complementary side-kick for his mean and massive mate

Fly reached down and gathered his lover's taut, quivering bums in his hands, feeling them relax and come apart like a split melon, exposing the vulnerable brown nut high up in the crack of his ass.

That was another thing about Matthew. His asshole was abnormally high. The walls just inside were thick with muscle and fleshy near the opening, tapering to a normal thin membrane where the rectum's tube curved inward. This abnormality presented two distinctive benefits to anyone fortunate enough to cornhole Matthew. The rectum was shorter and afforded deeper penetration. It fucked easily up to the point where the pipe bent. But where the asshole bent, as you eased your cockhead forward, Matthew could feel his guts folding inward, and it seemed to him as though the cock would burst through into his belly. A little painful, but his determined lovers always turned it to their advantage. And occasionally to his.

Fly tugged at Matthew's bums, flexing the twitching anus this way and that as he continued pumping the squelching channel in a long, slow, grinding shag, jabbing into first one secret pocket, then another.

Matthew was beside himself, and was rapidly becoming quite delirious, despite himself. He was finding it difficult to anticipate the spot each new thrust would reach, unable to prepare for the sensations it would send coursing up through his already pleasure-racked body. His groans turned to whines. His whines to gasps and whimpers. Never had Fly's huge pecker felt so damned good shoved way up in there. It filled him so completely. Stretched him so wide. He felt as though his entire lower half was asshole.

"You're asshole right up to your eyeballs," Fly had told him on their honeymoon, watching him hunch madly up and down while straddling Fly's thighs. "It's a good thing you married a guy hung long enough to reach that far," he had said, bucking his hips high and hard off the bed.

The hair all around Matthew's mouth was wet and matted. Matthew loved to lick his face while he was getting his guts ironed. He would contort his mouth wide open and let that long, dripping snake of a tongue uncurl down over his chin...

Fly continued his slow strumming shag, while his strong hands busily mauled Matthew's tight, ripe cheeks, his fingers pausing now and then to tickle the throbbing, distended nut.

"That's it," he cooed in Matthew's ear. "Tell me how it feels. Tell me all about it. Ooooh, that was a good one," he said, forcing a heavy choking gasp from Matthew by driving his thumb into the slimy, gripping passage alongside his entrenched cock, drawing further deep grunts from Matthew. "Good boy. Keep it up and I'll really give you something to grunt about."

Matthew pursed his lips and cupped his tongue. Long bubbly strings of saliva ebbed down the hot groove and dribbled into the hairy hollow of his neck. His eyes were glued to Fly's.

"Shhhh," Fly cautioned. "You don't have to babble to me how good it feels. I can tell just by looking into your eyes."

Matthew clung desperately to Fly's upper arms, his hands hardly spanning the radius of the muscle there. He dug his fingertips into the hard rubbery bunches and kneaded and humped and licked his nose and nearly went out of his fucking mind. His head twisted crazily. And his eyes fluttered. But his ass didn't miss a stroke.

Matthew's heaving grunts became louder. He slid his knees up the sides of Fly's sweat-slicked torso, his legs spreading wider and wider as they progressed up the big V-shaped body. When he could feel the bristles of Fly's hairy underarms, he locked his knees firmly into those dripping pits and began hunching for dear life, his steaming crotch wide open to Fly's spine-crunching onslaught.

"Oh dear God-d-d-d d-d-d!!," he rasped, his teeth gnashing together on the "d," the tip of his tongue slipping out of the way just in time to avoid being bit off.

Fly slowed his pace again, wanting to prolong the sensations of this surprisingly glorious pronging. It had been too long since he had been able to turn Matthew on this way. This was how a man should respond to good stud fucking. Matthew's sex-starved sumphole was swallowing his heavy drill-bit up to the last hairy inch with loud slurping gulps, his butt squirming delightfully when Fly's hard-boiled eggs flattened for a second into the deep crack of Matthew's big, furry ass, brushing against

his busy fingers. Every few strokes, Fly would give his hips an extra flick, drawing them downward slightly to roll his balls over Matthew's straining hindquarters. Matthew began to drool and hiss... his tongue shot up into his nose, drilling deep. His nostril bulged taut as he stuffed more of the hot, moist probe into it. He was so confused now he didn't know whether to scream or sh-t—

"Like that action, baby?" Fly grinned viciously. "Then don't complain the next time I ask you to lap the sweat off my balls for me," he snarled, repeating the special little flicks several more times for Matthew, causing a quaking grumbling in Matthew's belly that rose slowly to his throat and emerged from his warped mouth as a wailing scream. Matthew exploded into his climax, his body pitching and writhing furiously, his legs dancing in the air, giving Fly a bouncing, jerking ride that threatened to throw him out of his saddle.

You don't have to be a cowboy to bust broncos. Fly thought, smiling smugly to himself.

"That's the first time you've come for me in ages," Fly said softly, holding his turgid cock holstered firmly in the spasming asshole, waiting for Matthew to catch his breath. "Well, that one was on the house. And it only took three fucks to get you there. Now we'll have to see what else you've been holding up inside there waiting to come out."

Fly pulled his pulsing prick all the way out, leaving Matthew gaping and empty. The swollen, purpling ass lips seemed to snatch at the head of his dick as it left him, releasing a frothy glob of cream that hovered shyly at the opening of the yawning gash, then dribbled quickly down into the fine ass hairs near Matthew's coccyx. Followed by another. Then another.

"You've got the hairiest, hardest, horniest butt I've fucked—far today," Fly teased, letting his gaze roam up from the center of those wide-sprawled legs to stare intently into Matthew's eyes. "Buck your hips, baby. Make that fucked-out fushion dance for me." Fly stretched his arms straight out to the sides of

continued on page 48

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You can't tame a cat

But you can't explain anything to Bernie either. He thought that he knew everything. He always had dogs, too, and in a way that explains why Bernie wanted Jason in the first place: Jason was a cat and Bernie wanted to tame him.

I knew at once, knew that Jason wasn't quite human but something more than human. And as I've loved cats my whole life, have almost worshipped them at times, I also loved—and did worship—Jason...

When I first saw him he was lying on Bernie's floor, naked. His body was stretched out in the sunlight coming in from the window. His skin was pale, but darkly so; the body lean, nearly muscled; his black hair was tossed about like a disobedient child's. He hadn't shaved yet that morning, and the angles of his face were accentuated by a dark stubble. His chest, stomach, butt and forearms were covered with soft black hair-fur. His face was handsome, the nose straight, the chin stronger than most. He was nothing less than beautiful.

His eyes were closed as I admired him and he looked as if he were asleep, though I'd never be able to say for certain that he wasn't watching me the whole time.

Bernie had been my first Master and felt a certain amount of responsibility for having brought me out into the scene. He called me periodically and asked how I was, who I was playing with (and if he disapproved he said so) and would suggest we get together for a meal "and talk." He was always a friend to me and very understanding. After a while he introduced me to his new slaves and started teaching me to top by sharing them with me. (I don't think he was this generous with everyone; I was special only because he'd brought me out and that meant something to him.)

When I'd come to see him that morning, he motioned for me not to talk and nodded towards Jason, who lay sleeping (I thought) on the floor.

"I'm letting him rest," he said when we'd gone into the kitchen. "I only took the collar off him an hour ago. He was so ornery last night that I kept him in chains. I don't think he got much sleep."

"Ornery?" I asked. I couldn't imagine Bernie putting up with any disobedience. I'd always been slapped silly for any infraction or resistance.

"He will not submit, Jimmy. Not like he should, anyway. I get the feeling he's only obeying me until I leave the room, as if he's disobeying me even when he isn't. I can hold out my dick in his face and I can see that he wants it but he won't admit it, won't beg for it. He just sits there and looks calm as he can be. So I slap him and he glares at me."

"Just like a cat," I said, without really thinking about it.

"You and your cats, Jimmy." He grunted his contempt for a cat boy, you sure loved being a dog."

This was true. I never really liked dogs, though I liked Bernie's shepherd, Max. But being a dog was great. I get off on humiliation, and what could be more humiliating than being an animal that I didn't even like?

I accepted the coffee he handed me and watched Jason walk into the kitchen with more grace than seemed humanly possible.

Now Bernie was a big man, six-three maybe, barrel-chested with enormous arms, big hands. He had a beautiful red beard that he kept full but neatly trimmed. He was bald on top, but furry as a bear everywhere else. (A couple of us, another one of his boys and I, used to refer to him as "Daddy Bear," though never to his face.)

He was a demanding Master, fierce and uncompromising, but when he'd gotten what he'd wanted from you, when he'd pushed you as far as you could go (and he knew just how far he could push a slave), he'd be there for you, hold you close and make you feel safe, let you suck his tit, or his cock and balls. And he always had that reward back until the end. He didn't believe

in being good to the slave until the slave had earned it. He'd beat you to holy hell and fuck you any way that felt good to him, threw you around, made you eat dog food, put you in a kennel, called you a shit and a cocksucking faggot. Then he'd be so warm and gentle that you knew it was worth every bit of agony he put you through just to be safe in his arms. Or at least that's how I always felt.

The point is that I really loved Bernie and doubted right away that this new boy of his appreciated him.

Jason looked down on me where I sat at Bernie's table and nodded as if he already knew me. He was smaller than Bernie, of course, but taller than me, though not as big as me, not as muscular or heavy boned as I am.

"Jason, this is Jimmy. Jim, Jason."

He nodded again in the same way. "H."

"Hi."

"Coffee?"

"Yeah."

"Feeling okay?" asked Bernie, resting one giant hand on Jason's furry little bottom.

"Sure." He stretched out his body with the same grace with which he had walked into the room. "Feel great."

He gave Bernie a perfunctory kiss.

"Jim and I are going to lunch. Hungry?"

"Sure." He said the words as if it were a right, being led not arrogantly, just matter-of-factly. He sat down on a chair opposite me and looked into my eyes. I looked away, afraid of him. I felt devastated, almost violated. But also elated. And I knew that he sensed all of this without being told.

He turned his head and looked out the window with complete disinterest. The dog, who'd been sleeping in the corner

JASON,

How could Bernie want to break him? I'd rather have been his slave, to be played with cruelly...to be his completely.

until Jason had come in, got up, almost cowering, backed out of his door with a whine and curled up on the back porch.

"What's his problem?" asked Bernie, looking after the dog through the window.

Jason looked at me with the same calm disinterest with which he'd looked out the window, with the same expression he'd had when I'd first seen him (I thought) sleeping.

"Dog had a bad dream," he said with quiet authority.

I looked back into his eyes and agreed with whatever he'd said. It was in that moment, I think, that I knew Jason was different.

"What would you know about dogs, Jimmy? Jason, Jim here is a cat fancier. Prefers them to people."

"Is that true, Jim?" His eyes lightened up as he stared into my soul.

"Usually," I laughed, trying to make light of it.

"I'm not surprised," said Jason. "You're that sort of person."

His voice was almost hypnotic. The most I could do was mutter an inarticulate, "Really."

Bernie laughed. He apparently thought it was all a joke. I laughed with him, but could think only of how I'd do anything

for Jason, how I wanted to feel our bodies locked together.

How could Bernie want to break him? I'd rather have been his slave, to be played with as cruelly as he pleased, to be his completely. But belonging is a two-way street and I knew that a Master must belong as much as a slave belongs (albeit in a different way) and in that belonging is commitment. In Jason there could never be that commitment, but my desire to own him, to be owned by him was only fueled by its futility.

"Well, Jason," said Bernie, "if you get dressed we can get going."

Jason nodded, and taking his coffee with him, walked out of the kitchen as if he were walking on padded feet. Something stirred inside of me, watching him as he left the room.

Jason stayed in my mind. I thought about him constantly, wondered if I could somehow see him alone, wondered who he was.

When I played with other men, put myself at their mercy, I was never satisfied. I felt nurtured when I wanted, even needed to feel used. I, who had disliked dogs, became like one, ready to sacrifice myself for a stranger's affection.

I waited for Bernie to call me, as I knew he would, to confide in me his doubts about Jason. I knew Bernie well enough to know that there would always be doubts.

"I can't break him, Jimmy."

"He's like a cat, Bernie, and you can't tame a cat. You can't expect to break someone like that to your will."

"You and your cats. If he doesn't want to be a slave, why is he here with me now?"

"With you?"

"Yeah. Didn't I tell you he moved in with me? I'm training

always is when I wear leather, rubbing against the codpiece of my leather pants.

When Bernie answered the door himself, instead of his slave, I was immediately caught off-guard. But only for the first time during that visit with him.

Bernie handed me a beer in the kitchen and we went into the front room where Jason, still naked except for his collar and two weeks worth of a soft, black beard, sat on the floor, his leash tethered to Bernie's big arm chair. I nodded to Jason. He looked at me with the same impassive expression as before. I sat down on Bernie's couch, stretched out my legs and looked around the room.

"Where's Max?" I asked.

"Out," said Jason, a smile just beginning in the corners of his mouth.

"No one was talking to you, Jason," said Bernie, without much conviction. Then he said to me, "He and Jason don't get along. Max is afraid of him."

I saw firmer traces of Jason's smile edging out across his face. Sibling rivalry, I thought, and poor Max is losing.

Jason looked at me from across the room. I looked back at him and felt afraid, though not for myself now. I felt afraid for Max and Bernie. I was in love with Jason, too, but I wasn't caught up in his web yet. I knew cats, so I knew that it was futile to love some of them, or to expect anything more from them than civility in exchange for one's devotion.

Then Bernie made me a proposition that startled me.

"Since you're already in your leather and ready for a work-out, why not let me lend Jason to you. You'd like that?"

I looked at Bernie and then at Jason, who was looking up at me, not towards the floor, as would be appropriate for a slave.

He was challenging me. I was certain that Bernie's offer was prompted by Jason, that Jason wanted me in his web as well, wanted to train me as his devotee to pray at his altar. I wavered only for a moment before I remembered what I'd told Bernie. You're not a slave.

"Can't tonight, Bernie. Gene's expecting me and my full attention." I grabbed my crotch. "I've been saving it for him for a few days now, so I'll have a lot to give him." I rubbed the leather into my crotch

to show my hardened cock. I was ready for some action, but not this action, not the uneasiness I felt in Bernie's house.

Bernie looked relieved and disappointed all at the same time. He stroked Jason's head as if to appease him, not the sort of condescension I'd expect.

"Sure."

Another night.

So.

I looked at Jason again. He was still naked. He was so big, so almost hairless. Being naked is just him. Nudity didn't do him any good, yet he was still a bit of a mystery the way Bernie and I wore leather, as an extension of who he was. Jason looked back at me now with a new, almost curious expression, not respect exactly, but acknowledging me as someone to be dealt with differently than the rest. I let our eyes lock for a moment but held my stare this time. And for the first time he gave himself away: He turned his eyes away from mine, as any cat would.

Gene was hot that night. I met him at the Cell and found him kneeling in the corner, holding a leash in his mouth, ready to serve.

Gene was not the sort of boy to play games. He gave all he had and somehow always had more than his Master (or Mistress) expected. He was popular with the crowd I played with. He had an attitude that a lot of Topmen couldn't resist; just a little arrogant and looking to be put into his place. And he wasn't a pushy bottom so much as a good one, expecting the best because he was the best. He was such an honest man, I think.

CAT by David May

But belonging is a two-way street and I knew that a Master must belong as much as a slave belongs...

him as a full-time slave, now. It's what I want, Jimmy. I love him."

"Does he love you?"

"Who can tell, Jimmy? He's a mystery to me. He won't obey me but he stays with me. It's as if I was the one being trained. It's the craziest thing."

He is a cat, I whispered inside my head.

"Where did you meet him, anyway?" I asked as coolly as I could.

"At the Cell. I'd never seen him there before and thought that he should be treated right on his first visit, so I—"

"Is he from around here?" I interrupted.

"He said he's from the River. But I don't ever remember seeing him up there, do you? Not that it matters."

Even if I didn't feel the way I felt about Jason, I'd have said that he was bad news for Bernie. I also knew that I could never tell that to Bernie. Jason would bring none of us any good and we were both powerless to resist him.

Bernie invited me over that evening. I already had a date for later that night, so when I arrived I was already in my leather and feeling pretty hot in spite of myself. My cock was half-erect as it



that he would have made a good Master if he'd ever wanted to make the transition.

I walked into the Cell payed my admission and found him where I'd told him to wait for me. I was late but said nothing. I stepped in front of him, put a collar around his neck and secured the leash. With one booted foot I pushed his face into my other boot. Gene, never presumptuous, waited for an order, or in this case, permission. The focus, I decided at that moment, would be my boots; and he would have to earn them.

That night I was crueler than I'd ever been in my life. I demanded everything from Gene, kept my boots just within his reach but forbade him to touch them. I whipped him repeatedly, watched him squirm and then thrash against his restraints, added more and more weight to the chain connecting the tit-clamps. I pulled on his balls until he cried out, squeezed his dick until his piss slit shot pre-cum like it was piss. When I'd given him everything, all of my energy and four loads of my cum in him and all over him; when he was a mass of welts and bruises, trembling with exhaustion, only then did I let him lick my boots.

Gene gave his all to those boots, paying them the homage that they deserved, that I wanted for them. He found his solace in those boots as I'd found solace in Bernie's hard, furry tits years before.

I sat down by the Cell's bar when it was all over and let him curl up at my feet. For a short while he slept.

Jack came by. "Congratulations, you're the first person I've ever seen wear that boy out."

"Or did he wear me out?"

"Does it matter? Really?"

"I guess not."

"You two were something else. I think we were all watching you tonight."

"I was inspired. " I wanted to leave it at that.

"By Gene, huh?"

"No, by... never mind." I pulled my boot from under Gene's sleeping head. "Wake up, fuckhead; I've got a hard cock that needs a hole. The choice is yours."

Gene, refreshed but groggy, obeyed instantly, even automatically. The leather codpiece was snapped off and my cock was in his mouth, his throat. I held the back of his head with both hands and shoved my hard-on in and out of him as I thought of Jason, of how this was what Bernie wanted to do to Jason but didn't dare, what I wanted Jason to do to me. I came for the fifth time that night. I came like a geyser, choking him with my cum.

Then Max died.

Jack mentioned it to me one night a couple of weeks later at the Cell, while I was letting Gene talk with his friends as I drank a beer.

The cause of death, said Jack, was uncertain.

I ran over to see Bernie early the next day. To my surprise, Jason, wearing his collar, opened the door. His beard had almost filled in. He looked sexier than hell, wearing only a very tight pair of cut-off 501s. He never looked happier.

Maybe I was wrong, I thought. Maybe Bernie did break him, did get to Jason after all.

I only nodded my hello to him and ran up the stairs to Bernie who was sitting in the kitchen as usual, and looking sadder than I'd ever seen him before. He stared into space saying nothing.

I sat next to him and was silent. We sat together for a while before he said anything.

"It's so strange, Jimmy. He was killed by another animal. But he was such a gentle dog, who'd want to hurt him?"

I only nodded.

"He broke his neck when he tried to jump over the fence to get away."

"I'm sorry, Bernie."

Jason came into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of milk. He moved with the same grace as he always did. Nothing in his movements or face indicated that he cared about Max or how Bernie might feel. I watched him guardedly. He stopped

suddenly in the doorway and looked at us.

"There were claw marks," Jason said. "That's how the Humane Society figured there was another animal. Too big for a house cat, though... The neighbors heard a lot of noise and started to call the police. But it was over too quickly. The struggle was over before anyone could find out what was going on. Too bad, really. He was pretty good for a dog."

He spoke so matter-of-factly, I found myself feeling uneasy. I formed the question in my mind slowly before I asked it. "Where were you and Bernie?"

"He was out drinking with his friends at the Black and Blue and I was chained up in the basement—being punished."

I could see that he was suppressing a smile.

"Did you hear anything?"

"In the basement? Not a thing. Bernie soundproofed it. You should know that."

He did smile this time, if only slightly, and left the kitchen.

"Want some coffee?" asked Bernie.

"No thanks. I'm okay."

"You don't have to stay. I know you care."

I slowly walked down the stairs of the flat, Jason trailing behind me. I held the door open a moment as I turned around to ask him as quietly as I could, "Why were you being punished like that, chained up and just left there?" This was extreme, even for Bernie. I'd never heard of him leaving a bound slave behind like that.

"He said I wasn't submitting." He laced the last word with just enough irony to make it clear that his resistance had been deliberate.

"And now?"

"Now?" he returned, mocking me.

"Yes, now, Jason. Do you submit to him now?"

"What do you think, Jimmy?"

I paused and stared at him a moment, just long enough for him to look away.

"I know better than to think, Jason. I already suspect more than I'd like to know."

"And that scares you?"

His eyes widened as he said this. He obviously relished the verb to scare.

"It scares the shit out of me, Jason."

He looked up, suddenly alert. Then I heard it, the sound of Bernie's heavy footsteps in the hallway above. There was a pause and Bernie called out Jason's name. Jason returned his gaze to me and gave me a strange smile.

"Yes, Sir," he answered, still looking at me.

"Where are you?" asked Bernie from somewhere over our heads.

"Down here letting your friend out." He broke our stare.

I stepped out and he shut the door behind me. Standing outside the front steps I heard Bernie's raised voice, the sound of flesh hitting flesh and what must have been Jason's cry of pain followed by a scuffle.

I walked away as quickly as I could. I refused to be a witness.

I avoided Bernie and Jason after that, was "too busy" to talk whenever he called, unavailable when he wanted to see me. Bernie was no fool, though. He knew I was avoiding him and I'm sure he was hurt. But he and Jason had become too much. I wanted no part of the drama being played out in that house.

Like I has already told Jason, I suspected more than I wanted to know. Jason understood that but Bernie never would. Bernie was unreachable, especially when he was in love. I was glad then that he'd become my Big Brother and not my lover.

Weeks later I was walking home in the rain after playing all night with Gene. It was about eleven o'clock and I was heading for my bed after a hot night and a big breakfast at Hamburger Mary's.

Gene and I had been playing together almost every week and were living out new fantasies. We talked a lot about our playing, about new heights (or depths) we were reaching. He was dis-

covering something new in himself, as I was. He was happy about these new discoveries, however, and I was only frightened by them. It had become the opposite of the old SM adage: Don't top someone unless you've done the scene as a bottom. I was topping Gene in the way I wanted to be topped but had never experienced, even with Bernie. And as for finding a man who was enough of a man, a man I could trust to take me where I was taking Gene—I doubted that he existed. Instead I watched Gene experience what I wanted to experience. I savored my power but I envied him the freedom of his submission.

On this particular morning, though, I was feeling exhausted but happy, as if I'd gotten more than I'd given that night (and any Topman will tell you how rare that feeling is.) I was still in my leathers and a little light-headed from a long night and no sleep, though that didn't hinder my mood.

I turned up my little street just off Folsom and saw two guys (who didn't look like they were from the neighborhood) looking over my neighbor's fence yelling, "Jason! JAAA-SON!"

I stopped in my tracks. I hadn't thought about Jason for a while—or hadn't let myself think about him. I didn't like this.

I asked the two guys what they were doing in the rain. They looked me over a minute, me in my leather on a Sunday morning, bedraggled and wet.

"We thought we saw our cat."

"What does it look like?" I asked, thinking to myself, just don't say it's black.

"A Burmese," said the other guy. "Kinda big, but a real good-looking cat."

"Yeah," concurred the first guy. "We found him up at the River a few months ago. Since no one knew where he belonged we brought him home with us. After a few weeks he ran away."

"Guess he heard he was getting his balls cut off the next day."

They laughed and I shuddered, sweating in my leather. The rain kept falling around us in buckets.

"I haven't seen a Burmese around here," I said.

"You know what they look like?" asked the second guy, apparently sceptical that a leatherman would know one kind of cat from another.

Fucking queen, I thought. Go back to your own neighborhood.

"Yes," I said aloud. "I have cats of my own—Abyssinians." His face registered surprise as I turned away and walked up the steps to my apartment.

Fucking amateurs, I thought. Probably call themselves "cat owners." Fuckheads in designer jeans. I'd have run away from them, too.

I started stripping off my clothes as soon as I had shut the door behind me. I was disturbed, of course, by this coincidence of a cat named Jason. I didn't like the way it felt in my gut. I told myself not to be crazy and shut it off.

I toppled into my bed, exhausted, angry and upset. Wired from this jumble of emotions, I doubted now that I'd be able to sleep at all.

I left my leathers scattered on the floor, hastily dried off with a towel. As I drifted off, I promised myself that I'd oil them properly when I woke up...

...to someone pounding at my front door. I looked at my clock; I'd only slept an hour or so. The loud pounding continued. I tried to ignore it, thinking that it was probably the two queens with the lost Burmese. After five minutes of it, I got out of bed, stomped down the hall and opened the door, still naked and not giving a fuck as to who was messing with me.

"Yeah?"

It was Jason, standing on my porch in clothes that looked familiar but were obviously too big for him.

"You stole those off the clothesline," I said. "They belong to Dam-on downstairs."

He only nodded. He looked strange, even unhappy. I motioned him indoors.

"Get out of those clothes and I'll return them. I'll give you some others."

He quietly obeyed, or acquiesced, while I ran to get a towel. "Here, Jason, let me dry you off."

He was so beautiful naked that I wanted to lick him dry instead of using the bath towel. He rubbed his body against me as I dried his disheveled hair, making him look more than ever like a disobedient child.

I began to shiver myself. I was still naked and I hadn't bothered to turn the heat on. I wrapped myself in a blanket and handed him one as well, motioning that he follow my example.

We sat on the floor in my front room.

I stared at him and he turned his head away at once. Until now he hadn't said a word. When he did speak, his voice was deep and quiet.

"Thanks."

"For which?"

"For getting rid of them." He looked into my eyes for a moment. "They were the last people I expected to meet."

"I'd have left them too, Jason. They were assholes."

The cats walked cautiously into the room and stared at Jason a moment, then nosed each other as if verifying their impressions. Then, with even more caution, they slinked out of the room.

"They know?" I asked, nodding to the cats.

Jason smiled. "We all know our own kind, Jimmy. And who our friends are."

He was paying me a compliment but I ignored it.

"What's the difference between them and you?" I spoke cautiously, afraid as much of the question as I was of the answer.

"None, really. Except that I still have my balls so I can still... change... and you know..."

But I didn't know. I waited for more but no more came from him. We sat silently together for several minutes, as cats will sit with each other, demanding and expecting nothing more than each other's company.

Finally, being human, I broke the silence.

"I love you, Jason. But you don't need to be told that, do you? No cat does."

I was looking into his face, his eyes cast aside. Nothing.

"Poor Max," I said after another minute passed. "Did you...?"

"It was an accident, Jim. I wanted to belong to Bernie—I've always wanted to belong. It was easy for Max to belong. When we were alone Max would taunt me. He'd say that he was first with Bernie." For a moment Jason paused and I thought that he might even cry but his brow only furrowed before he went on. "So I tried to chase him away, which is when he tried to jump the fence and broke his neck. So it was an accident. Not that I was sorry.

"No, of course not," I said. "No, of course not. Did you love Bernie that much?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I tried to love him, Jimmy, only..."

He looked into my face for the first time.

"Only I don't know how. Your kind are more like dogs," he added, changing his tone. "You need to belong. I thought you'd be more like us." He looked at the cats lurking in the doorway. "They belong..."

"And you?"

"I'm going back to the River."

"You're leaving Bernie—"

"I only came to say goodbye. You were always a friend, Jimmy."

"Of course, Jason, I—"

"You said you loved me."

"You know I love you, Jason. I can't help but love—"

"Let me show you, Jimmy."

"Jason, I—"

"Let me show you." His voice had become low, almost a growl.

"Show me what?"

"Come here."

He held my stare now. He was a cat ready to pounce.

"Come here, Jimmy..."

He opened the blanket and showed me his body, his cock aiming towards heaven, arching up his navel and framed in the soft black hair, fur, covering his crotch and abdomen

"Come here, Jim, and let me show you."

I crawled over to him, opened my mouth, my throat, and swallowed him whole. His hands were behind my head, holding me down as he dug his cock deeper inside me. I wanted to scream but couldn't. I was lost, burying my face in his soft, silky pubic hair. He grunted, then grunted again, deeper than I'd ever heard any man moan his lust before

But he's not a man, I reminded myself. He's a cat.

His cock was shoved in and out of my throat. I was suffocating and struggled to lift my head up long enough to catch some air into my lungs. In vain. He was much stronger than I'd imagined, much stronger than me.

My head was held in place as he screamed with all the force inside him and shot a load down my throat, some of it shooting down my windpipe. I choked as I tried to cough. I made one last effort to free myself before I passed out.

I woke up on my bed. I'd been layed out spread-eagle

The back of my neck was being licked by a large rough tongue. Large padded paws were caressing me, kneading my shoulders as his tongue sought to revive me, to bring me back to life. Then his paws were hands again, digging beneath me, pulling at the rings in my nipples. I was thrown over on my back as if I were prey ready to be consumed, to be played with between two gigantic paws.

I looked up at his face and felt my blood run cold. Jason wasn't an enormous cat any more than he was a man. He was somewhere between the two. His soft beard was softer, so soft I couldn't resist stroking it, caressing his face. He rubbed his face into my hand, took it into his mouth, chewing on it gently as a kitten might, playfully. Then he bit down hard, drawing blood. I pulled my hand away and gasped with pain. A low gutteral purr came from deep within and he was more like a man again. He licked away the blood he'd left behind

"Sorry."

I held his gaze, hoping he'd turn away. He purred again and kissed me. I felt his cock jabbing against me, rubbing against my thighs with sudden urgency. We kissed with our entire mouths. I felt his teeth sharpen against my tongue. I struggled to get away as he broke the kiss. He held me down and chewed on my tits, his teeth like tiny needles piercing the flesh around my nipples, hardened from years of abuse. I moaned, then groaned, then screamed as he drew blood from me again. He suddenly paused in his play and looked at my face with cool curiosity, then licked the blood running from me with his roughened tongue. I called out his name, wanting to be released but hoping he'd never leave me

I was flung over on my stomach again. His eyes flashed from an unsmiling face. I felt his padded paws kneading my shoulders again, then my ass cheeks. He nuzzled my asshole, and finding it with his nose, sent his tongue into it, not lubricating it as a human tongue would, but scrubbing it clean like a bristling washcloth. My own cock hardened against the sheets. I felt my ankles secured to the corners of the bed, then watched without resistance as he tied my wrists to the upper corners. I didn't struggle because I knew it was useless now. And I regretted my own preparedness: I always kept restraints secured to the four corners of the bed "in case of emergency."

His tongue was again cleaning my asshole with the same intensity. When he stopped there was no pause. His cock was at my hole and then in it. I screamed. I'd been fucked with just spit before; I'd been fucked by cocks as big as his and survived. But I'd forgotten—until I felt his cock pierce my guts with such violent desperation—that a cat's dick is barbed

I felt him grow furrier as his body thrashed on top of mine, felt the power of his sex as he pumped his barbed cock inside of me, tearing up the channel of my fuckhole. I was sure, in a brief moment of clarity, that if I lived, I'd never be able to be fucked

again. This clarity passed as he approached orgasm. His teeth, sharper than before, bit into the nape of my neck. I screamed with all that was in me. My flesh tore between his teeth.

And then I didn't scream. I felt myself succumb to the blackness as it surrounded me

I knew it was Death fucking me now: It was over.

I woke up the next day aching all over, my back crusted with blood, my nipples a mass of tiny scabs. I wanted to believe that it had been a dream, but there was too much evidence to the contrary. My body was that evidence.

I crawled out of bed and shut the window. The rain had stopped but there was a puddle of water from the night before

Jason had made his escape through the window and over the rooftops.

I suddenly realized that I'd been covered up with a blanket when I'd woken up. Jason must have covered me up before he'd left.

Jason, I now reasoned, had performed an act of love in covering me up. All the pain running through my body, pain that would continue for weeks to come, was unimportant: He loved me

The first day was simple agony.

I spent the day dressing my wounds, soaking in a hot tub to ease the pain wracking my body. I called in sick at work for the entire week, not wanting to explain why I winced every time I got up, sat down or took a step. Yet I savored every pain as it shot through me. Each new ache was another reminder of Jason, forcing another surge of blood into my cock, keeping it erect

I wallowed in Jason's single act of tenderness, the one shred of evidence I had that indicated any affection on his part.

It was my meditation. His name was my mantra. And as my body ached, as the open wound in the back of my neck made me cry out each time I showered, I loved him more

When I went to bed at night, and every night for some time to come, I left my bedroom window open, hoping he would return.

David May's last story in these pages was "Cutting Threads," in Drummer 75

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continued from page 41

his body, holding them rigid. "Put your heels up here on my arms, near the elbows," he instructed. Matthew did as he was told. "Now work out. Give me some more of that hoochie-cooin', humpin' ass pumpin', Prime that greasy black hole. Lift it right up here in front of my face and I'll hock a few lingers into it."

Matthew began writhing like a snake, his hips flashing up and down, twisting sideways as his heels bounced excitedly all along Fly's muscle-bulging arms. Only his hands were left on the bed. Every time his asshole came into position before his face, Fly sent a wad of spit flying at it. A few hit the pot, disappearing partially inside the still open hole, while the rest of the thick gobbs oozed down into Matthew's asscrack. The wet splats of hot gruel made Matthew shudder with new pleasure. The insides of his thighs quickly became enslimed and it was all he could do to keep from trying to press his legs together to rub it around. He felt as though he was being bathed in Fly's come

"Give me that beautiful dick. Again. Now! Pleeeease!" Matthew begged hoarsely

"You want me to sink this huge pipe in up to the hilt?" Fly chuckled

"Stuff me full," Matthew pleaded. "Holster that big sucker!"

"Cram it in, you meant Jarn it home?" Fly coaxed

"Oh, Fly. Fly"

"Beg your Big Daddy."

"Fuck me. PLEASE! Oh, please!"

"Beg me good."

"I'm good. Oh, fly, I'm good"

"Once a year you're good."

"I'll be good. Oh, God! I'll be real good for you, Daddy"

Matthew's legs became rigid as a board. His flaming, dripping, burping asshole quivered hungrily before Fly's eyes, held there as a desperate offering

"Time for the Noose," Fly said, raising one of his hands to Matthew's surrendered box. He slipped the thumb and forefin-

ger in a ring around the base of Matthew's balls and squeezed hard. Then he twisted his hand in one tight jerk until his middle finger was in line with Matthew's high anus port. "Now for the Goose," Fly chortled, plunging his long scum-slicked digit snugly and completely into the twitching reamed hole. He drew his fingers together hard, using all the strength of his powerful hand, dragging the painfully constricted, twisted nuts closer and closer down to the lengthening slash of Matthew's finger-frigged pothole

Matthew screamed. It was harsh and primal. His body shook and flopped about on the bed. His shoulders and upper back churned up the sheets. His snapping hips caused Fly's arm to flap slightly, his arm and shoulder muscles flexing monstrously with the effort of keeping Matthew hanging on his cruel clawhold

Matthew was making strange sounds now that Fly had heard no man make before. Eerie animal howls intermingled with slurpy chirpings caused, Fly guessed, when Matthew's lips, tongue and teeth somehow got tangled together in each other's way. Matthew was about to dive off the deep end again and Fly wanted to get into him before he lost it completely

"You're an inhuman fuck," Fly teased, looking into the swamp that was Matthew's crotch, paying special interest to the flooded, dribbling crater that blinked at him, primed and reamed, the swollen, pursed vermillion lips wrinkled and sparsely turred like an old maid's mouth

Fly was a massive man. All over. And Matthew was a little afraid of his looming, naked presence in their bedroom on the nights Fly decided he wanted to bail him. So Matthew let Fly turn him this way or that and have his way, opening himself complacently to help facilitate Fly's formidable entries. Fly's powerful body and seemingly insatiable appetite filled these unforgettable nights with long, grinding hell-fucks that, before he was through, utilized all of Matthew's holes and left him feeling pulverized, his body a piece of marinated meat—rubbed raw, inside and out

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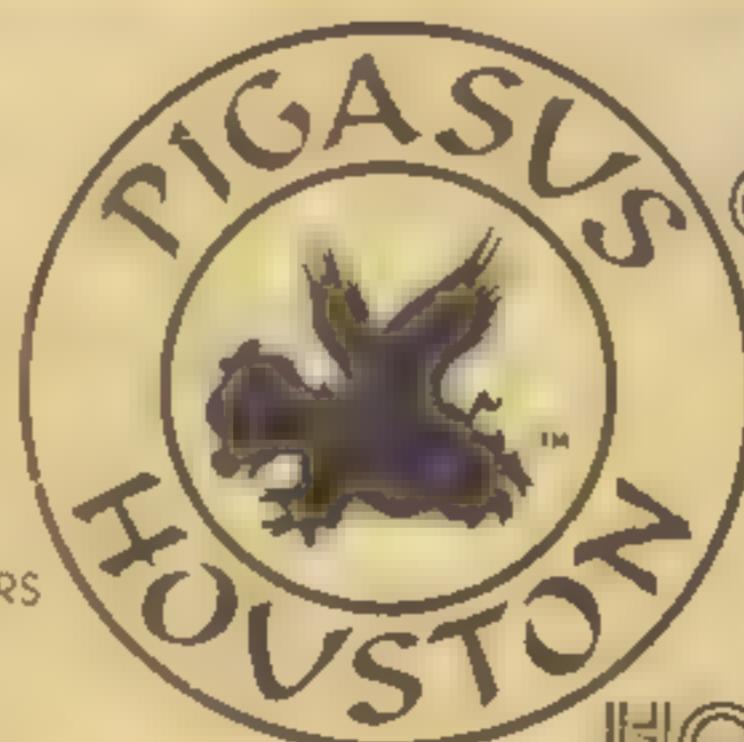
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Only once in a great while could Mathew respond to Fly's frenzied lovemaking. Then it seemed as though the primal call stirred his loins. The lust that had built up in him bit by tiny bit reached its bursting point, until it felt like all hell would break loose, and indeed did, making him respond with a bestial craving; a savage, snarling, drooling passion that threatened to rip him apart with its intensity, leaving him drained and empty once again when it had been sated by the only man who could fuck him inside-out like that.

Matthew felt the fat, bulbous glans of Fly's prick rubbing along the parted lips of his craving crack once again, and he moaned and writhed with all he had, wanting to show Fly how eternally grateful he was to have it there. And when the incredible extension began to creep slowly forward into him, he bucked his hips up savagely in one long, gulping lunge, claiming every thick inch of the hot rod with his lube-choked hole, feeling the head ram his inner curve violently, bending the broad shaft before it pressed forward into his belly. Matthew quivered and came and didn't stop coming during the next several minutes that Fly packed it in.

Fly drove his oozing dork deep into Matthew's steaming bowel. He pressed the weight of his heavily developed torso down onto Matthew, forcing him deeper and deeper into the mattress, bending his knees cruelly forward several inches above his shoulders. Matthew gasped and wheezed between loud groans of purest, thrilling ecstasy. Fly was shifting his body down over his bulging arms in a painful split. He pulled his bloated dong out of Matthew's ass with a windy plop and plowed it right back into his begging guts. His skin felt numb, little prickles of sensation danced all over him like electricity every time he moved and the muscles shifted under his skin. Matthew was still shivering and jerking his way through his insane orgasm, his ass muscles grabbing like a vice at him, sucking him further and further into him.

He wanted to come now before that suctioning grip eased and he would feel his cockhead slip out of that place deep in

Matthew's abdomen. He screwed his hips against Matthew's crotch so hard his balls felt as though they would burst. And at last, while Matthew was still going strong, he could feel the hot load begin to squirt from the buried root of his cannon. The pumping, jetting jizz exploded from the end of his cock in great spurting waves, hammering Matthew's belly with its force. The two of them rocked and howled in mad, crazed abandon for several minutes before the flexed tension of their bodies began to ease, and they began to breathe normally.

"Oh, I've got to go to the bathroom," Matthew babbled through parched lips. "You filled me so full I'm distended."

"Never mind," Fly grinned. "Just let it bubble out into my hands. I'll give you a rubdown with it. Make your skin shine like a baby's ass. Might make your hair darker too."

"Please. Let me up."

"Okay," Fly said, sliding off Matthew's sweat-matted body, his half-limp prick slipping out of Matthew with an obscene pop. "But when I drive a spike into a board, it stays driven."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means you're going to be in the bathroom a long time. So don't take a shit, take a shower. And when you come back I'll be asleep. Just the way you want it."

"It won't work again tonight, Fly," Matthew said, hopping out of bed with a hand cupped between his legs. "I couldn't get that worked up again. Please."

"But I have a few more tricks to show you," Fly chuckled irresistably. "You never strike oil unless you drill for it," he said, flexing his brawny body for Matthew. Matthew swallowed hard at the sight of Fly's naked wonder stretched so enticingly on the rumpled bed they had turned into a qualified disaster area. "How would you like to tongue-bathe this?" Fly whispered, rolling over onto his belly and tightening the muscles of his large, firm buttocks. Matthew turned quickly and fled the room.

"I'll bet that slim-hipped number next door would suck the starch right out of the hairs on my ass," he shouted after Mat-

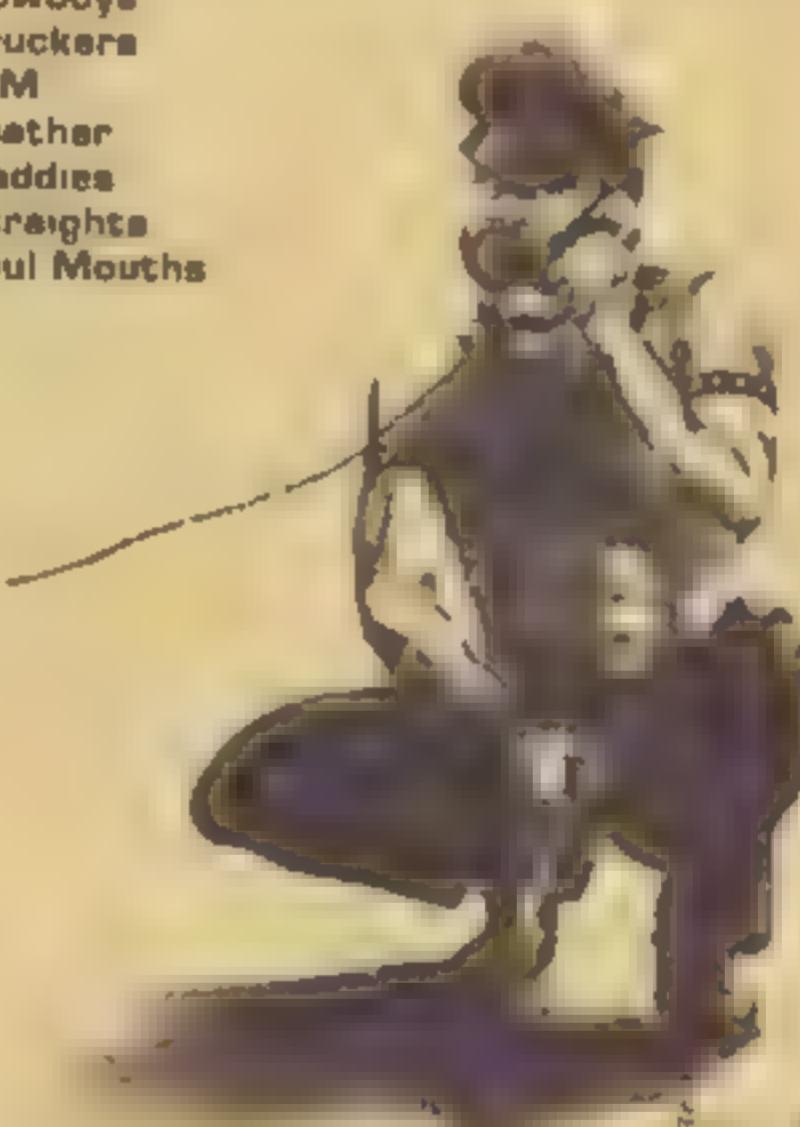
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threw. Then more quietly: "You bastard. It takes a lot more to wear me out. And I'm going to start getting it. From everyone who wants it from now on. You just wait. You bastard."

Several days later, Fly was trimming the hedges in his back yard. It was a lovely Sunday afternoon, one of those brilliantly sunny, clear Maine days. Fly was stripped to the waist and wore a pair of white-duck cut-offs. He was sweating profusely from the effort of his work. His hairy, streaming body gleamed, beads of salt sparkling like glitter. His bulky, hard-rubber muscles roiled and shifted, flexing impressively as he chopped away at the tough boxwood. His dark, handsome face squinted and frowned. He was bored.

And frustrated. He could feel several pairs of eyes watching his hulking presence from behind the drawn curtains of nearby houses. Hungry eyes. Curious eyes. Awed eyes. And Scott's eyes, surely. The slim-hipped number next door. He smiled and began to hum a bawdy ballad to himself.

So many visions...of desire. He had been drinking a lot lately. He had reason to be frequently glum. His sales pitches weren't scoring the way they had in the Midwest. The people in Maine were different. They thought different. And certainly had different temperaments. Fly needed a new approach.

Jesus! What pain in the ass. Literally. His asshole. It itched constantly. He scratched it in his sleep and left long gouge marks along the crack, and sores around his anus. As soon as they started to heal they would itch even worse. It made him walk funny. And he could smell his ass on his fingers every morning. And invariably got horny.

A trickle of sweat ran down the crack of his ass. He flinched and clenched his big, round, hairy buns together. He was beginning to feel like such a wimp. His guts contracted. He felt his asshole suck and swallow. He was wet on the inside too. He thought of the Old Man almost constantly now. It made him feel like planting his feet wide, humping his throbbing ass back at an erotic tilt, reaching back and spreading his hard, yielding buns and letting the Old Man take care of that itch that seemed to shoot right up into his torso and tickle his ribcage. Yeah. The Old Man would know just what to do...

My God, he mused dreamily. Has it come to this? He felt suddenly alert. The hairs on the back of his neck prickled. He dropped his bush shears, dangling them loosely from his left hand. He turned and spied Scott approaching the gate that separated the two yards.

"Hello!" Scott shouted, opening the gate in the hedge and stepping through. He stopped at the edge of the lawn and waved. "Can you come over here for just a minute? I need some help."

Sure you do, Fly thought to himself. His rippled belly muscles quivered in skittish anticipation. The recent exertion in the hot sun had left him feeling tight and tense. Like a stallion in stud heat. He looked Scott over closely as he sauntered casually over to where the boy stood waiting, smiling brazenly. He had on a pair of very tight yellow shorts that complemented his deep tan. His bare chest was lightly fuzzed with blond hairs which matched the striking natural gold waves on his head. His chest was neatly planed with hard muscles. His belly was flat; waist narrow. He had saucer-sized brown moons for nipples, and Fly had a sudden urge to pinch them erect.

Scott stood with his feet apart, hands clenched behind his back, ample chest thrust forward in a half-twisting, posing gesture. Fly wanted to jump him right there in front of everyone and give them a show they would never forget.

"You got a problem that needs fixin'?" he asked, coming to a halt inches from Scott's jutting tits. If he expanded his own more than ample chest to its limits, it would mash those precocious nubs.

"I'm very clumsy," Scott said softly. "I was making a cake and my mixer stopped working. I must have kicked the plug and ripped the wires loose. Or something."

"And now you can't plug it in," Fly soothed, losing himself in Scott's big, blue come-on stare.

"Will you help me to...

"Plug it in?"

"You're reading my mind."

"I hope so. Why don't we repair to your place and get to work on your problem? Before you blow a fuse," Fly suggested, his naked toes traipsing up the turf.

"You may need a screwdriver. I don't have one."

"I happen to have one on me. The only tool I'll need, most likely," Fly said, following Scott through the gate...

"I'm so hot," Scott moaned in Fly's ear, scrubbing his big tits back and forth across Fly's hair-matted chest, tracing the curls and whorls of Fly's cute, perfect ear with the tip of his tongue.

"How long has it been?" Fly asked matter-of-factly.

"Not a guy like you?"

"Ow!" Fly pained back slightly. "Those long buds of yours are getting tangled in my hair."

Scott bent his head down to run his tongue through the thick clump of black hair between Fly's massive pecs.

"You like the taste of a man's sweat?" Fly took Scott's head in both hands and pressed his face against his chest, sliding it slowly down towards his belly, flattening Scott's nose between his eyes, packing the distended nostrils with hair and sweat. "There's more hair below," he snarled. "All the way down and around. Your tongue is going to have a fucking field day, shitface."

Scott shivered and murmured against Fly's washboard belly, his tongue lost in the deep forest of hair that grew around his navel. He was on his knees now. His extended nipples shivered against Fly's upper legs.

"Wait a minute. Christ! Wait a minute!" Fly blurted, as Scott's wet lips began to spread over the growing mound in his pants, his teeth nibbling at him through the cloth. "You crazy little shit! You can't eat it through my pants. Besides, the stain might not dry before I go home. Here, let me get these off. Then you can eat it raw," he chuckled, unbuckling his pants and sliding pants and...key shorts both to his bare feet, stepping out of them.

His cock, now at half-mast, was growing with leaps and bounds. Scott's mouth tried to trap the swollen, purple knob between his lips but it kept taking unexpected jerks. Fly had to step back a little as his cock grew and extended before Scott's snapping jaws. At one point, the head banged him under the nose and they both laughed.

"Good God, how big is it going to get?" Scott husked wide-eyed.

"Don't sweat it, baby. I've hung smaller guys than you on it. You've got nice, wide hips. I'm going to drive you like a truck. You're asshole's going to feel like an eight-lane freeway running straight to hell. But you've got some more lapping to do first. I've been working out pretty hard. My crotch and ass are a swamp by now. I can smell it from here. Just follow the hairy wet ground."

He sat on his legs and lifted his cock up to his belly. It was fucking hot now and felt good filling both his hands, pounding and pushing. He stroked the long, vein-studded shaft proudly, the sound of his own voice making you know he was reduced to babbling screaming idiots with it. And now this boy, who watched his pumping hand with his eyes bugging out of his pretty head. He would bend Scott over the kitchen table and work him over from behind, nice and easy, with slow shagging strokes, keeping that pace until Scott began clawing the paint from the table.

Scott's talented tongue had explored many men's bodies. Mostly hard types that picked him up at the local bars. Being a young man, he was highly primed sexually, and he loved men—craved them. Pleasures their bodies gave him. When he got hot, he would do anything. Most of the men he had sampled lately were hard-working, hard-loving types. Truck drivers, construction workers, factory men. Some young and lithe, who read porno books and wanted to try the things they read about.

continued on page 98

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

Having originally "come out" in the SM scene with your Handbook, I figure you're the guy to ask about my heaviest, unfulfilled fantasy. I really want "animal training." I want it so bad I can almost taste it. I have read numerous articles about "dog training," but these are just a mind-fuck. I can't find any qualified Top who is seriously interested in turning me into a pig, ass, horse, dog or...? What I really want is a guy who can make it such a mind-trip that I can imagine myself actually undergoing a metamorphosis into whatever animal he has in mind. I picture myself being placed in a really unclean stable, completely under the control of the man who is going to train me.

The few people I've discussed this with think I'm just perverted, or maybe not sincere. In respect to SM standards, am I way off-base? Is there any chance of my finding the kind of Master I need, or am I condemned forever to fantasize over a situation I can never obtain? (Please don't suggest an ad. I've already tried many of these without success.) Awaiting your reply, I remain married to my can of Lube.

Frustrated, Milwaukee

Dear Frustrated,

You are seeking not only a highly specialized situation, but you also need a man who has the facilities to carry out your dreams. While this is one of the most popular themes of SM fiction, I have to confess that I have never met anyone who has actually lived it—from either side. This is not to say it can't, or has not happened. I'm sure it has, but the fact that I haven't encountered it makes me believe it has to be very rare. I do not feel that you are outside the reasonable

bounds of SM behavior, but you are certainly not in the "mainstream." If some rugged farmer-type writes in and wants you, I'll certainly be happy to pass along the invitation. (But don't hold me responsible for your saddle sores or flea bites.)

Dear Larry,

I have a question—just how much abuse can a guy's nuts take?

My other half and I really get into some heavy-duty nut-crushing sex. On several occasions we've gotten out the sterilized needles and several tubes of KY and filled each other's scrotum as full as possible with KY. That heavy, tugging sensation at your balls with a huge scrotum is just totally unbelievable! My sac measured 17 inches in circumference the last time it was filled up, and I might add that it really gives the impression of one hell of a HUGE basket!

Another fantastic feeling is having your own huge sac slapping against your own ass (very erotic) during JO.

I would really like to correspond with other guys who have done similar things to themselves or their partners. But I'd also like to know if you think we're risking serious harm by playing this way.

Bret, Oregon

Dear Bret,

Every time I become complacent and think I've heard or tried it all, someone like you comes along and stops me cold. It's a most intriguing idea, but I have to admit I don't know how to answer you. My two medical advisors are both out of town. The first question that comes to my mind is, what happens to all that K-Y? Does the body absorb it? Since it's a sterile solution, I'm assuming it won't hurt you, except that it does tend to dehydrate the tissues. Also, if you're filling the syringe from the top, rather than through the needle, you're increasing risk of infection.

I don't know what this might do to your balls over a period of extended use. I'm sure that some ball torture aficionado will supply the answers, and when he does I'll pass it along. We've got enough mad doctors out there that you'll surely get a number of responses.

Dear Larry,

Perhaps you can settle something for me. My Master, who is quite a bit older than me (I'm just a young punk), got pissed off at me the other day because I stopped for a few beers on the way home from work and didn't let Him know where I was. For punishment, He went out and picked up a street dog-slave. He ordered us both to strip and kneel at His feet, while He fondled His big cock. Then He ordered the dog slave to suck on it while I watched. Then He ordered the slave onto his knees and fucked him.

I was nearly out of my mind seeing this. Master blew a heavy load up the punk's ass and pulled out. The punk licked His cock clean. Then Master asked me if I'd like some of His cum, too. I couldn't figure what he was up to, but naturally I said "Yes." He then ordered me down behind the dog-slave and made me eat it out of his ass. I almost vomited!

Then it went on from there. Master doing everything he could to humiliate me in front of this street punk and giving him all the action that should have been mine. He ever ordered the punk to whip my ass. I think I am right in feeling that this was cruel and unfair punishment. I know I was way out of line, but the punishment didn't fit the crime. A good, old-fashioned ass whipping would have been more in order. I feel this is the lowest I could ever sink, but I think Master was wrong. Please help me settle this matter because I don't want it ever to happen again.

Slave, Huntington Park, CA

Dear Slave,

If you were merely claiming to be an M or a bottom, I'd answer you differently. But you claim the status of a slave, and this is a very rare and honorable condition. However, a real slave is just that—the complete and unquestionable property of his Master. So long as you maintain that you are a slave, you have no recourse. Your Master's word is law! The aspect of the whole scene which I see as questionable has to do with the health risk to which your Master subjected you both.

Dear Larry,

Can I say something to all the men who place ads? Why, oh why when I send you additional revealing photos after the first time, do you write a short note back with no information about yourself? Are you collecting photos, or looking for action? I'm wondering if anyone out there is actually serious about meeting or corresponding. I should own the local postal center! Hell, I'll be wanting a hot-assed slave here in the near future and I want to spend serious time reviewing and interrogating potential slaves. But 99% of all you assholes out there just want my hot photos and JO letters. Fuck, I've got much more than that to offer! Shit or get off the pot, fuckers!

Greg, Miami

Dear Greg,

Okay, you said it. I hope you get a chance to whip some of those elusive little asses.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

MAINSTREAM MAYER



**ONE
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AT ITS
BEST!**

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING



COME TO THE SOURCE!

EVERY MAN HAS THE CAPACITY AND THE
EQUIPMENT TO TURN HIMSELF ON...

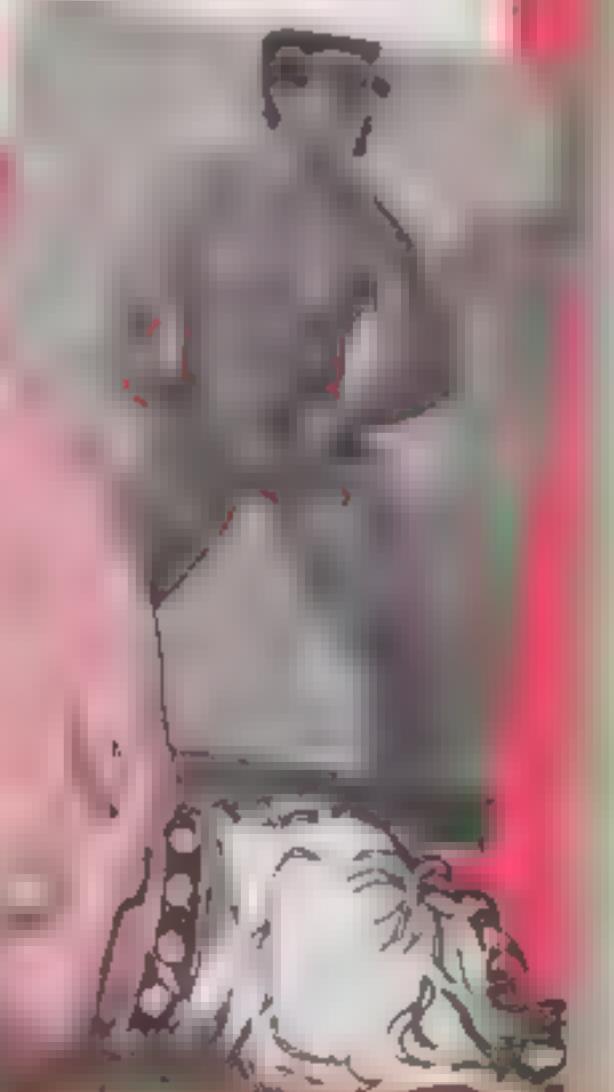
THE JOYS OF SELF ABUSE



A sizzling video adventure for the 1980s! Every man has one—and six of the biggest show you what to do with yours! You'll learn how to turn yourself on in bold new ways—and you'll have the time of your life doing it!

AN HOUR OF THE BIZARRE, THE EROTIC,
THE TANTALIZING AND THE FORBIDDEN!

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COME TO THE SO



7.95

MR. BENSON

The novel that electrified leathermen across the country when it was first serialized in *Drummer* revised by the author with an epilogue from Mr. Benson himself. Cited by *Penthouse* as one of the Top Ten SM Novels ever written, praised by Phil Andros as an SM masterwork and acknowledged "a classic underground novel" by the *Village Voice*. John Preston's *Mr. Benson* is must reading for all leathermen, and for anyone who wants to understand the phenomenon of gay SM in the 1980s.



8.95

THE BRIG

A major novel of military discipline and institutionalized SM. Victor Terry in *Dungeon-Master* calls it "one of the best erotic novels of dominance and enforced submission I have ever read."

This book is hot!

Set at the close of the Vietnam War, *The Brig* chronicles a young conscientious objector's ordeal at the hands of his Marine tormentors, his surprising self-discoveries in the midst of torment, his ultimate triumph—and the price he pays for it.



4.95

HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER

Had enough of whips, chains, and heavy-duty SM? You won't escape them here—but you'll rediscover them with a decidedly humorous twist, along with Carlo Carlucci's gawky humorous look at every other aspect of gay life, from the pangs of coming out to a Thurberesque cartoon series "War Between the Machos and the Sissies" that will have you in stitches!

Gay cartoon books have come and gone but this one is really special. "A must-have cartoon book," says the *Baltimore Gay Paper*; "a sharper wit could not be found." *Cruise Magazine* says it's "the kind of book you'll read over and over, getting a fresh chuckle or grin each time." And the *San Francisco Review of Books* declares that Carlo Carlucci "has the talent of Thurber."

FROM THE LARRY TOWNSEND COLLECTION:

EARLY NOVELS

KISSES OF LEATHER	\$10.95
THE FAUSTUS CONTRACT	\$10.95
MAN SWORD	\$10.95
BEWARE THE GOD WHO SMILES	\$10.95
MIND MASTER	\$0.95
THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER	\$10.95
SM SCRAPBOOK	\$10.95
THE LONG LEATHER CORD	\$10.95



SOURCE

The Zeus Collection's **12⁵⁰**

SADO ISLAND

Illustrated by Matt

Beyond *Road Warrior* and *Chrome* lies a new dimension in sophisticated science fiction SM. Welcome to Sado Island, stronghold of the notorious Baron Heinrich von Sado and his menacing muscular/metallic hench-men!

Zeus commissioned New Orleans artist Matt to take this quantum leap into the illustrated future of SM adventure, where it's 2138 and hell on earth is a place called Sado Island. Two musclebound heroes fight a police society that forbids their "deviate" love—then take on the sadistic battlechief of world terrorism, Heinrich Von Sado. *Sado Island* catapults your fantasies into the future and penetrates the darkest recesses of your imagination.



**SLAVES
OF THE
EMPIRE**
by Aaron Travis
Illustrated by
Cavelo

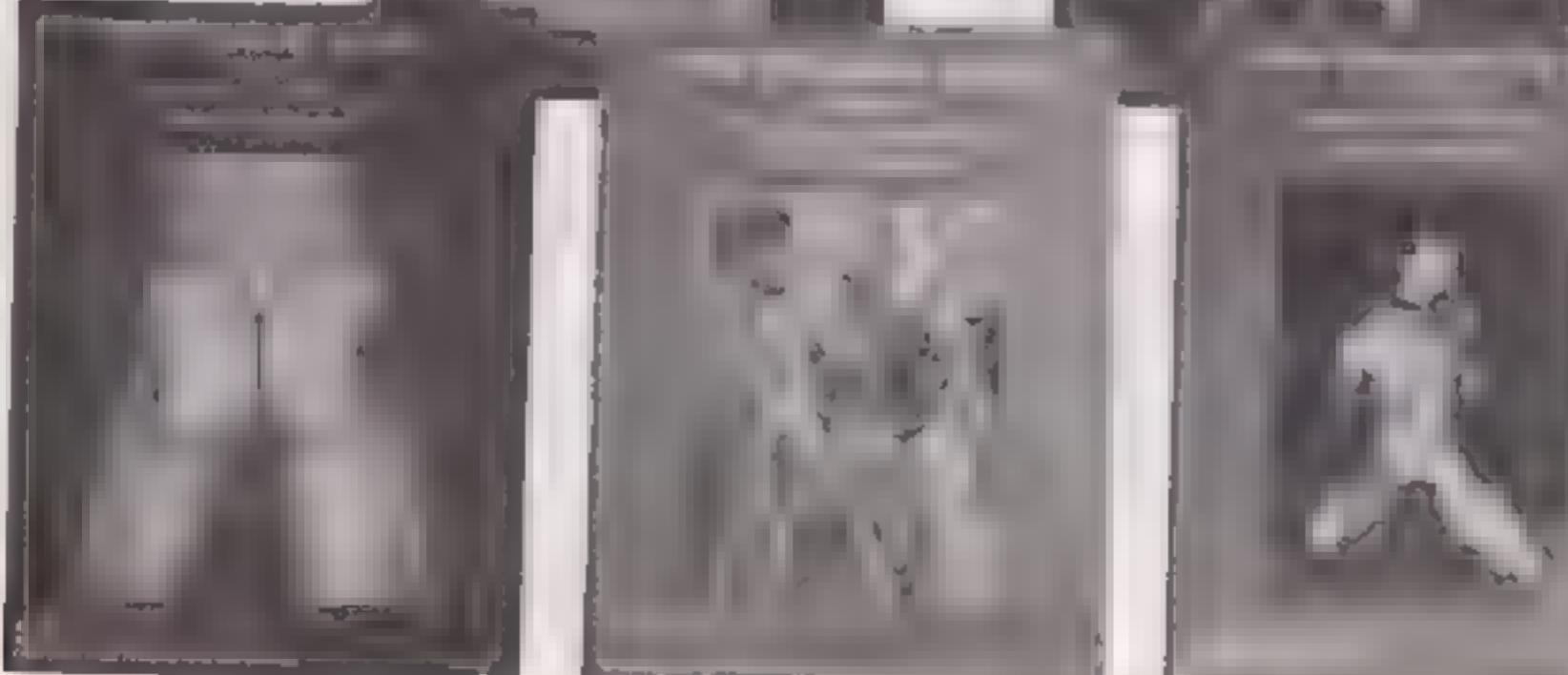
995

Hot off the press—the long-awaited paperback edition of Aaron Travis' SM Roman epic, with twelve richly detailed illustrations by the master of erotic fantasy art, Cavelo.

Set against the barbaric splendor of ancient Rome at the height of its empire, *Slaves* seduces the reader into a steamy world of flesh and steel where a famed gladiator must ultimately choose between his own brutal nature and his love for a pair of twin-princes, while a sadistic sentor plots to enslave them all.

John Preston calls *Slaves of the Empire* "a wonderful mythic tale... and Phil Andros has called it "taut, tense, and absorbing. "With hardly a pause," says the Bay Area Reporter, "Aaron Travis torments us from sex scene to sex scene, each building higher than the one before, all satisfying, original and heading surely to the hair-raising last chapter... I got bruises just from reading."

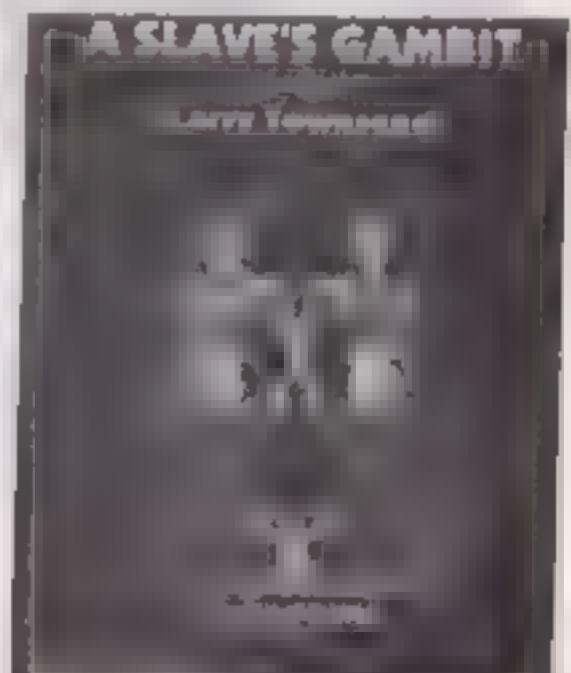
Lavish, unusual and compelling, *Slaves of the Empire* is a novel you'll read more than once—the first time for its suspenseful story, and after that for lingering fantasies and pleasure.



FROM THE LARRY TOWNSEND COLLECTION:

TREASURIES OF SM

A SLAVE'S GAMBIT	\$11.95
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HOT TALK TAPES



MAN
TO
MAN
TALK

THE DADDY TAPES

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PART 1

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss, and most of all, hot masculine attitude.

PART 2

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

KID VS DAD—

WINNER TAKE ALL

Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you do to to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his Dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs, and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

LISTEN

AUDIO CASSETTES
ARE YOUR HOTTEST
TURN-ON
AND THESE
ARE THE
VERY BEST
AVAILABLE!

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YOUR CHOICE



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweat-drenched jock straps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddy's bicep, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'till they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, STEAMY LOCKERROOM SEX WITH NO HOLDS BARRED, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity...soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games, and kinky exhibitionism.

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine, it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage, his massive chest, his big hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick. It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.



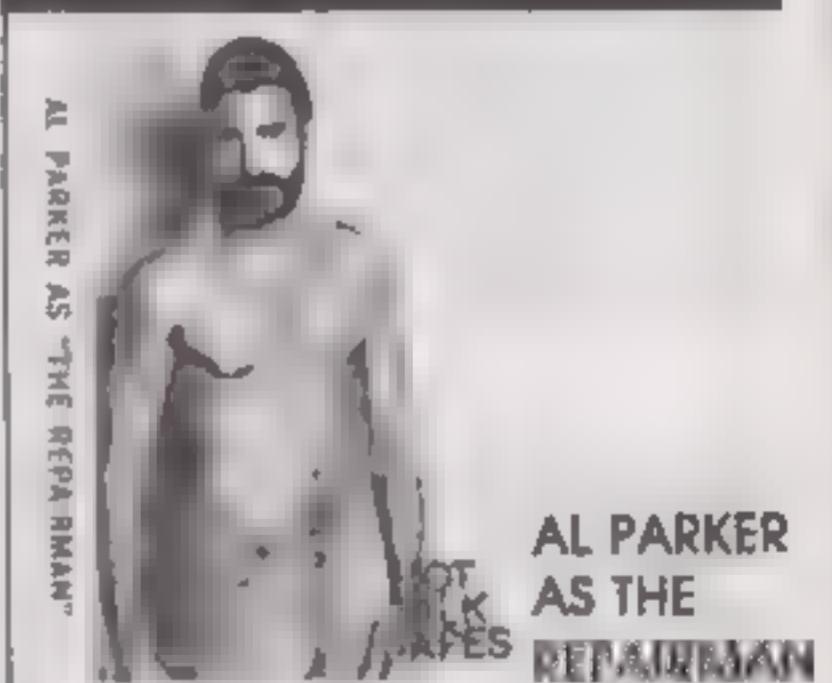
RITES AND RAUNCH

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Me-bonding at its most extreme.



HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck...Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first think to come off—then his dirty greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out why this tape is called HOT HUNG TRUCKER. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time. In one of the hottest kinkiest scenes ever recorded. 45 minutes.



GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axel grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...If you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in MARINES OVERHEARD

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops you'll listen to this tape again and again



DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried and true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.



THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating on about...your tongue is going to be my shower...your mouth is going to be my toilet...you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you.



DRUMMERMAN/ BE MY CLOWN

A pair of back-to-back hits for the leather crowd, from Mario Simon, whose performances at Mr. Drummer competitions from coast to coast brought audiences cheering to their feet.

795



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of Drummer Magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy heavy abuse.

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the D.I.'s heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen as will you when he tells you how it is and how it's going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say 1 hour.

source



HIS MASTER'S VOICE

The novelty hit of the year. Whoever thought you'd be dancing to D.I. Brutus? Be the first in your neighborhood, your bar or your dungeon.

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MAN SIZE VIDEOS



FACES

You've never been to a club like Faces—where "Private Dancers" put on a show for the clientele that leaves nothing to the imagination! The mood is raw and rough; the action's a voyeur's wet dream, especially with hot stars like Aydar Hanson (Mr. Southern California Drummer '85) and blond muscle hunk Rex. Consider this your private invitation to Faces.

7995



TOUGH & TENDER

From French filmmaker Jean-Daniel Cadinot, another masterful look into the world of young men in heat. The setting is a detention home for young offenders, the action ranges from brutal gang-rape to tender budding romance. Another masterwork from the king of French gay erotica.

7995

A FEW GOOD MEN



It's man-to-man action in olive drab when director Steve Scott takes his camera inside the barracks to lay bare the secret passions of men in uniform. The cast includes hard-muscled Peter Barre and super-hung Michael Christopher, but it's big Lee Ryder who ends up with the brass. A strictly macho trip for men into disciplining uniforms—and real men!

7995



THE BOYS OF COMPANY F

Join these men on the first day of Boot Camp—from peeing off in the shower stalls to private meetings with the sergeant for some military discipline to turn a naive young farm boy into a rock-hard veteran. And just wait until "lights out," when the action really heats up! Starring Rick Donovan and Joe Reeve.

7995



NONSTOP

ROCK

NONSTOP

The title says it all—arriving in New York, a young man gets caught up in the lure of the sexhunt, from private bedrooms to warehouse districts haunted by the hung and horny. Including one of super-thick Daniel Holt's most exciting screen appearances. On-location photography, directed by Steve Scott, and a feverish pace that won't let up!

7995

SCREEN PLAY



One of the best erotic films of 1984. Innocent young drifter Lee Ryder ends up with a film crew in the desert and develops a taste for male sex with equally masculine Eric Ryan and a very receptive Jon King. A strong storyline, memorable performances, the steady hand of director Steve Scott—and some very raw, rough action—make this a very special film.

6995

TONY'S INITIATION



What erotic rituals are performed behind the locked doors of a very private all-male sex club? Tony (Shawn McWilliams) finds out—and so will you in this exotic series of encounters between superstars Chris Burns, Tim Kramer, and Michael Christopher. The bizarre initiation rite is only the first step in Tony's X-rated adventures.

59⁹⁵

GIANTS: PART ONE



Only the biggest and the best—with an oversized cast headed by Rick "Humongous" Donovan and including Lee Ryder, Eric Ryan, Brad Mason and Gedor. A gathering of erotic film stars begins with memories of the good 'ol days of skin-flicks and explodes into the hottest man-to-man "sex chain" of superstud giants in the biz.

79⁹⁵

GETTING IT



Like, are you ready for the invasion of the Valley Boys? It's totally awesome! Especially with a cast of 36 (yep, count 'em) hot young men headed by electrifying newcomer Shawn Michaels, backed to the hilt by Rick Donovan, Jon King and Matt Ramsey! It all starts at an all-guy party in the Valley that explodes into an energetic orgy that'll leave you breathless!

79⁹⁵

OUTRAGE



Controversial, mysterious, undeniably erotic—the films of Christopher Rage continue to excite as no others do! His latest takes you into a tangled world of sexual passion that includes some of the most bizarre and inventive sequences ever imagined, let alone videotaped! Clothing fetishes, rubbers, bondage and leather are just the beginning.

79⁹⁵

LIKE A HORSE



Nonstop heat and excitement from the man who gave you "A Matter of Size." Follow ten young superstars through a series of beautifully photographed fantasies—a fight for dominance on the wrestling mat; leathersex in the alley; savage sex between a jungle man and his "boy"; and a desert orgy out of the Arabian Nights.

79⁹⁵

SIZING UP



The latest from Matt Sterling and Huge Video makes another quantum leap in gay video. A group of triumphant young athletes team up after the competition in some of the most sizzling action ever scored. Elaborate sets and lighting, steamy sex, and a more than capable cast of newcomers (including Brian Maxon) make this one an all-around champ!

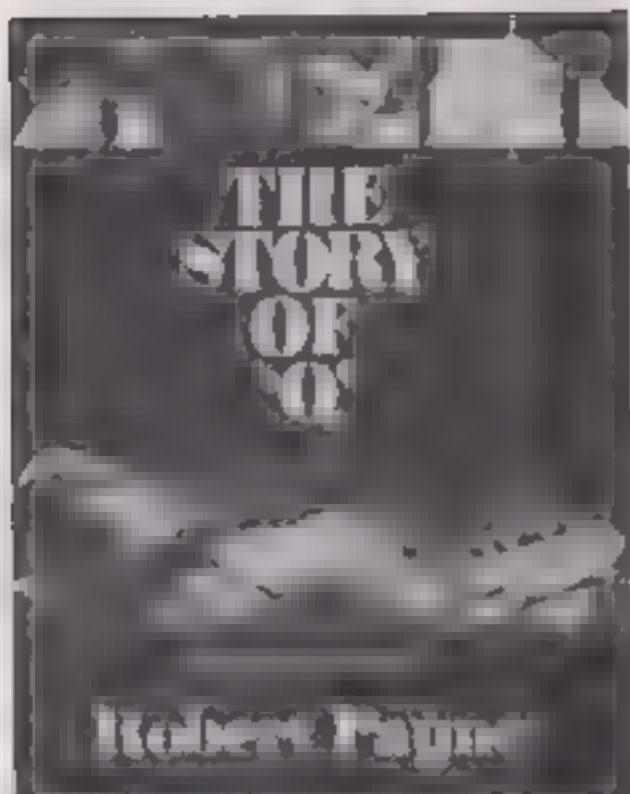
79⁹⁵

THE BIGGER THE BETTER



The title just is as bluntly as possible and you'd be inclined to agree after seeing Rick "Humongous" Donovan at his finest—his body in better shape than ever and his legendary tool rising to the occasion for a dynamic after-classes encounter with "teacher" Matt Ramsey—who learns to take things Rick's way! Also featured is dirty-talking, lean-muscled Mike Ramsey, who makes a habit of seducing his "straight" friends with a wave of his tempting meat. Another title from Matt Sterling (director of "A Matter of Size"), with the dynamic photography and sweaty action that's become his trademark.

79⁹⁵



THE
STORY
OF 'Q'
995

The classic story by Robert Payne. We have only a hundred or so of this second printing. Leather Fraternity members ordering now will get their copy signed by Mr. Payne. Indicate inscription desired.



THE
BEST
OF
ZEUS
395

The hottest Zeus men—Gregg Strom Val Martin, Mickey Squires, Ryder Knight, 8 more! Full color—lots of bondage.



SEXTROL
995

End of the line for this one. Fred Haldsted's movie in still form. A rare collector's item.



595

DOWN WHITE BOY

A photo essay of two B&G bottoms working over a blond surfer. Big meat, and lots of action. Inspired by the "Down Boy" story of reverse slavery.



595

GLORY HOLE SLAVE

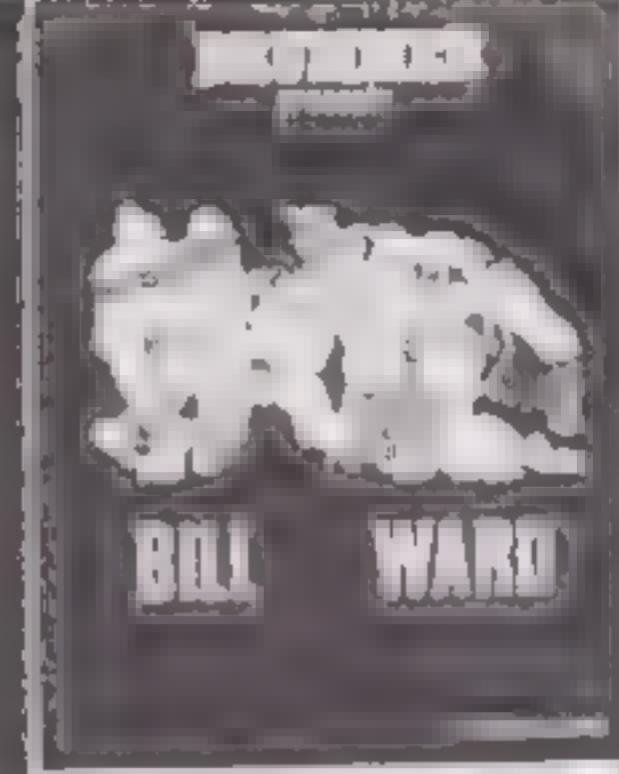
A bottom finds a Master and happiness in a dirty film booth South of Market. Photographed on actual location and stars Ed Wiley and Scott (Biggest Dick in San Francisco)



995

CHAIN REACTIONS

Video collection of stills from Marathon Films new theatre film



ART OF
BILL
WARD
595

The first of the Drum books along with some wonderful extras by the great Bill Ward



DRUM
BY
BILL
WARD
495

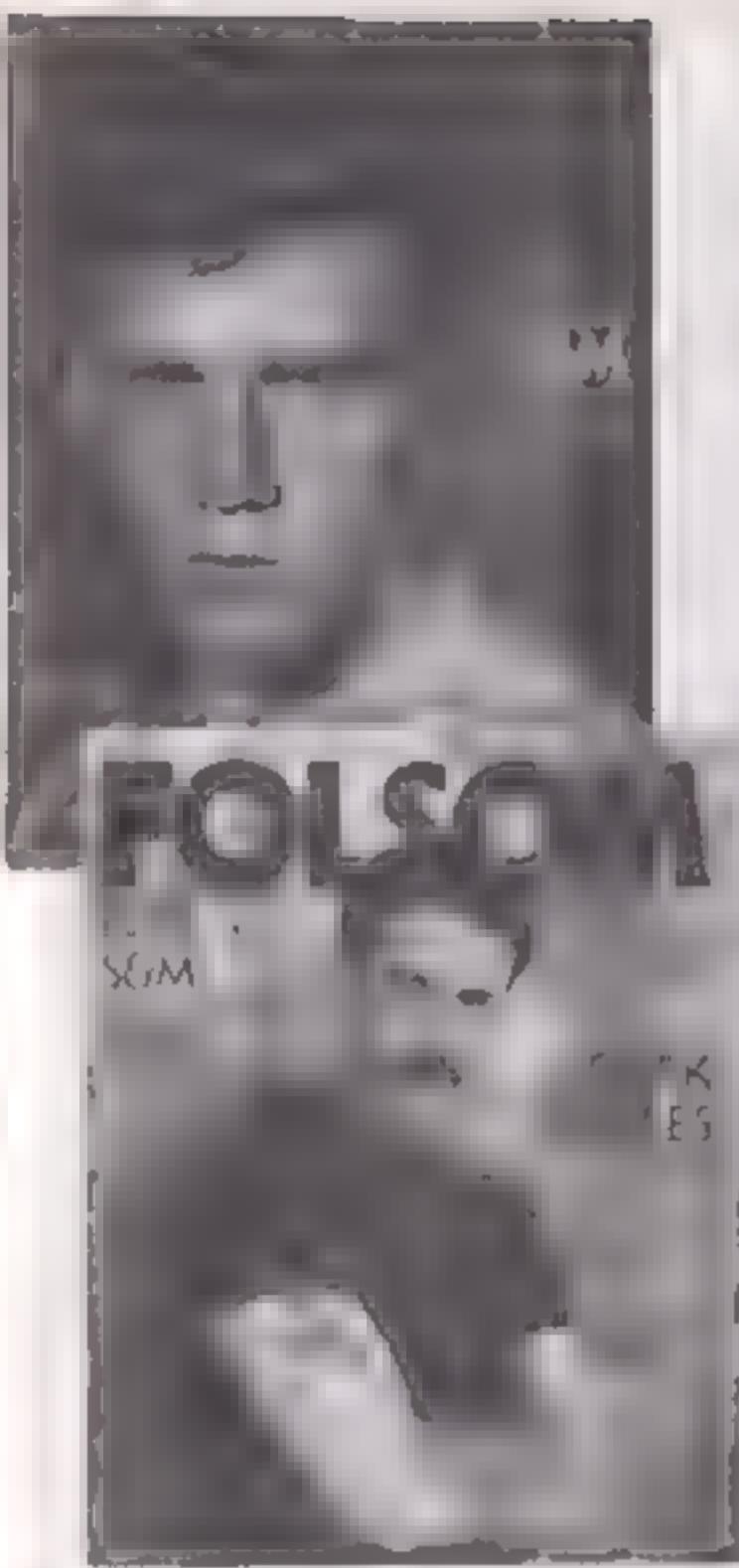
The second book filled with leather action. Beautifully illustrated.



SLAVES
FOR
SALE
995

Movie still collection to accompany the best selling "Slaves for Sale" with three Mr. Drummers and a cast of eight

ANNUALS



FOLSOM MAGAZINE

We bought out the remainder of this magazine and have only the two issues above available. As for Issue Two ("Leatherneck") and Issue Three ("ABC's of S&M"). Available at

3.95



VAL BREAKS IN A HOUSE SLAVE

Val Martin actually breaks in a couple of them as only he can. Hot situations with considerable pointers by the old master. One of our favorites. It was a day to remember

7.95

FOLSON

S&M

ABC'S
OF S&M

FOLSON

S&M

ABC'S
OF S&M



5.95



5.95

DRUMMER DADDIES

Drummer's hottest selling special.

Take your choice of Issues One, Two or Three. Cover prices \$6. Collectors' items definitely



5.95



5.95



5.95

THE BEST & WORST OF DRUMMER

The first annual is getting very rare



DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN

Western motif along with outrageous fiction and photos. Not many left

5.95

CLASS OF '82

Initiations and school hijinks make this an annual to top all yearbooks.

5.95

DRUMMER MARCHES ON!

The oversize Military Issue with an awful lot going for it

5.95



BLACK ON RED

You saw the photo article in *Drummer*—now see the tape! Brick Samson, a Master of enema techniques, and Chris Burns, shaved hairless and ready to be filled, star in what may be the definitive video exploration of the erotic enema. The heavy action also includes dildos, licking, catheters, piercing, shaving and more in this epic of a leatherclad Master and his hungry slave. From the producers of *Enema Night/Enema Slave*.

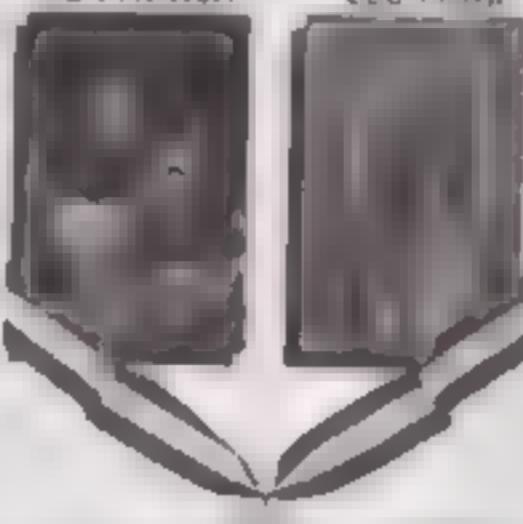
Drummer says: "Chris Burns is dynamite as a young bottom and aved by the only Master and the only man, able to satisfy his deepest need!"

79.95

GAMES

GAMES

AL PARKER LEO FORD



From super-director Steve Scott ("Screeenplay" and "Non-stop") comes a riveting tale of gay sexual athletes scoring heavy and setting world-class records from the playing field to the locker room to the bedroom! Superstar Al Parker breaks all previous records; Leo Ford, hung, blond and young, gives him a run for the money!

79.95

FANTASIZE



Fantasize

New and hot! When handsome Nick Jarrett drops into Los Angeles' famed Pleasure Chest to check out the goods, and few other horny shoppers check out his goods—and an erotic shopping spree turns into a wild series of fantasy sexcapades! Also starring hunky Mark Reber. The leather fantasy sequence, with a harnessed, hooded Master and his slave in spiked collar, is a must!

79.95

SEND \$3
FOR OUR
NEW
CATALOG

ENEMA NIGHT/ ENEMA SLAVE



From the makers of "Black on Red," two previous erotic shorts featuring leather, asshole shaving and multiple enemas. (There's also some nipple-twisting, ball-crushing, and well-directed ass-slapping—but it's the water spout that steals the show.) "Enema Slave" features a young man who takes an enema bent over a motorcycle before ending up in his captor's sling for more of the same. "Enema Night" goes even further with two leathermen administering a deep plunge to a hapless slave bound to a rack—and some interesting role-reversal. A must for the video collector and the enema connoisseur!

64.95

HEAD TRIPS



Plug into the fantasy circuit! A series of young men enter a "head trip" invention which allows them to get in touch with their wildest fantasies—and you get to watch! From public sex in a restaurant to a firehouse orgy and a visit with "Daddy," these trips will keep you up—all night! With Al Parker, Rydar Hanson and Cole Taylor.

69.95

MEN & STEEL



When big just isn't BIG enough! Featuring one of the best-hung best-rounded casts in a long time: Dark, handsome Pierce Daniels, who knows how to get it—and take it—like a man, superstud Michael Christopher, Rick Donovan, one of the biggest, and young Dan Lynn, lean and long, in his film debut.

79.95

CLASS REUNION



One of the greatest gathering of male flesh ever assembled! At a poolside party, these veteran erotic superstars (and even a few new kids on the block) get together "in the William Higgins tradition"—meaning lots of nonstop action, hot and heavy. The huge cast of almost two dozen stars includes Michael Christopher, Leo Ford, Lee Stern, Cory Adams

7995

TOUGH COMPETITION



Quite simply one of the hottest nonstop erotic videos on the market. Newcomer Kyle Carrington, incredibly hung with a superbly sleek physique is the star—and once the camera encounters him, it almost never leaves, as we follow Kyle's home from locker room sex to an encounter in the parking lot, to a solo-jerk at home and a final dynamite orgy scene.

7995

FALCON HEAD



The original hardcore cult classic—Michael Zen's stylish, uncanny tale of sex and desire with a supernatural edge. Pass through the magic mirror and encounter the menacing mysterious Falconhead. Plus the award-winning short "Tattoo: A shocking study of penitration."

7995



CHAIN REACTIONS

From the men who gave you the classic *Born to Raise Hell* comes a look inside a leather bar where nothing gets held back including the confessions of horny leathermen eager to share their latest exploits with each other—and the camera. Chains, rope, motorcycles, bondage, slings, clothespins and enemies are a few of the fetishes that inhabit their dreams-come-true. The cast alone makes this one a must for men in the leather scene—Rydar Hanson (Mr. Southern California Drummer 1985) in his first film role, beely Ken Bergquist (Mr. Southeast Drummer 1984), along with Daniel Holt, Dwan Lee Price, and Lee Stern

6995

BULLET VIDEO PAC 6



On-target action from the rough-and-ready Bullet collection. Hard-action shorts with a touch of leather including dynamite action with Nick, Will Seegers, Joey Da Silva, Jeff Cameron, Mike Spanner and Branch Lester plus two of the best-loved erotic film stars of the decade, big and burly Bruno and handsome, Eric Ryan.

4995

BULLET VIDEO PAC 8



More multiple orgasms from the Bullet collection. Tom the Black Stallion gets (and deserves) the star treatment on his one, but the other players are a match for his smooth muscles and awesome endowment: Rod Mitchell, Jeff Cameron, George Broadway, and muscleman Glen Dime.

4995

SOURCE

BULLET VIDEO PAC 9



Bullet delivers a rapid-fire collection of handsome, hung superstars in this classic anthology tape. The men range from hirsute and broad-shouldered to slim, sleek and young, in sizzling combinations. Bruno is back, joined by Bud Olson, Mark Anthony, darkly handsome Kyle Hazard and Josh Kincaid.

4995

AMERICA'S HOTTEST MEN IN COMPETITION



MR. DRUMMER '84 '85

YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN THERE!

Leather's Big Night soared to new heights of heated fantasy with the showdown contest for Mr. Drummer 1985! Nine contestants from across the country vied for the number one leather title in America, and only one emerged triumphant—big Steve Reiswig, with all his brawn intact! You should have been there—but if you weren't (or if you want to want to relive Leather's Big Night), the highlights are all here on the Mr. Drummer 1985 videotape. The men, the leather, the fetishes and red-hot fantasies all come together. It was a night to remember!

Also available: Last year's Mr. Drummer 1984, the first Drummer contest captured on videotape and just as wild as '85!

Each tape

59.95



SEND \$3
FOR OUR
HOT NEW
CATALOG

7995

VHS/BETA

Born To Raise Hell is a
seventy-minute hard
on. At least that is
what I had the night
they screened it for
me. It is a classic in
Leather SM movie-
making.

—Robert Payne
DRUMMER

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of Val Martin.
Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatrical film
and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene
and the Cop's Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it
and we are extremely happy to be able to offer it for home viewing.
Running time: 70 minutes



3995

VHS/BETA

A BOLD, UN-
FLINCHING
LOOK AT LIFE IN
AN ACTUAL
DUNGEON



NIGHT OF SUBMISSION

This is about the first big production of leathersex and showed a
dungeon that was the talk of the leatherworld for years. It still
holds up well and this is a print from brand-new theatre film
Drummer featured it in a very early issue and even published a
picture book (now unavailable). Running time is sixty hot and
exciting minutes and the price is modest.

SLAVES FOR SALE

SLAVERY WAS ABOLISHED IN 1863 BUT NOBODY BOTHERED TO TELL HIM

Meet the man who is dedicated to carrying on that age-old tradition. He gathers them up one way or another—hunky men from all walks of life—and brings them to The Compound.

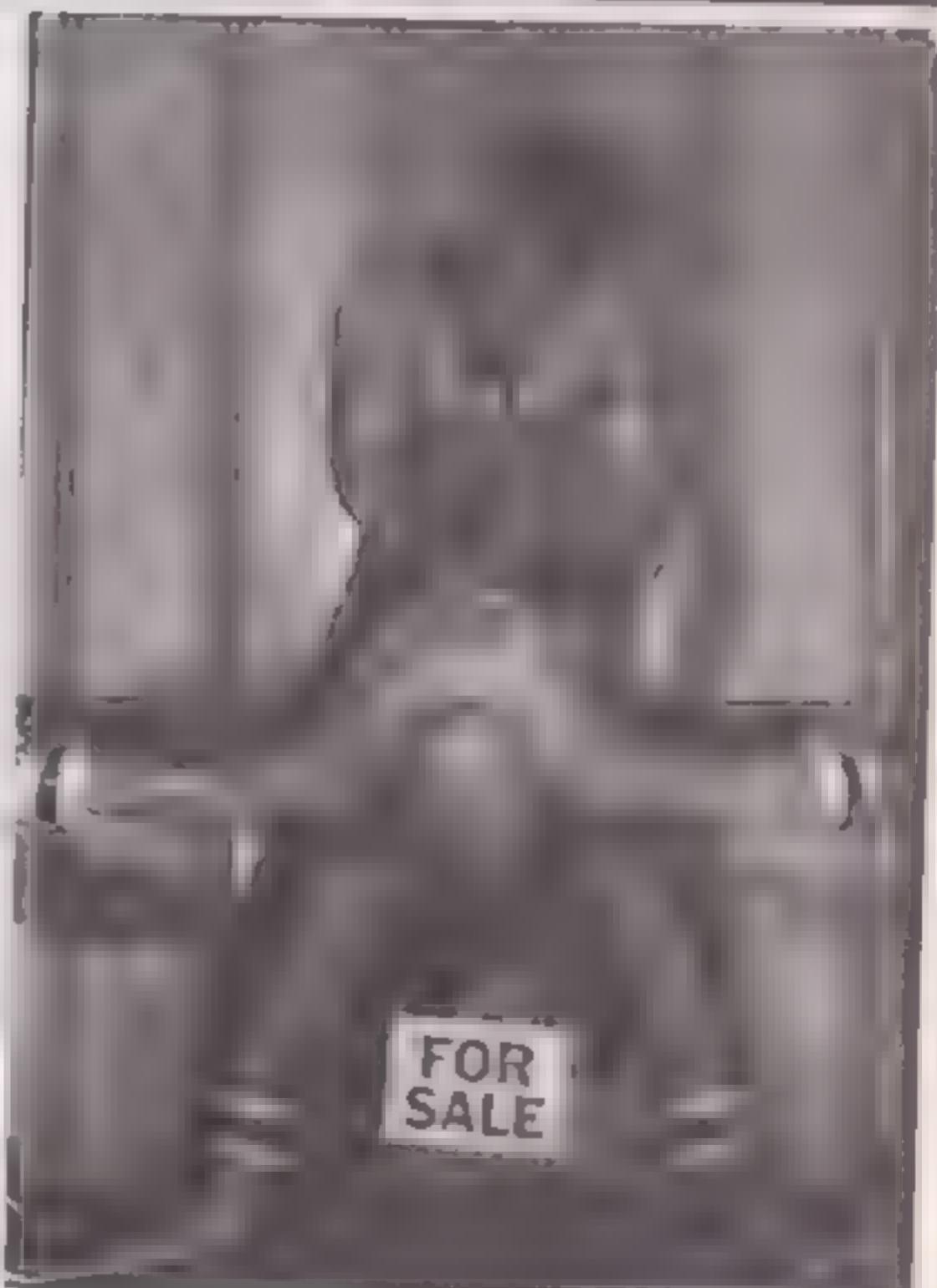
They are stripped, shaved, branded...or worse.

They are brutally trained, shackled, abused, then offered to the highest bidder. There is no escape...

It was done a hundred years ago and it is being brought back in this Robert Payne fantasy, *Slaves for Sale*, that will hold your attention from the first gripping moment to the last explosive orgasm.

In two parts, each tape runs one hour. Starring Ken Bergquist as the Dungeon Master, and a cast of extraordinarily hot, hung, hunky captives that includes Mr. Drummer '84, Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer '84, and the winner of the Biggest Dick in San Francisco contest. Plus many, many more exciting newcomers to the video screen.

**SLAVES FOR SALE
PARTS 1 & 2** **5995**
EACH

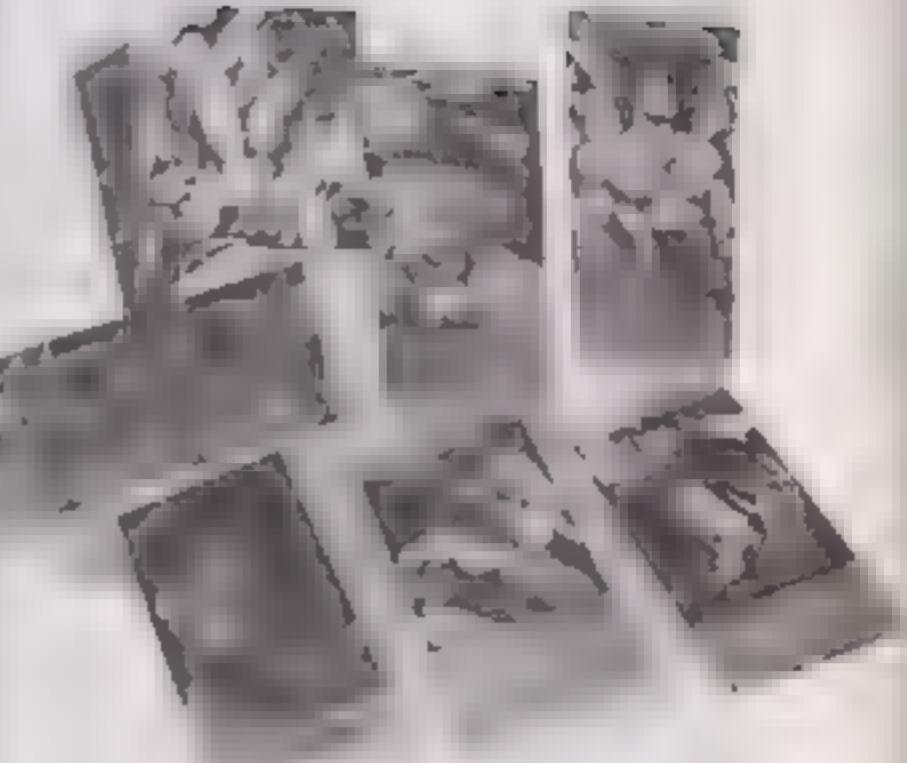


MAN OF WAR!

The finest latex dildos made, and the Source's best sellers! Flexible but firm, soft but solid for hour of fun. Shown here, our 9" model, available in white flesh-tone or black flesh-tone (\$9.95). Also available, for real man-eaters, the giant 12" model (\$19.95).

TITCLAMPS

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! You'll get a lot of nipple-sensitive stimulation with these beautifully crafted, chain-connected little bits in chrome. Hand follow you anywhere with these attached to a tit. In two versions with detachable rubber ends (\$4.95), or with adjustable screw to regulate tension (\$5.95).



LEATHER FRATERNITY GREETING CARDS by Rex

The ultimate all-occasion card collection from Rex, the master of hard-edged erotic art. Available exclusively from the Source to you. An assortment of one dozen will send your message in sleazy style. Studio size sturdy kraft envelopes included to get your message there discreetly (\$9.95).

SOURCE

THE BEST LUBRICANTS!

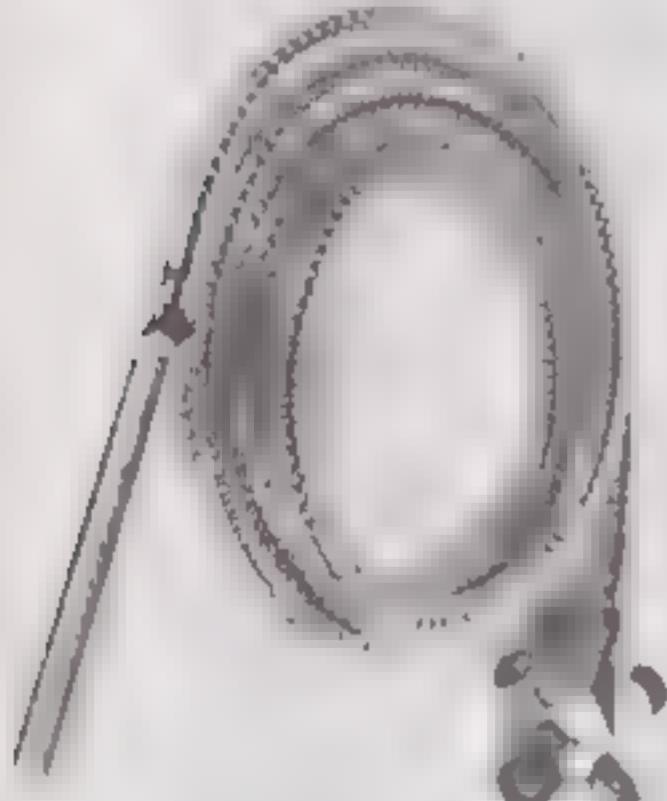
Our selections are drawn from the finest man-to-man or solo-act-on lubricants on the market. Your selection of Lube (Natural, Hot, or Ultra) in 4 oz. (\$2.95) or 16 oz. (\$5.95), or Frisco, newest on the market, in small (2.50) or large (\$5.95), or high-tech formula ForPlay in 8 oz. (\$5.95). All water-soluble.

THE TOOL!

A medium-sized dildo for comfortable pleasure, 7" in length with a tapered base that makes for butt-plug capability—look, ma, no hands! In regular, with a gently ribbed shaft (\$8.95) or (shown here) extra-thick (\$9.95). Both in white flesh-tone.

SHOWER SHOT

Our best shot! Keep it clean with this deluxe shower attachment with flexible reinforced hose, gently beveled nozzle, and instant water flow diverter (switch from shower to shower shot with the push of a button). The best on the market at the best price! (\$29.95)



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- Kid Vs. Dad (9.95)
- My Daddy Was Bad (9.95)
- Muscle Builder Orgy (9.95)
- Delivery Boy Comes Again (9.95)
- Bike Exhibition (9.95)
- Rites and Haunch (9.95)
- Hot Hung Tucker (9.95)
- Al Parker as The Repairman
- Grease Monkeys Master Mario (9.95)

- The D. Master Mario (9.95)
- Marines Overheard (9.95)
- The Cop Master Mario (9.95)
- Cop Worship (9.95)
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- Compound 1 Interrogation (9.95)
- Compound 2 Training Begins (9.95)
- Compound 3 Punishment & Reward (9.95)
- Drummerman Be My Clown (7.95)
- His Master's voice (8.95)

VIDEO

Send me the following video tapes in Beta VHS (you must specify format)

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- Mr. Drummer 84 (59.95)
- Mr. Drummer 85 (59.95)
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- Night of Submission (39.95)
- Slaves for Sale (59.95)
- Slaves for Sale 1 (59.95)
- Boys of Self-Abuse (59.95)

BOOKS/MAGS

Send me the following book and magazines:

- Manhood Rituals 1: Compound (\$9.95)
- Care & Training of Slave II (\$9.95)
- Slaves of the Empire (9.95)
- Mr. Benson (7.95)
- The Big (8.95)
- He Ain't Heavy (4.95)
- Sado is and (12.50)
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Send me the following special items:

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THE COMPOUND

The first of his new MANHOOD RITUALS series, this book tells in pictures and text of THE COMPOUND, a manhood training institution which teaches discipline and obedience and goes the Marine Corps and prisons considerably better. Years ago DRUMMER told you of The Quarters and of the subsequent Compound which followed. It has been put together for you in a handsome new publication that you will read, treasure and re-read.

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PRICE! 995



ROBERT PAYNE'S BESTSELLER

CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE

An all-time best seller, this is the second version of Robert Payne's first effort. The breaking-in of the slave, remodeling training, punishment and reward all covered in fact and fiction. If you don't have a copy or if yours is dog-eared and worn out, this could be your last chance to get this version.

995

SOULS
600 NATIONA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

THE HOT LINE

CHEAP & EASY

Picture this
You're horny (again)
Do you pick up the
phone and punch a few numbers?
Some other dud comes on the line
Some other horny dude. Live meat
unrehearsed, and you've got him on the
phone
Now what do you do?
That's your bu
To join, call the Connector at
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The 24-hour-a-day telephone cruise line
Still the only service of its kind. No disconnections. No "unwanted charges." And no hired voices. Just hot, live - phone action.

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**STRICT DADDY WANTED &
NEEDED**

Turn this 180 lb., 5'10" sissy boy into a man's boy. Will relocate anywhere. I will be your boy permanently. Send photo, please. Sir to: Box 11482 Harrisburg PA 17108

**DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL
SLAVE MARKET**

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC AGAIN
J-REE's Basement Studio, 222 Magnolia, Downtown Daytona Beach (next to Kentucky Fried Chicken) Afternoons. Ultra-realistic paintings—life-sized and larger posed action couples, bondage execution. \$4500-\$21,500 reproductions available. Commissions negotiable. (Inquiries P.O. Box 2266, Daytona Beach, FL 32015-2266)

NYC MASTER
seeks live-in slave—shave expenses at start. Box 4506

PANTHER
Hot WM 29 5'7", 155, muscular, good looking, rugby player desires to exchange stories of deprivations in school scouts, military fraternities, sport clubs etc. Also any forced Sir piping, hazing, shaving other humiliations, in batons or gang-banging. Awaiting your letter P.O. Box 222 Bradford CT 06405

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

SWEDISH BEARDED BIKER
28 185 cm, 80 kg coming to US. Seeking big daddies, bearded into leather, rubber, BD, SM (biker) Americans & Europeans. Send photo—you get one. Box 4444

MLA B.M./MIA

GOOD SLAVE NEEDS MASTER
I am a very good slave and a masochist. I am seeking good tops with good-looking leather masters who enjoy being a master as much as I do by being a slave to my master. I will be a good urinal boy and ass wiper. I enjoy being humiliated, especially in public places and I need to suck lots of cocks. I need daily whippings and I can take a lot of abuse and use. However I do not wish to be permanently marked. I love leather chains, ropes, handcuffs and restraints and being bound up for use or abuse. Please, Sir! I need you! Don't you need me? Please, Sir! I will obey and make you proud of your slave. Thank you. Sir. Box 4460LF

**DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND
BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER**

TEACH ME, SIR!
WM 6' 220 44, full beard, desires friend/top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BD, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

**LEATHER, LEAVES
& BOOTS**
I would enjoy fun times with leather pants into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49 5'10", 180. W blue/brown. Enjoy as well. Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in UK each summer. Love leather, leathers, leavess & boots. Box 4482LF

FORESKIN HUMILIATION
21-year-old WM, cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctors examining uncut penis. Photo exchange. Phone J/O. Write to David P.O. Box 58808, Birmingham, AL 35209

A&E

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 44 br. br. moustache, masculine good build, hot buns. LF 4403 Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907) 283-4879

**ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A
DADDY?**

Straight acting hairy, cut GWM 37 200, blue/brn. Quiet evenings home, hottub, gardening, split wood, fish, ocean, trees. Pavarotti, vic in USA 603

**LOOKING FOR W/M UNCUT
CHUBBS ES**

40-60 short, little body hair. I'm AL K 58 215, Hawaiian. Meet, correspond, saw nude pics. Box 4-122 Anchorage AK 99509

UNCUT WANTS SAME
Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads. JSA 287

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with whle uncircumcised males. 25-40. Into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to Box 3130 Anchorage Alaska 99510

PHOENIX DADDY

Looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

UNINH BITED? SO AM I
Like to write and meet others into c.w. and skin. Like long, prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy it all. USA 113

NEW AGE ARIES MALE
30s slender attractive. Just happens to have very handsome face skin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing powers reside. USA 700

SLAVE BOY-DOG
needs Master w/ whip P.O. Box 4077 San Francisco CA 94101

TOP EXECUTIVE
Very handsome, very hung, very masculine. seeks young experienced bottom. Tell me what you want then take it, whipping, hot wax, CBT/T—whatever I'm 5'1", 180, 45. You're very handsome, slim or muscular any race. Into safesex. I operate in SF /Stockton. Letter/photo to Box 4562

ASSHOLE FREAKS
Hot, healthy W/M 27 5'11" 165 seeks creative tops to work on my pig butthole with dildos & fat. 2269 Market St., #152, San Francisco, CA 94114

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?
Big, healthy stud, very hairy, thick uncut cock, heavy sac that requires jacking frequently, hungry hairy buns. Tell me what you like. Robert 584 Castro, #155, San Francisco CA 94114

SACRAMENTO
Gymnast, 35, looking for muscle. Very discrete only. Jeff, P.O. Box 1522 Carmichael, CA 95609

BONDAGE BOTTOM

GWM 38, 5'9", 156 looking for a black man who is a bondage top. I am into most types of bondage and am willing to expand my limits. No FF scat or heavy pain. Reply to Boxholder-H 584 Castro, Ste 634, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Whip and torture this health-conscious, intelligent, professional, bootlicking cocksucking torture slave into 501s, military boots Fr Gr BD SM whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS scat. FF rear Fr. Send photo to Box 4532LF

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU Hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage whipping, TT, CBT, ME. Hot, 41, muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications w/ photo

HUNKY PISS SLAVE

Young handsome bodybuilder wants Master's piss cock and hairy well-built body. I'm 5'10", 165 lbs with huge rock-hard tits—need discipline, verbal abuse, directions from strong man who knows how. Box 4514

LEATHER/RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my Inner Sanctum. I shove a leather-crotch Fuck to your hooded-head. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility w/ application to Boxholder P.O. Box 99033 San Francisco CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility.

HEY, BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you! (916) 391-8755, or write to Box 22402 Sacramento, CA 94216

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted, gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with tops, bikers, leathermen and daddies w/ attitude. A mean streak and a kinky know edge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny hairy WM 29 6' 160 brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

SIR

I want to worship you Sir! Late 30s (look younger), 6' 160, slim, dark brown hair and eyes, Gr-p. Fr-a looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant take-charge, loving and caring big-muscled jock, wrestler, football player, cop, military, construction workers 25-45. Into light TT, physical BD, sweaty muscles—show me new things. Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I want to please you Sir! Ric 1632 J Street, Eureka CA 95501

BOTTOM PIGS

Experienced, erotic, sensual. Top willing to work over and train a properly submissive, bottom pig possessing an insatiable desire for prolonged workout on his pighole. My range: excruciatingly delicate to brutally harsh depending upon my mood and your need. Bottom must be fit, fit, clean. I'm white, 37, handsome, 6' 160, cut 7", and in control. Box 4472LF

YOUNG WHITE-ASIAN

wanted for lite bondage. No SM. I'm GWM 47 (504) 831-9336

LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-

SLAVE

seeks trim Sado-Masochist. Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all, but more important, your trip .. your way. I am 42, 5'10", 160. Travel Photo, phone, descriptive letter to P.O. Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE

If you are haunted by these words if you feel compelled to slavery if you need to serve then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips, P.O. Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man A Master. Sensitve yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient, experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tan, well-built, damn good-looking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar over a weekend or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploitation, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship. (LF4533)

BECK DOMINANT GWM

over 50 experienced in VA, CBT, BD, very, very, hurtful. Prefer cut. Size unimportant. Must be clean and sane and respect limits. POSITIVELY NO Scat, TT, WS, heavy pain, or rough. No monies involved at any time. Prefer non-smoker but not necessary. Weight unimportant but no freaks. I am not Gr-p, but am Fr-a, p, annot cut but am retracted all the time. I am new to leather but interested. Box 4530LF

BJTT SLAVES WANTED (415) 752-0971

SHORT HANDSOME

BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet, even-tempered, experienced in SM. Expert at balancing pleasure w/ pain. Sado-masochistic, dominant, genial, torture, restraints, mechanical and electric, stimulants on to de-escalate, stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant role—I am sadistic, dominant and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS

OLDER MEN WANTED

GWM 48 seeks men 50-plus, overweight! OK. Strip me. Humiliate me. Slap my ass as you rub your balls in my face. WS and threesomes great. No heavy S&M. San Francisco Box 4635

**WHITE MALE SLAVE NEEDS
MASTERS**

40-year-old slave wants two males to be house slaves for a sexual attitude w/ 15 years experience as house slave to a bisexual couple. They are moving back to Europe—I don't want to leave the USA. Sexual hotspot—born to serve. Live on the West Coast, but can relocate. Prefer males 50-60. Enclose photo for prompt reply. Box 4634

S.F. LEVIGUY TURN LEATHERGUY
Expanding horizons 30s 175 6'1", trim, beard, Germanic, intelligent, sane, imaginative, even devilish. Health conscious. Curious about B-D, light S-M. Mutuality important. Negotiable. Top Photo? Box 4633

PERFECT DADDY

Hot top needs bottom to kiss to hold for hours of sucking and fucking. I'm 39, salt and pepper curly hair, beard, 175, big shoulders, legs. You 20-35, hot buns, lips, ready. Photo? phone to Box 4620

BOSS MAN WANTS

Heavy-duty muscular macho boy wants to be a hot slave-animal. Your BOSS is into oil-sweat, interrogation-bondage, C/B-T/T, W/S straining muscles, workouts in chains and is 5'11" 175 lbs, 45, brown hair & eyes with moustache. So don't call till you're sure you got your shit together and then between 6 & 10 P.M. ONLY! I'm not into phone trips or bullshit callers 415, 944-9984

PIERCED, TATTOOED

GWM, 41, tattooed & pierced adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256-LF

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35 husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir.

JOCKSTRAP LOVERS ONLY

WM heavy into bulging raunchy pouches. 6' 170 lbs, dark hazel eyes. B* cut, into phone J/O, group action, rock exchange, W/S no scat, exhibitionism, public displays late at night. Only those who worship bulging jock pouches need reply P.O. Box 4764, San Francisco, CA 94101

HUMBOLDT CO

Handsome exhibitionistic slave, ex-marine, ex-slipper. Need master for S&M W/S B&D leather hard fucking the works including friendship. WM 35-5'10", 150#, 30" waist 39" chest, work out regularly. Box 4613

BOY WANTED

Generous chubby GWM seeks athletic, submissive under 35 w/ x/y arrangement, bondage, safe sex. 415) 468-6567

PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MODELS

Young well-dressed for Japanese-style bondage attire, private collection, phone & recent photo to P.O. Box 511, Brisbane, CA 94005

BALLPUNCHER/ASSKICKER

needed by hairy man 30s bottom for intense sale J.O. sessions. Box 4621

HEAVILY TATTOOED

I am heavily tattooed WM 29, 6'0" 175 lbs, and would like to meet similar or tattoo lovers for fun and possible sexual onanism. Box 4617

DESERT HEAT

Exploration of mutual interests in C/B SM L/L, shaving sought by 5'10" 180 lbs, tattooed muscular hunk in his late 40s, b/k hair and brn eyes. Prefer you have similar interests late 30s thru 40s who is muscular GWM living in or travel So Cal. Correspondence welcome also photo. Box 4254-LF

DADDY TRUCKER 43 SEEKS SON

Live and work for Dad. Must take orders and domination well. Young and 51 m. Call (619) 723-8481 Friday - Sunday, or write Box 4470

DOMINANT TAURUS

Muscular mature Master/Dad seeks smooth slave/son for mutual safesex and sexual pleasures obedience and submissiveness—must requirement. Reply in detailed & proper manner. Sir Jay Box 4629

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6' 175 lbs, goodlooking seeks same for hot healthy leather/uniform action, discipline SM outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (White, 48, 6'2" 230 lbs), and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to Box 4177-LF

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape, clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr. Redn. San P. LAX area for friends/fun on/off motorcycle. Ltr/Ph # to Box 4248

HAIRY-CHESTED MASTER

White, affectionate, 35 seeks hairy-chested, white, obedient slave 24-34 for ve-in near beach. Cord (213) 435-6522

MISSING SON

Businessman-type Daddy 40, 6'3" 250 lbs seeks his long lost son. Daddy loves and misses you. Son, write to Daddy and send your picture. Box 4632

ASS LICKER

Available for individuals or groups. Men under 45 preferred. Have chair. San Diego County only. Box 4401

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN'

Boat-lick-n bottom seeks egotistical, demanding arrogant type to serve and worship. Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Big boots—polished or rough feel—clean or dirty. Mental and physical workouts. SM VA, hirsute bodies, hoods, collars, gloves, uniforms, kennel training, military discipline. 52, 6' 180 lbs. Travel USA. Box 4411-LF

COP WORSHIPPER

Cops—call (818) 913-3819 for boot service

GOODLOOKING DAD

Looking for special brother for Joe. Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had. Discipline to be applied for training and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time. Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself. Abilities, schooling, etc. If you have doubts enclose in sealed envelope to Joe as he can assure you by phone of life's ultimate experience. Positive growth-oriented family. Box 4535-LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

Masculine, trim, any race and eager. Even if not perfect, or inexperienced, I am special, masculine, trim, brown hair and eyes, 38, 6' thick inches, athletic, professional with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I am seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult then you good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too. Write Holder Box 6344 Rosemead, CA 91770 (LF4521)

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

L.A. stud, 6'3", 200 lbs, 45 yrs, rock and roll, big. Write. B&F 60-5

BLACK/WHITE/CHICANO**SEX, SEX**

No hang-ups on weight, height, size. Over 35 are the best. Experience willing to give, take, a must. Requirements: Local L.A. my place only. Be a M/S, J-straps, restrs. W/S boots, raunchy or ??? A low dirty hot verbal abuse above all. Hairy dudes get sweaty, taste and smell good. Try it—you will like it. Write to Box #1140s

CHAINMALE JOCK



Hand designed, all metal lightweight chain, molded for the sensuous fit of body-hugging liquid metal.

CHAINWARE

P.O. Box 5899
Providence, RI 02903

JOCK, Waist Size \$85

Color Brochure \$5
(Credit towards first order)

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hot, harness, hoods, movies, dildos, gags, leather boots, journals, video whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619) 420-8967

SLAVE WANTED

Naked and shack ad. Your cock & balls harnessed. My cock shaved down your th' oal. That's your fate cock sucker as my fucking slave. S&M bottoms playing games or looking for heavy abuse don't waste my time. Want a healthy slave at my feet not a bloody victim on the rack. The right tight-assed, stiff-pricked submiss ve. heavy cocksucker under 40 faces discipline, regimentation, control and absolute slavery. I'll own you, cocksucker and I'll mold you into the crawling asshole slave sextoy houseboy, and obedient pet. I want you to be inexperienced boyish young pup or manly untrained macho novice. OK. Be prepared to relocate and surrender up your naked ass to demanding responsible, W/M Leathermaster, 45. Send humble letter and phone number. Do it now cocksucker!! Box 3862LF

WANTED: BEST SLAVE IN L.A.

Applications being taken by two hot professionals GWMs—28 6'3", 190, 31 & 150 into leather, rubber, B&D, SM, CBT. Must be good looking, clean shaven, under 30, no novices, smokers, druggies, or fms. Student OK. Health conscious. Photo and resume to Box 211, 8033 Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Will be dressed in leather and receive room & board and allowance.

HOT, BUTCH TOP

37 seeks young, passive leatherboys for good time. Send photo and phone. Box 4578LF

BODYBUILDER

GWM prisoner needs letters. Computers, collage, weightlifting, egg nog. Box 4567

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MASCULINE HORNY TOP STUD

\$1 on my ass. Open my buns, f*ck my hairy f*ck, w*se and j*me. Be it my buns, TT, WS. Like huge w*se dildos, both big hairy muscular arms. Love to tongue, lick, kiss and eat hot, juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into really heavy SM, B&D or CBT! Put feet, anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits ass—want to satisfy my top. Like long, no-holds-barred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4526LF

TOILET

San Diego County only. State age. Box 4442

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & lts. For parties, photos, groups or one Master (818) 846-9486

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH
WM, 31, 5'11", 170, blond/blue with mustache. Looking for one-on-one with older Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with mustache and is hot. Hoping for long-term, not one-nighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with. Need someone strong and affectionate. Someone to administer discipline and punishment, fuck and fist my ass and kiss and hold me. If you're the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give. Write. Occupant 33-2nd Place, Apt. 5, Long Beach, CA 90802 or ca 1/213 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JO calls! 4577LF

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony in full leather or full C.H.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, goodlooking and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boat service, GB, and other hot scenes. Have toys, sing, mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony (213) 777-0122 Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047

HOT SPANNING?

Big hot top, 38, seeks firm buns, the bigger the better. Need a good paddling, spanking? Pull down your pants, boy jockey shorts, light bondage, dildos, clothespins a turn on. Limits respected. Prefer not fat under-45 guy. Richard of LA Box 4636

MYSTERIOUS IN LEATHER, PART II

For picture open Drummer issue 84 page 99 under TC 1102. My phantasy is to find a master with whom I can learn the joys and pains of leather bondage, humiliation, in a permanent relationship with 30-35 caucasian living in Los Angeles. I am a small businessman working hard to succeed so should you ambitious and secure ready to build up a leather relationship. No fat or eliminate. Please sir write to TC 1102 Philippe

UNCUT BODYBUILDER

Hot BB, 31, 5'10", 190 lbs, hung, uncut. Blk. moustache seeks other BBs 20-45 for hot JO or more. Prefer over 175 lbs. All letters with pic will be answered. Penpals welcome. Box 281 7869 Santa Monica Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Will be dressed in leather and receive room & board and allowance.

FORESKIN WORSHIP

I seek men who like their foreskin worshipped. I am 32, 5'8", 130 lbs, 7½" cul. Please send photo to: JWR, 2269 Market St., No 112, San Francisco, CA 94114

FUR & FORESKIN

Husky bear, 38, lush, uncut, 6-plus inches, wants to meet trim guys 18-30 for JO. Fr etc. Foreskin not required. Box 60264, Palo Alto, CA 94306

UNCUT COCK WANTED

WM, 35, 5'6", 165 lbs, light brown hair, brown eyes, 6" hard, 2½" soft, into small or any size uncut guys with lots of foreskin overhang or those that shrink into themselves. Also into WS piss games. Would enjoy overnight stays, like outdoor scenes. Into astrology. USA 264

FORESKIN FOR 27

Deprived GWM, 37, 5'10", 170 lbs, bald but with chest hair. Hopes you'll share! Write. Ed. Box 5028, Stanford, CA 94301

NASTY UNUNCUT DADDY WANTED

Are you the kind of Daddy that likes to sit on your boy's face and shove your uncut nose down his throat to take a piss? Got a beer belly? H spank? Harry white trucker? Want to make him eat the cheese from under your floppy foreskin? Like him to sit between your legs and clean you from foreskin to asshole? Obedient son doesn't have to be told twice. SF boy is 30, good looking, 5'11", 150 lbs, fair and fairly hairless, uncut, thick cock, and waiting to hear from his nasty Daddy. JSA 271

EXP FRENCH & TOTAL MASSAGE

Offered to hairy uncuts who prefer not to reciprocate. 40s, butch face, fem body. SF Alan (415) 648-5875. Late ok

SANTA CRUZ & BAY AREA

GWM seeks same for friends, travel correspondence, and fun. I am 28, lean, blond, cut. Speak French & English. Call Thomas (408) 426-5099

UNCUT/HANDSOME

Educated GWM with sense of humor, 6'1", 155 lbs, 30s, br hair/eyes, moustache, seeks M romance, social friendship. USA 261 (415) 776-7837

UNCUT MODELS FOR FORESKIN II

Foreskin authors need you. All ages, types in good shape. Photos or descriptions to: Bud Berkeley Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94117

EXTREMELY EXPERIENCED HEAD MAN

Loves uncuts. Weekdays 9 to 4:30pm only. No Sats/Suns/Holidays. Phone No w/second letter, is wanted. USA 251

LONG SKIN INTO JO

One-on-one dig watching cuts beat it and skins rolling. SF Bay area. USA 248

THICK COCKHEAD LOOSE FORESKIN

WM, 46, 5'10", 165 lbs, good body seeks all into foreskin action. Have dark room, like porn and JO scenes into foreskin stretching. Will experiment. JSA 246

CUT BUT STRETCHING

CWM, 32, 5'11", 150 lbs, 41" chest, 28" waist, 8", bodybuilder, Br/Gr, moustache looking for similar into regaining foreskin and uncuts who are into hot skin action. USA 239

BIG UNUNCUT SPERM Oozing

Goodlooking, insatiable, H-spanic pumps hot intestines or salivas b/g urethras. Enjoys tow, sizable sweetbreads. Knowledgeable. Prefer 6 or 7. USA 237

FAT CHEESERS WANTED

by cut, slim, goodlooking WM, 30s, br hair/eyes. Prefer husky build, Cauc., any age. No cigs or trade. Photo please to: SC, No 314, 4670 Hollywood Blvd, LA, CA 90027

UNCUT? UNDER 35?

WM, 51, 6'2", 185 lbs, cut, wishes to meet you. USA 222

UNCUT? INTO FORESKIN TY NG?

Help me with serious research in exchange for sensuous good times! No SM size age unimportant. Write Box 684, Berkeley, CA 94701

I LOVE DARK, SMOOTH SKIN

I'm 30, 155 lbs, uncut, 7½", goodlooking redhead. Light complexion and built. You are 18-30 Latin, Puerto Rican, Oriental or Black, sensitive, sensuous and discrete. Write with photo, I ad es and couples welcome. Have dinner and dessert. Box 100FD

UNCUT SO. CA TOP

into foreskin stretching and foreskin fantasies. C/Bs would like to hear from hot men into same. All rep ps answered. O Master USA 530

UNCUT PROFESSIONAL MAN

over 50 welcomes letters from any age cut or uncut. Object: affectionate friendship, limited J/O. PO Box 2583, Redondo Beach, CA 90278-8083

INTO VIDEO PRODUCTIONS

Chunky GWM in 50s uncut fat dick would like to meet same. Interests: video, antiques, old cars, dogs & clocks. Call Paul (415) 483-2371, 7-10pm

HAIRY, HORNY HANDSOME GWM

wants dick to play with—especially uncut. Age looks unimportant. Me 42, 5'7", good looks, into hot, safe sessions. SF downtown. Joe (415) 474-3039. Late OK

GWM, 30, 6', UNUNCUT

Br/br, healthy, honest, good looking, wants to meet friends, uncut or cut, any race, or age. Please, photo if possible, thanks! 326 Evergreen Ave, Daly City, CA 94014

GWM, 44, 6'2", 8½" CUT

170 lbs seeks "Safe Sex" and possibly more with heavier GWM, 30-60, cut or uncut. I'm a successful professional man. Other interests: Classical music, skiing, travel. USA 218

PLAYMATES WANTED

Goodlooking, young (21-28) preferably uncut cock wanted by handsome, uncut GWM, 42, into creative fun and games. USA 218

MUTUAL JO

Interested in meeting guys, especially other uncuts like myself for mutual JO. maybe more. Ron (415) 752-7268

ARE YOU YOUTHFUL, BOYISH, UNUNCUT?

Need friendly relief, no strings? M at east 18 write to: Richard Box 4052-BG, Woods de CA 94117

DIVORCED MAN

Looking for a date of a friend (Travis A/F) or date as a date. Attractive, straight, but curious. Part American Indian looking for pow wows with other uncut males. Phone weekends (707) 864-0346

HUNKY HANDSOME WELL-HUNG THICK

C/L loves foreskin JO, oral trips. Fr a/p into lots of skin and big loads. Hot letter photo, phone gets same. G/B Box 11990, Ste 107, Santa Ana, CA 92711

HOT UNUNCUT BALLMASTER

Hung, trim, 40s, heavy C&BT, pref uncut. C Johnson Box 252, Burbank, CA 91503

UNINHIBITED SHARING

Interested in uninhibited sharing of erotic stimulation of foreskin and shaft. Jerry Jansen, 37A Moss Street, San Francisco, CA 94103

UNCUT NON SMOKER SEEKS SAME

6'2", 170 lbs, 37, dark brown hair, br eyes, moustache. Like KPOP girl dancing, antiques, antique autos, play piano, country-type living. Ca. Rick 415-6-2953

REDHEAD BLUE EYES

5'10", 175 lbs, 5' uncut, goodlooking, bodybuilder, 35. Like husky WMs, big th ghs, small uncut cocks. Suck, JO, fantasies. No fuck, SM. 14711½, Burbank, LA, CA 91411

MATURE HUSKY GUY

Wants mutual friends for FS worship and pleasure. Also water sports enthusiast. Weekdays, some weekends. Write with data. Enjoy all. USA 187

BOTCHED CIRCUMCISIONS, SCARS, RESTORATIONS, LONG FORESKIN

MY OBSESS-ON!

Ivan Schroeder, 1453 E Compton Blvd, Compton, CA 90221

CIRCUMCISERS NEEDED

ACORN Club seeks qualified circumcisers, any location, must dig our scene. ACORN, 633 Post St., Box 542, S.F., CA 94109

HEY HUNG GUYS

WITH SKINHEADS

This mature GWM has keen sense of smell & wet hot suction power for your unwashed, uncut prick. Sir! (213) 465-6732. Write Box 6292, L.A., CA 90055

BEST BJ EXPERT COCK PLEASER

Heavy hung, uncut, mature men only. No fags, fms. Day outca is only in SF & S Marin. Write to: O Boyle, Box 451, Sausalito, CA 94965

GWM
38 5'11" 170 br bl several tattoos 9" uncircumcised 1-1 seeks co-responsiveness meeting other uncircumcised GWMs as ex-8 yrs. Friends. Friendship & sex possible relationship. Send photo & letter USA 528

L.A. CHUBBY, UNCUT, MATURE
GWM, 6' 250 40 8" cock nice skin. Fr/a. Gr/p loves older uncircumcised men age 45-55 only. Cuddling to kinky. No size w/ hangups. Luv & A. CA 7 USA 641

HOT, HUNGRY MOUTH
White male, 49, 58", 170 lbs, dark blonde hair, blue eyes, masculine and uncircumcised 8" thick cock. Gr/p Fr/a. Looking for other white or Latin masculine male who is into uncircumcised cock worship. Am very hungry to smelly cock cheese, cum filled heavy balls. Leather & leather, sweaty crotch and jockstraps also turn me on. Please write no o gels photos USA 529

GOODLOOKING
well hung man, 30, 6', 165#, 8 handpols. Have true fetish for uncircumcised, aged 18-49. Interested in phone calls, photo exchanges, meetings for foreskin worship USA 528

WM, 48, 6'
8" thick cock, delightfully covered, gorgeously uncircumcised with soft delicious skin, fully retractable foreskin. desires photo ex-change experience swapping pensals. Am married bisexual & screen meeting possible USA 527

VERBATIVE HUSKY
GWM 35 seeks F/G action with jocks anywhere & leather pants and Asics. Travelable. Answer to Tom. Over 65% Senna #42 F Hollywood CA 90018

THE EROTIC PREPUCE
Staffing stretching, pulling, piercing, removing. Let's share fantasy and experience. Box 60022 Stockton CA 95206

UNCUT PHALLUS WORSHIPPER
Wish to correspond with other uncircumcised worshippers like myself. Experiences and photo if possible etc USA 149

EXPERT COCKER
& Foreskin Stretcher Healthy AM, 38 gives first head to disease-free men w/flat dick topped with extra long skin my foreskin. Blind meat ok. (213) 866-6511

CUT DADDY WANTS UNCUT SON
Are you ready to let Daddy take you in hand? We and ours see what happens. R.A.M., 85 Corwin St. No. 2 San Francisco, CA 94114

GETTING CIRCUMCISED?
Send me your foreskin & photos of your uncircumcised cock to Rick, 178 Church #3 San Francisco CA 94114

S.F. SATYR
Attractive 28 year old man 6' 200 lbs. 8" thick uncircumcised. Fantasies too hot to print. 100% excusing to not make real. Jamie. Box 40561 SF, CA 94140

M.D. WANTED
Am seeking a well-qualified surgeon (M.D.) to do a cosmetic re-circumcision for me. Southern California area only. Any recommendations? Please advise! R.D. Mager, Box 5341, Pasadena, CA 91107

ORANGE COUNTY CA
Fr/a photo phone exchange photos b/o gay 4-6' 85-100 lbs. 8" balls after 10pm any day of the weekends. Ganes Bx 475 S. 4th CA 92648

CUT WITHOUT CONSENT
seeks to share skin with sensitive. Prefer married, uncircumcised young man. Am attractive, 30 and admirer of cock all natural USA 523

CUSTOM CIRCUMCISIONS
WM 6', 180# interested in all aspects of circumcision, especially adults who have had custom circumcisions. Seeks to correspond and meet like-minded men USA 502

FORESKIN TURNS ME ON
I am cut, not my fault. Have always been turned on by foreskin. So get in touch and make my dream come true. GWM goodlooking, 6', 175#, hair (415) 626-9657 Ray

UNCUT MAN
wants to meet other gym-type dudes. Am 46, 5'11" 176 balding and hairy chest. Bill (619) 283-2099

KNOW WHAT YOU NEED?
I do. Seek one man, slim to trim, 25 to 45 years, good looking, not manly, smooth, a bit soft, 8" to 10" thick cock with overhang and to please on a regular basis. Also see PS with right man. Photo exchange and service calls to T in 415 285-4196. Am 34, 7' 145 lbs, not. 8" veined cock good looking and healthy

MEN WITH FORESKINS WANTED
for action in L.A. area—all welcome. Send letter and explicit photo to James Fairchild 950 N. Larrabee, #122 West Hollywood CA 90069

THICK & UNCUT
big balls needs to be worked over by same J.O. PO Box 3978 Long Beach CA 90803

WM, CLEAN, UNCUT
wants to talk to and meet others of same. Good times and fun—not into SM USA 516

DEEP MASSAGING THROAT
for uncircumcised men needing French service (415) 563-0528

UNCUT SO. CAL TOP
into foreskin stretching and F.S. fantasies. CBs would like top hear from hot man into same. All replies answered. D Master USA 530

SENSUAL EUROPEAN
Good looking, we but. Bi, young, I'm masculine healthy gentle very clean, discreet and very sensitive. Long uncircumcised with overhang, extra long to skin interested in meeting other discreet healthy uncircumcised with long foreskins or thick or just well-hung or most of all, those cut who appreciate lots of extra foreskin, and those who are average hung but very trim and very attractive for intellectual as well as sensual sexual encounters. Loving pursuits. Photo/phone discretion assured. Boxholder, PO Box 2733, Hollywood, CA 90078

CUT
43-year-old GWM with beard hairy chest seeks uncircumcised vacal on companion dedicated to exhibitionism, striping and 229. Write a few words about my sex interests and what you think makes a good vacal on USA 408

HOT BOTTOM NEEDS TRAINING
U/C top needed to regularly plow tight bottom. Collegiate, humpy and super-hung 25, 138, 57". Relationship-oriented, sincere. Photo Please—tell me what you'll do with me. Reply to Database, PO Box 4250 Berkeley CA 94704

UNCUT NON-SMOKER
6' 160 lbs, WM 40s wants uncircumcised hairy over 35 J.O. jocks leather other fun USA 410

(415) 821-9952

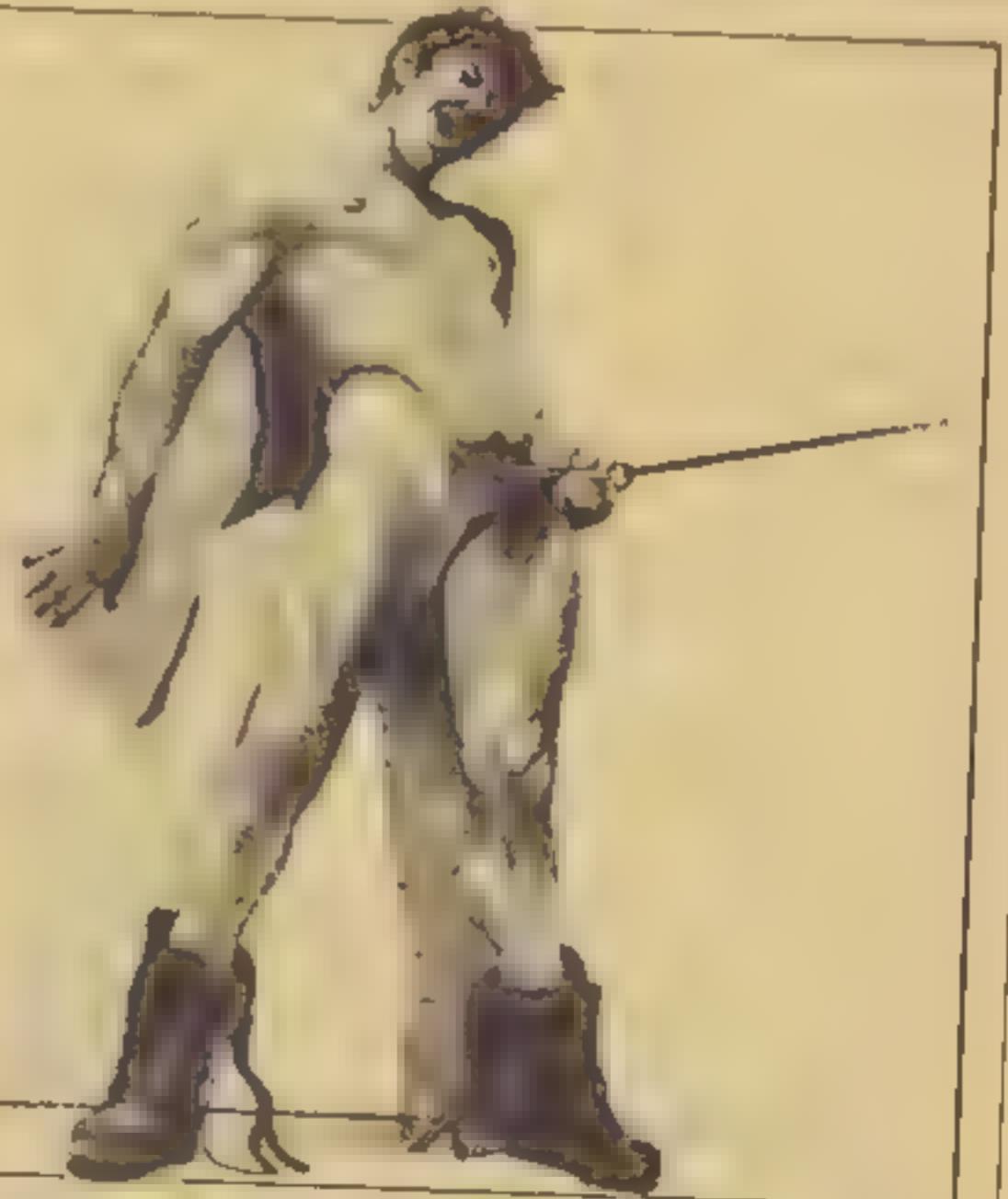
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MEN □ MEN & MORE MEN

Must be over 18 years old.

DAD PREFERENCES MANEATER BEARS
Dad's bearded 45 bald 5'6" uncut 6", very thick with floppy overhang. Attractive, nice guy, smoker, light drinker like motorcycles, opera computers, getting my foreskin chewed when hard. (415) 344-6215 early USA 404

WELL-HUNG
Recently blinded heavy into J/O would like to correspond by tape. Can send photo. Write HAL c/o Bill Braem 4036 Cody Rd. Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

BROTHER/DADDY
Handsome uncut, 42-year-old, big 3'11" dad, y. seeks young 18-28 preferably uncut. His brother/son for mutual J/O and creative safe sex and fun. Write Peter 1522 Fulton #2 SF, CA 94117

UNCUTS ONLY
I 41 uncut 8' 5'11" 185 lbs. big piss, cheesy dicks. FF raunchy look photos Box 483 Shingle Springs, CA 95682 30 miles from Sacramento

HAVE LONG THICK FORESKIN
Like same and big balls. Send photo and I will do same. Box 104FO

MARLBORO MAN
42 thick, nose 8" hairy chest. Clint Box E202, 4421 Pacific Coast Hwy Torrance CA 90505. Clean, but cheese on req. resp.

CHEESE REMOVAL SERVICE!
Hol, husky WM 38 wants to smell and tick that smelly dirty skin and wash it down w/ hot piss! Box 31151 S in Francisco, CA 94131

PARTIALLY-CUT WHITE PROFESSIONAL
34 hairy blond into uncircumcised men to like to stretch their skin and spend time together enjoying each others cocks and minds. USA 114

NEED SIRCUMCISE SING SIR!
Want to contact others need 41, 110 ACORN No 3 633 Post St N, 542 S in Francisco CA 94109

"INFORMED CONSENT"
A 90-minute videotape about circumcision shows actual surgical procedure. Send SASE to: Informed Consent, Box 493, Forest Knoll, CA 94933

30. wants sale. Bloody skin sex w/ uncut Dad. Pic gets same. Box 1404
Stat on S San Francisco, CA 94114

HAVE FORESKIN & VIDEO CAMERA

Want to hear from other w/ homemade videos of their uncut glory. Will trade added attractions: shaved crotches, cheese. WS. Set your lens to close up and lets turn each other on. J.R. Box 14576. San Francisco, CA 94114

UNCUTS WANTED
Order GWM wants any race 18 and up. Write Meyers, 1946 N Kermore, LA CA 90027

RESTORED?
Would like to correspond w/ man who has restored foreskin by stretching or who is in process. USA 274

DIG NOT UNCURT GUYS
Who want to get tan, 1-to-1 basis. Let's talk and MEAT to fulfill our fantasies. Call (213) 661-0839

HAIRY UNCURT WANTED
30-year-old wants 25-45 hairy uncurls. I like foreskin, body hair, masculinity, light SM, verbal domination. Mustache required. USA 267

BEAR BROTHER
looking for big cub to cuddle, coddle, muzzle and gnaw. The Bear Camden House #34 6834 Var. e., Canoga Park, CA 91303

UNCUT GUY
42, 6' thin, hung wants weekday J/O or WS action with cut or uncut guys. Video, polaroids, etc. Gary, #274 3963 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010

BOYISH SHIMMER
bottom, 26 5'7", 118 lbs, half-breed Indian, brown hair/eyes, clean, discreet voyeur, J/O seeks top for sincerity, playing, eroticism, quiet times, friends, candid photo/letter exchange. J.H., PO Box 60234 Sunnyvale CA 94088

UNCUT, hung average 5'7", 132, 26" waist, active, live on ranch love sex w/ guy would like to meet country guy. A tall-hairy, average looks. Gene PC Box 128 Santa Ysabel, CA 92078. Photo gets mine.

UNCUT ATTRACTIVE DADDY
Mid-40s WM 5'7", 155#, brown, blue educated, likes his eager son to stow y clean him from foreskin to asshold take Dad's hose down his throat open his ass-ups wide to gently swallow Dad's hard dick and more! Redheads welcome, other daddies too. Classical music to C&W dancing home-style trips to the country, quiet times. Raunchy tastes aspiration, but AIDS aware and out of the fast lane and expect the same. Detailed letter and photo get same SF USA 507

FORESKIN FANATIC COUPLE
seek slim stud w/ thick foreskin and heavy balls for mutual J/O. F/S sess on. We are both slim, attractive, squeaky-clean and safe. Very healthy. We would love to share our loose uncut, beautiful little dick and gorgeous hairy box and full balls w/ another proud uncut! Write Box 147-8 2339 El Camino Real, Santa Clara, CA 95051

UNCUTS WANTED
experienced in stretching by 6' 170 lbs hairless cut. Phone & photo gets same. Box 103FO

GWM, 29, PROFESSIONAL, 6 UNCURT

Brown hair/eyes, seeks discreet GWM uncut, married okay 28-40 to Peter Christos, Box 126974, San Diego, CA 92101. Photo if possible. No weirdos

COLORADO

COLORADO WRESTLER
WM, 6' 175#, 188 seeks fantasy exchange w/ correspondents. Bruiser PO Box 13502 Denver, CO 80201

TOILET LICKING FAG
WM, 25, 5'10", 170, good looking needs well hung master, 18-40. Into verbal abuse, humiliation, spankings, photos, golden showers. Extra item toilet bowl, tongue cleaning available. No scat. Will travel. All answered. Photo gets mine. Box 4625

NOVICE BOTTOM
desired to experience the pains and pleasures of the leather scene. Please send your photo, your scene and your dream. I want to serve you, fulfill your fantasies and worship your beautiful self. Take me—I'm yours. Box 4624

GWM 24
6', 175 lbs, brown hair & eyes, full beard, very hairy, would like to correspond and meet with other uncut hairy men to 35. Into most anything but pain & drugs. Your revealing photo gets mine. USA 186

WM 33
5'8", 135 lbs, balding, good shape cut looking for long thick overhangs that come with a nice cock. Like to stretch, pull, suck and be creative with foreskins. Love pecs, too. G/A, F/A & P. Send photo of your overhang. USA 154

KLINEFELTER'S SYNDROME MALE
seeks correspondence with cut and uncut men w/ small balls. Chicano, cut 5'5" 177 lbs 4'7" JRA PO Box 771 Denver, CO 80201

HAIRCUT & CIRCUMCISION
WM, 24, wants to meet good-looking men, 18-30 into circumcision and/or haircut fantasies. D.L., Box 9761 Denver, CO 80209 (303) 781-5682 anytime

42-50, 5'7"-5'11", 170-185 lbs

LEATHER SM BIKER
Looking for bottoms/slaves who knows what leather slavery is and is good at it. Indeed, SM sex, in dungeon and on my bike will train respect limits. Write—enclose photo if you're ready for leather sex. Box 3957LF

SAFE SM SEX
GWM 55, 5'10", 160 lbs, bald, muscular seeks SM-oriented GWM 20-40. Trim, masculine, into bondage, erotic pain (tit/ball torture, whipping), giving and/or receiving. Explore fantasies expand limits in safe, clean, health-conscious way. Photo of me helpful. Box 4563

K NXY CO-OP PLAY ROOM
Dad has NYC apartment to share full time with one or two dedicated S&M addicts who'd like to contribute to setting up imaginative game space in apartment for mutual enjoyment or individual use. Upper Eastside Building. Convenient and secure. Equal share expenses. Not inexpensive. September Box 4640

DADDY
28 wants to see his boys get fucked. Looking for older (30-45) fit hairy men for good fun fucking. This SOB has insatiable throat & ass—truckers w/ 18-24. M-F 203-232-5450

ATTRACTIVE ATHLETIC VERSATILE

guy German, uncut, 42, masculine top man seeking well-built dude for hot buttfucks sucking, light bondage etc. Hot and ready he-men only. PO Box 10141 West Hartford CT 06110

SLIDING SKIN BY HAND
Your number 1 joy? Skinned back in your briefs? Finger action underneath? Showering? Write all to Occupant Box 2071 New Haven, CT 06521
I love to meet guys 18-29. I love to fuck guys, go to bed nude. J/O L/D cock sucks cock to make love, to fuck Saturday to Sunday 5:30 to 9:00 p.m. JSA 508

CIRCUMCISION
Want to hear from any dude turned on by circumcision, especially teen or adult guys, describing the scar and whether the frenulum was cut. Have just experienced docking—love the feeling. USA 133

GWM 5'7", 130
uncut seeks uncut under 35. photo appr not necessary. I am pianist/singer—love shows, prefer tall guys, but all OK—cut, too. No one-nighters—friends first. USA 712

JO EH BITION ST CLUB
Will help start a JO exhibitionist club in lower Fairfield Country, Connecticut. If interested in helping start one or joining, please write to me. USA 101

FLORIDA

"THE SARGE"
33, 6' ft, 165 lbs, short brown hair, clean-shaven, good-looking fun loving leatherman. Lookin for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the size, I maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is op, but always welcomes correspondents from all over. Send a pic & an answer. men don't be shy. Now send a pic and stat. USA 4526, F

DEAR SIR - WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION
Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please, Sir train me to serve you. Box 4461LF

NY DC CORRIDOR LEATHER MAN
W. I travel for leathered booted top for heavy bondage, hoods, gags, collars, restraints, tits, CB, complete dominant on-control harness, susp. cycles. Other things desired. Tall muscular, beard a plus. No permanent relationship, but regular sessions. threesomes. Write Box #108DS

BEARDED MASTER
42, 5'10", 165 lbs, hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLG. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 3843LF

170 lbs solid muscle 5'10" 39 dark, bearded, interChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally in control but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility. I am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF, am into all sides of F/F, Gr. titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

UNCUT PREFERRED
GWM 31, 5'11", 185 lbs, hairy uncut, fleshy bear beard & moustache. seeks other men prefer uncut, for mutual enjoyment. Call (202) 544-7097 before midnight only.

UNCUT WM
7' mid-50s, 6' seeks mature men who are genuine cock-worshippers and who worship balls and have big balls. Foreskin sucking, chewing, cheese, long sucking, licking, pissing. J/O. Will swap foreskin photos/talk raunchy cock and balls with men over 40. Beer-lovers/beer-guts welcome. USA 118

WANTED
Attractive guys with good bodies. This circumcised guy wants to play w/ your generous foreskin. I find foreskins to be the hottest, most attractive part of the male body. I am a health terrorist. I am a pain in the neck, yet very hot and�性. Let's get together & have a ball. Enjoy you skin & S&M.

FLORIDA

"THE SARGE"
33, 6' ft, 165 lbs, short brown hair, clean-shaven, good-looking fun loving leatherman. Lookin for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the size, I maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is op, but always welcomes correspondents from all over. Send a pic & an answer. men don't be shy. Now send a pic and stat. USA 4526, F

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HAIRY, HUNG DADDY
seeks Slaveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49 5'10 hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age), smooth with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life, training, strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF

SIR!
This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs and need your help and training. Please Sir. Box 4409LF

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE
WM 27, 6'0", 180 lbs. I have Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots. Sir! Sir! This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT, and rough ass play. Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write Sir, or call (404) 881-0294. Sir! This boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders. Sir! Box 4483LF

BODYBUILDER/MASTER/DADDY
seeks young individual to be dominated in a variety of scenes. Photo required and letter of introduction. Rewards for good service. Write to Box #112DS

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE
by heavy S&M Master. Must be submissive, obedient, intelligent, and healthy. Must be under 40, under 6 ft. under 165 lbs. Must relocate for training, for sexual and domestic duties. Send application with photo. Box 4631

ATTRACTIVE, CREATIVE
intelligent, 29-year-old, white male cut, looking for uncut man over 30 who wants a lasting loving, monogamous relationship. Box 101FD

CUT BJT
love uncut. WM, 6'1", 175, 38-yr, good-looking professional, stable. Am healthy, into J/D, safe sex, affection. Seek WM, masculine, good-looking no smoke, drugs. Mark (404) 872-1045

GWM 30

Handsome, dark hair trim, a few blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs. Muscular, cut and versatile. Seeks man, 28-40 muscular, uncut and well-endowed. Write Box 54322 Atlanta, GA 30308

KINKY COUPLE

Top 6'3" 8½" uncut. Bottom 5'4" 24" cut into uncut men and those who like uncut men. (404) 523-2564 No J/C calls!

SKINPIX

Collector wants photos of uncut cocks. Exchange possible. Am 31, 6' 150 lbs. GWM w/1-in. overhang. Age, size unimportant. Send to "GAT4" in FF 1st/10

SEARCHING FOR A HOT DADDY?
FIND HIM IN
DEAR SIR!

MASC BI RANCHER

Slender hairy 39 9x5½" cut wants meetings, letters, photo exchange with masculine uncut 18-50 CTJ Box 1782 Americus GA 31709 Clint (812) 924 4036 weekdays 8

GWM, 30

Handsome, dark hair, moustache, blue eyes 5'11", 160 lbs, muscular, 7" uncut and versatile. Seeks man 28-40 muscular, uncut and well-endowed. Write Orion, 1445 Monroe Dr NE Apt C 24 Atlanta GA 30324

**29 SINGLE &
UNCIRCUMC SED**

Lookin' for a white widow. I am 29, 5'10, 175, a very strong 2 over 1. Firm my skin is loose and full of large bulging veins that love suction. 85, 96-269 Waikaihi Dr 501C. Wahiawa, HI 96786

IN TRAINING

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED

Chicago Master 43, 6'3", 190#, with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sling wants submissive slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, humiliation discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM, exhibitionism, etc. All are respected. Photo of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young sons. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to P.O. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60626

COCK & BALL TORTURE

Sadist seeks trim slaves for strict bondage, whipping, and cock & ball torture. You will be bound spread-eagle and subjected to prolonged slapping, twisting, stretching, when we please, and wax intense but safe. If you can take it send letter with photo and phone to Box 4588

CHICAGO BM UNCUT

5'9", 190 wants to meet 22-40 yrs old. WM. Must be masculine, but cut OK too. Others OK. C Johnson P.O. Box 578074 Chicago, IL 60657

MATURE MASTER

wants casual encounters. You must be between 18 and 40, short, slim, weight and height not important. I expect, and what is expected. Blacks and Orientals especially welcome. Contact: R. Smith, Suite 134, 8827 Ogden Ave., Brookfield, IL 60513

MATURE MALE MASTER

white seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dopes, drunkies, or leather queens. Want men 18-50 white or Oriental who are healthy, in good shape, well-set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 80 lbs. Box 4404LF

FORESKINS WANTED

GWM, 30, cut wishes to service your foreskin—any size or shape. Hispanic, black, etc. I like black in the better slave. P.O. Box 110, 2520 N Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60614

CHICAGO UNCUTS

GWM seeks masculine uncut with plenty of skin to explore. Prefer men over 30, especially Greeks, European men, Puerto Ricans. Am 31, 5'11", and ready to serve you. No fats, items, drugs. USA 615

BLACK MALE

age 55, uncut, weight 150 lbs, 5'8" would love cut or uncut dicks for very discreet one-to-one J/D exhibitionism. Sucking with 0 inches dicks also. Must be 50 or over. Answer with phone/photo. No drugs, smoke—just clean J.O. USA 512

BIG TY QUEEN

Loves skin, the longer the better. Cheese, crunch WS, wants to try whole scene, rim too. Let me worship your skin like it's never been done before. USA 273

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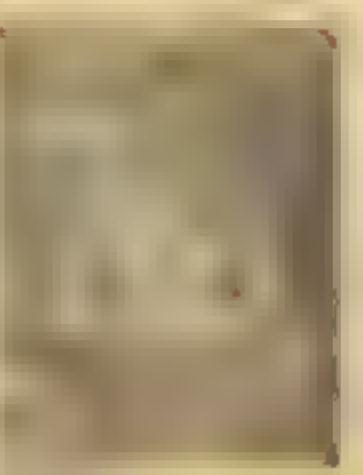
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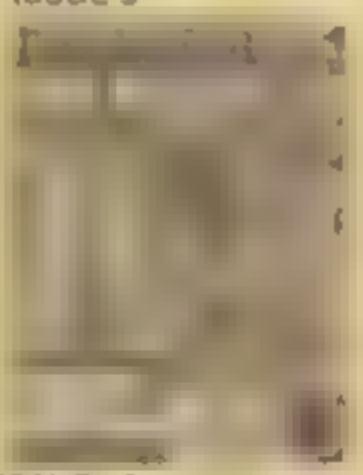
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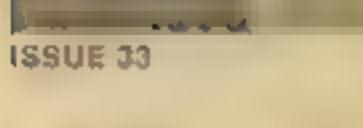
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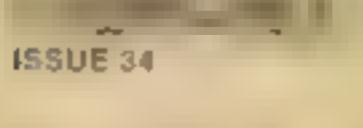
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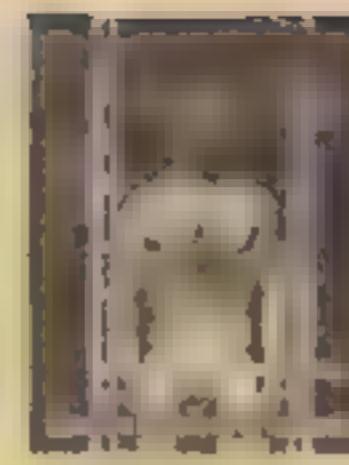
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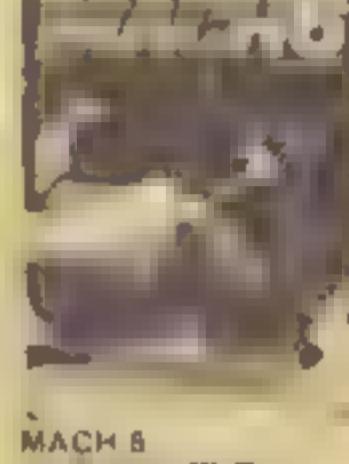
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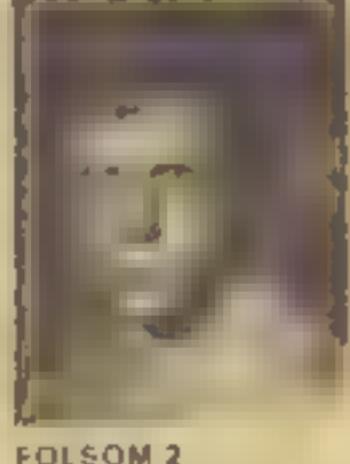
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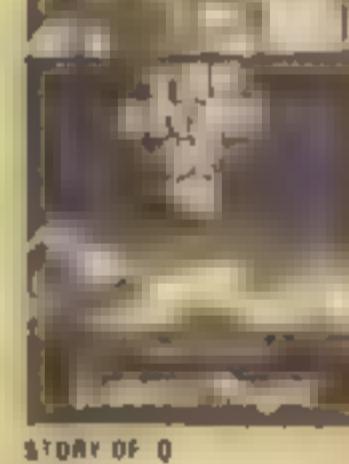
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42 5'11", big gut, long skin wants cocksuckers who know how to handle it. Harry men prefer Bandage 7'1 C/B work, etc possible. DM Box 6642 Chicago, IL 60680

HANDSOME & UNCUT

WM, 36, 5'11", 135 lbs. brown hair brown eyes. 7½" uncut, handsome, trim and very clean, hard body, big balls. Seeks other good looking WM, 18-45 for long hot 1-on-1 or group JO sessions. Must be discrete, clean, good body. Tit stimulation, hairless body are a plus. No Fr, Gr, fats, fems, SM or drugs please. Married & bi's welcome. Bob, Box 14787 Chicago, IL 60614

"YOUNG" OLDER GUY

I'm an intelligent, well read, "young" older guy, 50, enjoy erotic correspondence. Meetings possible. Countless male magazines to share. Oral acts or passive. JSA 258

UNCUTS WANTED

Want to hear from and meet other men that are uncut. Have never seen a skin that was a turn off. Find "all" skin a turn on. Like the look, smell, and taste of skin. Long, slow mouth and tongue action. Trevor Photo exchange USA 211

CHICAGO SKINHEADS

Let my tongue remain to you what you've got! I'm 30, 6', 180 lbs, ready and willing to service that sweaty overhang. Hispanic especially welcome. USA 140

UNCUT OLDER MAN

Am masculine hairy 7' like younger uncut, especially Oriental and Latino. Want action, not talk. Fem okay USA 137

CUT EXPERIENCE

Young man was cut in late teens seeks correspondence and dialogue with others who have had similar experience USA 283

NEAR NORTH CHICAGO

Uncut blond, blue eyes, 30, desires to make contact with uncut men, 30-40. Lets have dinner and cocktails to decide if we should pursue matters further. USA 111

MAN WITH LOTS OF FORESKIN

Seeks men with or without skin. You must be into foreskin. Please call or write (312) 459-3168 USA 279

INDIANA

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive WM, 38, 5'8", 135 lbs, brn/blu, moustache, 6'4" cut, seeks older Partner for periodic service. Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom loves in SW Indiana. Box 4641

CUT GWM

50 trim seeks stocky uncuts for mutual fun in South Bend. Art (219) 288-2015

INDIANAPOLIS

42, 6' 185 lbs, 7" uncut floppy oil dick. Foreskin lover seeks big uncut cocks for mutual cock worship. Turns on to natural cock aroma. USA 244

BONDAGE SLAVE

Anxious to serve WM, 160, 5'10½" tall, with some limited experience, is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation or experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock, but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes, being used as an animal, and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

COUPLE MID-40'S

Very attractive, professional degrees. Seek uncut, educated attractive males for threesomes, etc. She loves heavy lengthy foreskin overhang. Any race welcome. Can travel. Discretion a must. Photo of long foreskin appreciated. Name and address, as possible and telephone. Write: Joe & Kay USA 182

SW INDIANA BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 38, 5'8", 135, cut, brn/blue moustache. seeks older, bigger Top Master to service SM. CBTT FF WS Teach me—Train me to serve Hot mouth hungry ass eager to please you! Box 4536

CHICAGO DAD

41, 5'10", 165 lbs, professional seeks novice young men for hot sessions no feather and discipline but no heavy SM. Firm but gentle. Write to Box #107DS

U.A. - G.S. 2

UNCUT VIDEOS

Would like to find source of videos with lots of uncut action, i.e. auto/solo docking, infatulating EE Baughman, Box 527 Winfield, KS 67156

KC/TOPEKA AREA

Blond, blue eyes, 6' 170. GWM uncut 30s, would like to meet guys under 30 in my area for good times and friendship. Box 102FO

HAIRY CHESTED WM

wants nude photos of guys with large cocks with long foreskins. Must have 8" or more and have hairy chest. Love to be exhibitionist. USA 266

L.C.L. 24-25

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans. WM, 30, 6' 165, LF4458 seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I am black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and gear also into BD. SM—tight to heavy scene action only. Ciga smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282 0729 PO Box 57161 New Orleans LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather call someone else.

FORESKIN STRETCHING

Active foreskin stretcher seeks to exchange foreskin stretching techniques with others. Have foreskin stretching device. Mark Waring, 2301 Severn Ave. Suite A-312, Metairie, LA 70001

GOODLOOKING GWM

23, 5'10", 150 lbs, with big uncut cock is looking for other guys with hanging foreskin for sex and/or friendship. Must be 18-35, goodlooking and hung. No fags, fems, SM or drugs. Photo of body (foreskin close up) gets mine. I really get off to foreskin! USA 178

MATURE UNCUT MASTER

Brown hair, blue eyes, wants to meet only available uncircumcised beefy slaves or other SM couples for exchange. New Orleans area (504) 943-9875 evenings only to 11pm

4/1981 15

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON
Previous experience not necessary. Live-in relationship possible. Looking for clean-cut, ambitious types. Write

and tell me what you are looking for. All letters answered. (LF4459) PO Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106

MARYLAND

FORMING USA CLUB

Anyone interested in forming USA Club in Metro area (MD, DC, VA) contact Tom (301) 336-1514

GWM, 33, 5'11"

175 lbs, goodlooking, built, cut. These are a few of my favorite things. Loose pendant prepuces, chewable dockable foreskins, chest hair and solid virile men. USA 119

WASHINGTON DC SKIN

Uncut, Bi-Wm, 38, aggressive, nice looking divorced father seeks similar masculine guys to 45. Prefer uncut into Gr WS kink. Rick (301) 948-4853

GWM 45

155 lbs, 5'9" wish to meet and correspond with uncircumcised males to share experiences or more also cut males about fantasies of restoration and stretching and piercing of foreskin and what is left of skin. Also meet MDs about restoration and cutting methods USA 194

MASSACHUSETTS

HELLS ANGEL
29 seeks others, 5'9", 175. Turk Box 665, Avon, MA 02322

TIGHT LEVIS/BLACK LEATHER

W 5'10", 28, tight body, good looks into leather, snug levis, hell's boots. Seek wild rugged young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging crotches, tight black leather pants/laded levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane straight acting discreet masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIAK Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmington, MA 01701 (LF3994)

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE

WM, 27, 6'1", 185, needs booted, gloved, tight leather. Master for 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 69

PREVENT ROUTINE

Free informational packet includes
"The Circumcision Controversy"
Write: INTACT, Box Five, Woburn,
MA 01095

MICHIGA

JACKSON AREA TOP

36, 6'0", 170 lbs., well-built long thick
uncut 10", topman into man-to-man
leather SM sex GR. FA FF CB BD TF
WS. toys—you name it! You
Masculine 20-45 w/ hot eager hole,
submissive and willing to be
photo, specs, # and your favorite
fantasy Box 4639LF

NEEDS DADDY

GWM 28, 5'8", 140 lbs. 7" uncut seeks
Uncut Daddy I enjoy oral and J D
act vibes and love to cuddle Also
willing to please you JIM PO Box 153,
Dearborn Heights, MI 48127

UNCUT MALES WANTED IN DETROIT

I am a sex slave to males that are under
40 who are well hung and uncut I dig
men in leather or blue jeans with heavy
chest hair and a moustache I am an
expert cocksucker and I love all your
hot cum and hot beer piss I dig
receiving verbal abuse I am versatile
and like to be master as well as slave I
also dig big black uncut cock I like to
exchange hot dirty voice tapes and
sexy photos with pen pals. Love to
suck uncut cocks and hot assholes but
not into pain drugs or scat Will
provide place to stay for visitors to my
city Please send close-up photo of
your uncut cock and full length frontal
nude photo w/ your name address
and phone number to: Slave, 533
Manistique Ave, Detroit MI 48215 ALL
YOU STUDS WITH UNCURT COCK LET
ME WORSHIP YOUR COCK & DRINK
YOUR CUM AND PISS

LOVE FLOPPING LACE

40-year-old, blond blue eyes Need to
meet someone like G Canari to
swallow USA 285

INTERESTED IN CORRESPONDENCE

RE all forms of circumcision as well as
modifications of the genital area USA
268

WEBSITE

FETID FORESKIN

on raunchy 38-year-old 150W 5'10" pig
needs attention from other raunchy
freaks who are 35-50 beefy dirty,
hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy
correspondence welcome (4571LF)
Grant, PO Box 8194, Minneapolis, MN
55406

SEARCHING FOR A HOT DADDY? FIND HIM IN DEAR SIR

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike. same SM Wants to
contact those with similar interests
Also has opening for permanent slave
to serve two professional ladies
Write property for details of indenture
Must be willing to be educated and
relocate Box 4527LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!

Please phone please. Write to Box
4527LF

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent
relationship Daddy Master 6' 165 41,
stable, sensitive, sincere, loving
dominant leather Son/slave slim
smooth 18-30 (youngest given
preference) all others considered.
Submissive obedient needs and wants
someone to take control of his life and
provide direction and security Son
should desire affection as well as light
SM BD humiliation, ownership
shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being
fucked must be excellent cocksucker
Novice okay as son will be fully trained

to serve and see who's Daddy, Master
and will derive pleasure from knowing
that he is serving his Daddy well.
Serious sons should send application
letter and photo to Box 4202LF

HUNKY GUY

37 nice bod—cut with big head—wear
rings and straps—into J/O—can shoot
6-10 feet—nice guy—great head. Dig
uncut—wild scenes USA 516

MID 30'S CUT GUY

no uncut dudes. Exchange photos,
letters, etc. W B Wells Box 275,
Northfield, MN 55057

MINNESOTA/TWIN CITIES

Cut GM near Northwest corner 484 894
Beltway seeks clean, uncut masculine
buddies for fun times Bill (612) 425-
7233

SWEDISH POLE BLOVOC MALE

Uncut, 34 Army Viet Vet factory
worker average looks/build, 5'10" 180
lbs. Own hair, blue eyes, seeks my
equal. "The God of Love" Box 16027 St
Paul, MN 55116

DEAR SIR PPL

LOW HANGING BALLS?

AM age 35 attractive, wants to be
slave for man to age 45 w/ big
hanging balls. Everything goes. Box
4396

DEAR SIR PPL

SMEGMA &
Correspondence with possibility of
meeting desired with guys interested in
smegma and urine USA 266

AM CUT BUT LOVE FORESKIN
Long short mid-way anyway. Your
photo and letter gets my 6" of cut but
stretched skin on my dick. Tell me
about your foreskin USA 141

**SEARCHING FOR LEATHER
MASTER**

heavily into bondage enemas, rubber
shaving etc. Slave is white 26 yrs, 170
lbs, medium build, novice—needs
training and servitude. Master will
have devoted slave. Please write soon.
Sir Box 4555LF

MONETT, MISSOURI/FACESITTER
Nice buns 6'3—190 lbs—Trim—
Attractive—43 Need Hungry/Thirsty
Buddy! No Drugs, Drunks/Fats
Married a plus! Photo/Phone to Box
4642

UNCUT FUN

I am a GWM seeking same for fun
Enjoy stroking and oral activities
hairy bodies, beard or moustache a
plus. Let's get together and check out
the equipment USA 281

WANT TO SUCK UNCURT COCKS
Prefer blonds 18-22 with slender build
w/ no beard or moustache USA 278

I'M INTO BOOTS

Other things too, but let's start w/ boots
I'm tall, considered good
looking. If you're in K.C. area and share
my fetish, write me. Photo, phone
nice—not regressed PO Box 7368 North
Kansas City, MO 64116

LATE 30's, CLEAN, GENTLE

Semi-cut, interested in personable
clean uncut with respectable
overhang any age over 18. Tom
Messenger, Box 20071, Missoula, MT
59801

MONTANA, IDAHO/ALBERTA

If you live in those places, or travel,
drop by and give me a phone call. Ben
Steiner RR 2838 Great Falls MT 59404
406) 727-1134

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- BODY JEWELRY
- BOOTS
- BRIEFS
- BURN HI
- BUMPER STICKERS
- BUTT PIGS
- CAI ENDARS
- CAPS
- CATTLE PROOF
- CHAINS
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7586 MELROSE AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CA. 90046

(213) 651-5800

NEBRASKA

INTERNATIONAL UNCUTS 25-45
Wm bodybuilder, 38, seeks L/L uniforms, jocks, truckers, B/B construction workers, etc. Enjoy WS SM L/L B&D, JO Exhibit Letter with photo. No fats, blacks. Toms USA 227

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SLAVES WANTED TO BE TRAINED
Looking for submissive GMs 18 to 30 for on-location training in good sexual service by 39-year-old master slave trainer. Must be willing to travel. Write Paul Emery, P.O. Box 477, Intervale NH 03845 or phone Sir (603) 356-8101.

UNCUT HANDSOME BEARDED

GWM
7" brown hair, blue eyes seeks bearded uncut men Fr/ap. Be clean-not sleazy. Bud, P.O. Box 7214, Heights Station, Concord NH 03301

NEW JERSEY

PLEASE BE MY DADDY
GWM 31, 6'1", 152, blond hair, blue eyes seeks versatile older man in Jersey & NYC for hot times/friend, daddy. Must be honest and no fats or tems. Please write. Send photo. I'll post pic. Reply to Larry Schwartz 608 Newark Ave, #4, Jersey City NJ 07306

WANTED: SLAVE
ME MASTER is 45, 6'2", 195 lbs, brown hair (getting a little thin top), brown eyes, hairy body, quiet type, straight acting and appearing, good sense of humor, not into games or fantasy. Own home in country in Northern New Jersey. Enjoy working a good body. Used to own my own private photography business specializing in bodybuilders, musicians, MASTERS and their slaves. So I know what a good body is. Muscles are a plus, but not a necessity. I am not a bodybuilder myself, but appreciate that type of body into computers, slaves and taking care of my house. YOU slave. Late 20s to late 30s quiet type, straight acting and appearing, well behaved (important), no nonsense type who knows his place. You must have a warm mouth that likes to be filled with warm meat. Enjoy wearing some leather body harness, cock and ball harness, etc. and understand the meaning and value of discipline. Not into drugs of any type. If you can not get it on yourself and/or with help from me, I am not interested. No problem if you are not fully trained. If you want to learn, I will take the time to train you. Live in the vicinity of Northern New Jersey. WANT Service and a good time, but a quiet time, in and out of bed for weekends with the possibility of having you move into house on a permanent basis. Box 291, F.

UNCUT HANDSOME BEARDED

7" brown hair, blue eyes seeks bearded uncut men Fr/ap. Be clean-not sleazy. Bud, P.O. Box 7214, Heights Station, Concord NH 03301

NEW MEXICO

SELF MADE FORESKIN
Over 2" long and getting longer and longer. Glad to let "all" how I can be done. Write for information USA 259

NEW YORK

YOUNG UNCURT TOOL WANTED
Let me service you with my hot wet tongue. Send photo/phone for fast action USA 503

BANTAM ROOSTERS WANTED!

Attractive "hawk," white, nice body seeks cocky studs (at least 18) any race, slim and dominant! Let me serve you WS scat, French Greek spanking! No convicts or J/Os. Box 84 Downstairs 132 West 24 NYC 10011

COPS

Hpt. 29, 5'8" 140 athletic, handsome masculine, healthy looking for uniformed cops for fantasy and worship. Box 354, NY, NY 10146

TOTALLY JADED

39, 170 lbs, blond/green 8" cut, hot hung, horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF) P.O. Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, New York, NY

KINKY

pervert seeks big devil dick to worship. I'm GWM, 36, 160 lbs, hung 9" cut, short dark hair, beard & moustache. Into kinky scenes with wild guys. Photo/photo gets mine. P.O. Box 1351, NYC 10023

WANTED: FAT MASTER

Goodlooking muscular WM 27, 5'11" wants to serve goodlooking macho ex-jocks who are fat and like it. VA domination, humiliation. Cigar and beer drinkers a plus (212) 580-8049

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-30s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends. I am 155# 5'10", medium-hairy muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncloseted so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STDs and am AIDS negative and med daily knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body and to be willing to make yourself important to me. I haven't mentioned leather but I wouldn't advertise in Drummer if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF

Would like party with several Latin guys with real long foreskins USA 513

WHEN IN DOUBT...

call (212) 570-9740. The heart is big—the rest is fate—the name is Jeffrey

WANTED: MARLBORO MAN

Short, mature, well-built GWM 38, 5' uncum, Fr/ap. Gr/p seeks tall, lean, mature Gr/a Marlboro Man, any race with big thick uncum cock. (516) 483-8076

UNCUT LOVER OF OPERA
and classical music, mid thirties would like to meet similar for sex and music. Call (718) 544-8933. Steve NYC

NEED SKIN & ROUGH ACTION

Admire skin, especially during WS. Possible commitment to abusive-type top. Am cut, 38, GYM, good job. J. Patrick Box 16, 314 West 52nd St, New York NY 10019

FAT SHAVED BALLS

15" around on 6'2", 180 lbs, serious vacuum pumpper w/ skin for stretching. Box 221, New York, NY 10028. Photo w/ phone only. Writer

STUD vs. STUD

wrestling/fighting WM 6', 185 lbs, 29 extremely good-looking, blond, blue eyes. Muscular stallion LF4407. Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling, fighting for top. Winner takes all—loser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45 top G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling/fighting ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather oil, piss, mud naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot hard combat that leads to sex. No bottoms need apply only looking for serious fighters. Black bodybuilders/wrestlers and muscular hispanics can try, if they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat. Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City visitors/challengers welcome. Write with picture to: M/S P.O. Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Muscular, bearded master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim and under 35. Reply with photo and phone # J. Miller P.O. Box 3086, Kingston, NY 12401 (LF40921)

FF TRAINER WANTED

NYC WM 33, 5'7", 140, slim. Seek a trim experienced FF Top to train my novice ass and make it a huge hole for double-fisting and giant dildos. Box 4046LF

FIREMEN RUBBER

Let's lurn on the hose. Fireman looking for same in rubber turnout gear. 40s 5'8" uncum. Write with picture to P.O. Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202

MEDICAL SCENE ENEMAS GIVEN

Complete physical w/total rectal genital exam leads to repeated enemas. Catheterization available. You are young, hot, bulk! Describe your fantasy in detail. Photo/photo equals reply Box 4638

WANTED: BIG JUICY COCK

Loose foreskin, oral & JO pleasure. Send photo & phone to Box 277, Times Sq Station, New York, NY 10108. You won't be disappointed!

UNCUT MASTER

40, 5'11", 160 lbs, seeking slaves for piercing, chewing, nailing, sewing and padlocking of the foreskin. Into all forms of SM. All fantasies realized. Ken Bender, 4292 Belmont Dr., Liverpool NY 13088

UNCUT DADDY

Looking for young men to enjoy good times with JO. French and more. I'm 28, 240 lbs, 6' sincere, intelligent and can laugh. Box 198, Rensselaer, NY 12144

HANDSOME GWM BODYBUILDER

Blond/blue eyes, 26, love foreskin, am cut, thick Gr/a, Fr/ap. You are uncum with excessive skin. Pref Puerto Rican, Italian, smooth, slim, 20-40, discrete. Photo 124-28, Queens Blvd, St 564, Kew Gardens, NY 11415

TALL DARK HANDSOME

30, hairy legs, strong, smart, horny seeks gentle, uncum guy for good clean fun. Like new music, exercise, laughing. No drugs. Photo & phone get same USA 215

PARTIALLY CUT

Hairy 45 year old 170 lbs, 6' partially cut, is interested in other uncum men who like hot foreskin action with another man who really knows what to do with a foreskin. Long, snug foreskin with cheese a plus. Call Duke (212) 369-9645.

SLAVE SEEKS STEIN MASTER

who is experienced, sane but firm into TT, CBT, mouthwork. Needs stretching on asswhipping, hot wax. Can travel NYC upstate weekends. Box 4627

ASS TICKLER

available for individuals or groups. Anybody over 30. Also cocksucking NYC only. Phones get faster reply. Box 323, NYC 10023

HOT MUSCULAR BOTTOM

31, 5'8", 140, great tits, hole, needs to be used as sextoy by healthy, muscular top (or group). Ever wanted to take a clean-cut guy, get him stoned and do all those nasty things to him that guy. Anything but scat or heavy beatings goes John, P.O. Box 1058, New York, NY 10113

WHIPPING

Tall, mustached, X-college athlete needs a trip to your woodshed. Make my butt burn. Photo Travels surrounding states. Box 4586

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man, heavy body contact, face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-like studs. Also split hairy pits and pecs. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you: 1) Young 2) goodlooking 3) muscular; 4) healthy 5) slim 6) obedient? Are you prepared for "Slavery" Bitraining 9) punishment 10) two tall, good-looking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for easy detailing additional qualifications. Box 673LF

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM 42, d street, sincere, LF4471 cut seeks licensed surgeon, especially Hispanic, any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit, enlarge tits/nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock, balls, ass, "tong" belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, gynecological, proctological exams, sterilized and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possibilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately if necessary, for professional talents not reimbursable. Into cock suturing, bal-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe circumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516) 285-5181 9 PM—7 AM Mon—Fri and 24-hours weekends. Write Boxholder, Box 3082, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10117. Please call, doctor—your stud needs this

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled, big arms & pecs, dark hair, mustache, Italian, masculine and straight, appearing intelligent and sensitive, wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into many physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick P.O. Box 1350, Jackson Heights, NY 11372 (LF402D)

FUCK THIS FACE

Deep-throat sexpert seeks heavy-hung for regular oral action, no tec-procEDURE. Out-of-towners welcome. Condoms, poppers OK. Has another Fr. a buddy for 3-ways, if desired. Send photo and description of needs to FOX P.O. Box 20036, New York, NY 10129

FORESKINS WANTED
By hot hung young firm cul man
mild to raunchy scenes. Alex (212) 989-9748

GWM 44
5'10" 160 lbs, brown, blue moustache.
into leather, working out, jockstraps.
7" thick, covered glans. Seeks same for
cock worship. Neil. Box 645. New York
NY 10008 (212) 538-0690

GAY WHITE MALE
Seeks uncircumcised Hispanics or
Blacks w/ heavy foreskins for mutual
fun. Come let me fulfill my wildest
fantasies NYC USA 143

HUNG 9W" AND 6" AROUND
Want to meet well-hung uncut w/ long
foreskin and a good imagination. USA
134

38 YEAR OLD IRISH
6', looking for rich, elderly man
monogamous. I will relocate and be a
honest friend (212) 567-6683

BIG OVERHANG/HARD OR SOFT
Seek serious foreskin game players
uncut or cut. One-on-one or groups
Wm 5'9" 170 lbs. Box 1858 NY, NY
10185

GOODLOOKING GWM
Mid-30s, seeking for same or younger
for casual evening or possible
relationship. Wide variety of likes and
hobbies. Very health conscious.
Hoping for uncut response USA 107

NYC
GWM 6'7" blond, 175 lbs seeks GWM
or light Hispanic males for fun or
relationship. Call (718) 424 1064 or
write Box 535 Elmhurst NY 11373

UNCUT
WM offers and desires friendship
unhibited versatile sex with uncut or
cut any age, any race. Box 115
Jefferson NY 12093

BODYBUILDER SEEKS SPONSOR
33. 5'10" 155 lbs 45C 16A, hung-thick
Seeks older, submissive, generous
sponsor any area. Pix available P.O.
Box 585 Palisades, NY 10964

LEATHERMASTER DADDY
BARBER AND BONDAGE EXPERT
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**B.G. MEAT NEEDS CONSTANT
ATTENTION**

If you can't get enough of the sight and
feel of a heavy veiny prick overhung
with thick folds of juicy skin, I'm the
guy for you. My prize wants to feel your
gagging throat, nose, nozzle and drool
over my long loose skin. I'm waiting for
your greedy service USA 517

COCKY ENOUGH?
You are in-shape, uncut and cocky
enough to be an in-shape cut about it
NYC late nights begin with my call.
Maybe we meet—maybe not. Send
photo/phone to USA 707

8"-6" THICK—BIG VEINS
WM 42 5'10" 162 uncut. 8" 6" thick
big veins, big balls, enjoys hot J/O one-
on-one or group. Nude photo exchange
J.G. Suite F-16, 444 Hudson St. NY NY
10014

HOT MOUTH
For long foreskins likes clean sessions
to work them over. I know how to work
on long or short, thick or slim skins or
those with piercings or phimosis. NYC
avg hunk, 160 lbs, 5'9" brown hair
blue eyes, warm personality. Tony
Collins, Box 8969 FOR Station, New
York NY 10022

FORESKIN: THREE INCHES!
Looking for other uncuts into skin
games. hot GWM 5'6" 130 lbs. 38 nice
body. Photo of foreskin. R.B. 444
Hudson No. 133. New York NY 10014
SEE PHOTO,

PATIENTS WANTED
For medical scene experiments,
foreskin stretching a specialty. Also
complete range of catheters available
USA 179

2" LOOSE FORESKIN
With 4 piercings securing foreskin over
head w/ crossed barbells. well
developed ringed tits. for heavy action
USA 174

PARTIALLY CIRCUMCISED
Long Island. 8'4" cock seeks full
restoration and immediate pre-surgical
stretching by uncut male who seeks
total foreskin care. Call (516) 922-7843

GWM 39
5'8" 130 lbs, dark hair/moustache,
hazel eyes, cut but restoring wishes to
meet men to age 50 in shape please
prefer uncut, especially interested in
restoration experiences. USA 198

UNCUT BLACK OR WHITE
Like to meet other uncut guys (black or
white), who appreciate foreskins
including fondling and chewing USA
196

GAMES & SPORTS
Interested in games and sports
exchanging views on same rather
raunchy. Penname Clipper (as of hair)
Easy going and to know. Photography
USA 193

HOT LUSTY MALE
With 8" of hard uncut cock seeks horny
uncut playmate for J/O. Foreskin
stretching etc. Prefer hairy bearded or
moustached types. No fats, farts or
pant. I'm 6' 160 lbs, and 42 USA 191

LOVE THAT SKIN
I seek a gentleman with foreskin a
good overlap, and good size cock to
meet and get to know more about
foreskin and enjoy it together. I am 45
years old. 6' medium-build

6'2", BLOND, 7"
cut, young-40s, masculine. I'm seeking
GWM or light Hispanic uncut or cut
into docking (718) 424-1064 Box 535
Elmhurst NY 11373

**ORIENTAL? BLACK? EAST
INDIAN?**
Hispanic? Looking for a lover
outside, inside your racial/ethnic
group? Call (718) 426-2288 for free
questionnaire

FAGGOT WITH FORESKIN
27 yrs., good looks, swap photos,
stories, drawings etc. J/O rules USA
522

UNCUT—LOOSE SKIN
I am uncut w/ loose skin
particularly would like to meet 1) cuts
who enjoy foreskins, 2) those who
enjoy daddy/boy fantasies with an
uncut, and 3) young uncuts (but all
uncuts welcome) USA 315

7 1/2" HEAVY FORESKIN
5'10", 145 lbs nice balls nipple play
USA 205

**IF YOU'VE GOT THE UNCURT
BEEF**
I've got the buns. Me 26 5'10" 140 lbs
br/br horny! You muscular hairy,
hung big & thick. Big foreskin & plus!
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NY 10011

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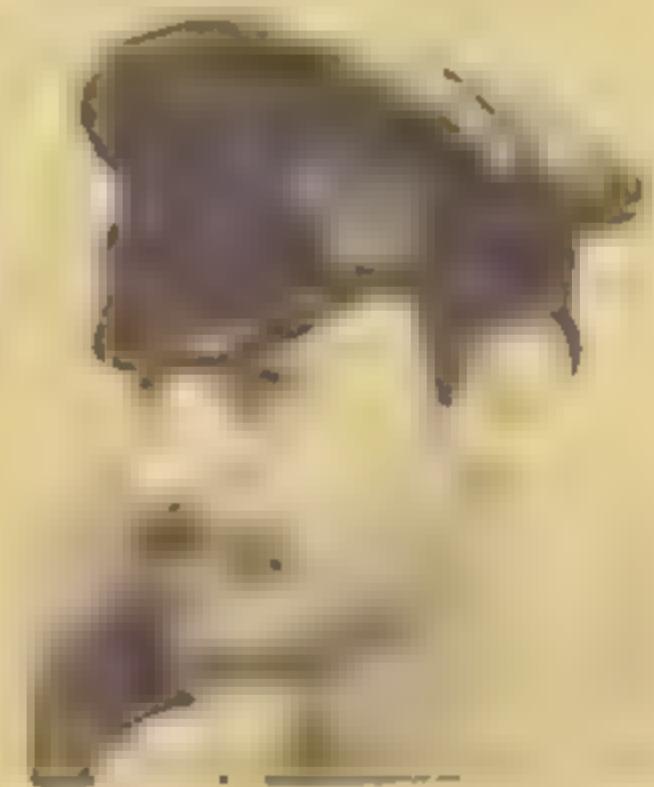
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CHEESE & WINE PARTIES
45, 6'2" hairy tattooed, have super overhang, loaded with cheese. Lower Hudson Valley (NY) USA 206

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
I hope I have got enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried and trained. You will be loved when carried, punished when deserved. But always cared for. You please, a will be to maintain a sound mind and body, and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me and will be a better man and a slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy (704) 865-0883 or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd. #76 Gastonia, NC 28054

WINSTON SALEM
GWM 30 years 190 lbs 5'1" dark hair & beard. He goes to lots of clubs every night. Safe & secure. Seek him. GWMs welcome or friend for whatever you need. USA 2810135 W 14 on Salem NC 28128

BON LOOKING FOR DADDY
Am guy 23 years old. 5'10" slim 130 lbs. hairless body 8" uncut. Am lonely in Jackson, NC. Gr/p Fr/a blond hair/blue eyes. GASE to USA 701

OHIO

DADDY/MASTER

WANTS SON/SLAVE
WM Daddy/Master 38 5'11" 200+ stocky build, seeks son/save for fun and games. S&M B&D TT shaving training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137-LF

OHIO DAD

Old-fash'ned dad over pants down spanking given to GWM under 35. Write: T 8 Box 20358, Cleveland, OH 44120

HOT GUY WITH 8"
cut dick loves to suck and lick foreskin. Can suck my own cock but would rather suck on some overhang. USA 926

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED
from people who are uncircumcised or circumcised any age over 18 weight & height unimportant. R G Bolier 3501 Clinton No 102 Cleveland OH 44113

INTERESTED IN UNCURT WHITE MALES
Hairy plus 18-43 no drugs. Write BH Box 254 Akron OH 44308

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME
uncut 25 seeks friends, lovers, etc both cul & uncul. for friendship romance great sex. Prefer young-looking bi or gay. who digs a lot of skin. USA 210

WRITER WANTS VIEWS
Experiences and information regarding circumcision and foreskins. Confidence assured. Thomas Olsson 3243 Redding Road, Columbus, OH 43221

YOUTHFUL DAD
With versatile clean foreskin worships cum from real circumcisions. Will paddle or cane if allowed. USA 156

GWM 37
6'2", 185 lbs. brown hair blue eyes. masculine and uncut looking for other discreet, masculine, uncut gay or bi who is into uncut phallic worship. Have

the smell of a man's uncut cock along with verbal, uniforms, etc. A photo of your uncut gets one of mine. Men only please! USA 153, SEE PHOTO!

MASCULINE WM

36, 6' 180 lbs. T cut. Fr/Gra/p. seeks single or multi-party meetings with masculine WM in good shape, uncut (hairy a plus). No SM B&D, etc. Blue collar trucker outdoor types USA 142

GOODLOOKING GWM

5'8" 145 lbs. Jock body, 32 inches uncut under 35. Latin or Black and cute. Will be outrageous. Chas. Box 451 Lakewood OH 44107

GWM, 38, 6' 158

Brown/brown Gr/p. Fr a. loves cheesy foreskin. Steve Davis, 848 Brittan Road, Akron OH 44305

GWM, 40s, 6'2", 185

uncut looking for discreet, masculine uncut or cut into uncut. Like husky football player/construction types and cops. Joe (216) 771-7795 USA 640

OKLAHOMA

UNIFORMED BIKER

Enjoys riding dressed in high boots, leather riding breeches & leather police racket. Would like to hear from police motorcycle officers and other bikers into uniform in Oklahoma and North Texas to form a uniform bike riding club. For further information call (405) 353-3426 evenings or weekends 4552-LF

MASTER SEEKS SON SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

2 GWM Master and slave seek permanent no candy cane to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old into all scenes except anal. NO serious injury. Limits respected, but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS FAKES FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone and a recent photo & must. Will answer all. To: S.R. PO Box 23561 Oklahoma City OK 73123 LF4534.

REDNECK DADDY NEEDED

Rowdy NW Oklahoma White boy 31 6'7" 175 masculine, healthy into sweaty armpits, big nipples, tattoos and? Not into FF, scat, heavy pain, fat. Bikers, truckers especially welcome. Box 4639

OREGON

BOOTS & BREECHES

W M 45, rides Harley Police Special and has extensive collection of custom made Dehners & Vogels wants to hear from other serious West Coast collectors. Barry PO Box 06706 Portland OR 97106

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem 6' 178 Photo/age to Box 4507

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for no-strings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Portland, Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455-LF

REGON LUMBERJACK

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM) seeks similar sapien with no absence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull (503) 227-9823

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

GWM 72

5'8" 175 lbs. 6" uncut w/long foreskin. Enjoy ball and foreskin stretching and oral relations. No scat, FF, drugs. Don't smoke or drink. Have nearly bisected gins. USA 157

KINK & RAUNCH IN PORTLAND
Uncut, 40s, slender WM into long WS sessions and? crazy for young slender uncut. Max (503) 248-0899

PENNSYLVANIA

LEATHER IN NEW HOPE

Just moved to New Hope, handsome intelligent 35, 5'10" 170 lbs. bond wants safe sex with leather. Relationship possible. Complete your fantasies and mine. Letters & photos accepted at PO Box 542, New Hope PA 18938-0542

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top. I'm into s/p Fr & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected into bondage, enemas, WS, FF. I'm 40 5'7", 180 lbs. blue eyes cut. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580-LF

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM 5'9" 185 lbs. looking for Master/Topman who is into prolonged bondage with masks, hood, 3' arm, shackles, etc. Boots, uniforms, w/a sports, whipping—you name it. No m's except for drugs & permanent markings. NY, MD, W, VA, VA, DC, PA Area Box 4531-LF

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by MC 1st & 3rd Instructor Basic Training in a strict, safe, professional setting. Will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing, split-shifted military jump boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with the SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRC-PHL BOX 242, Pottsville, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

MASTER WANTED

28-year-old Italian-Arabic bodybuilder 5'10", 180, black/brown eyes, very hairy seeks BB Master into shaving. Call (215) 691-0586

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29 6'3" 220, X-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting, muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to: MASTER PO Box 55, Glenshaw PA 15116 (4484-LF)

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight, appearing good-looking 8" cut, big real men SM CBT, poppers, J/D, Gr-Fr, s/p—rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC PO Box 1454 Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF 4047)

SPONTANEOUS—PHILA. AREA

Italian, young 41, high libido & energetic with muscular swimmer's body, insatiable small ass & 8" thick uncut cock. Mesmerized by friendly, warm, brainy, beastly long & thick uncut (cut welcomed) man to snuggle up to for hours of play & exciting, delightful good times. Fire one's imagination, and all that jazz! Exchange photos. Joe Di Bella, 1415 South 8th St., Philadelphia, PA 19147

ALWAYS LOOKING TO SERVICE
uncut man. Love to tongue those skinheads. Call Darryl when visiting Phila area (215) 849-0905. Men in Phila area welcome too.

FORESKIN LOVER

Want to meet any age, size or shape. Other interests are sports and music. Photo if possible. Discretion assured. Show me your skin today. USA 610

MA GWM SEEKS

young uncut any age. Exchange details by mail. Will Cochran, Box 42511 Philadelphia PA 19101

UNCUT FUCK

WM 5'11", uncut, loves to give head, then fuck my partner. Have 6" too, org asting with know-how. Nude photo & mail USA 280

HARRISBURG/READING AREA

Looking for foreskins in this area for mutual oral and JO action, also playing with foreskins. USA 124

PHILA AREA

GWM like all male equipment we do it to completion rec prota on not necessary. Cleanliness a must. No weirdos, fats, fags USA 161

SEARCHING FOR A HOT DADDY? FIND HIM IN DEAR SIR!

MILKIE?

I like to be on top of my bed partner. SWALLOW SWALLOW and I get sexually aroused by being my long hair all over your asshole. Anyone in the area, please call USA 180

EARTHY-BEXY-OPEN

38 big chested teddy bear with nice cut 7" ass rated by warm mature br. pink, very thick, uncut cuddler. J. Miller 826 Pine, Philadelphia, PA 19107

WILL BUY PAMPHLET

Given mothers on caring for post-birth circumcised penis. Has color photos of proper appearance during healing and after birth and skin tail off. USA 243

BERT/MOEL

'NUMBERS' MAGAZINE
4/82, information wanted. Silo o name? Reply to Boxholder Dave, Box 39087, Holmsburg Sta., Philadelphia PA 19136

RHODE ISLAND

GWM, 29 (BUT LOOKS 30)
Fr-a/p, Gr-p/a looking for both uncut and cul men to the age of 40. I'm 5'8", black hair/brown eyes 200# 8" uncut cock, beard, moustache and moderately hairy. Couples and groups please also write. No SM FF or the like. Write to Joe Cato, Box 95, Woonsocket R 02895

VERY HAIRY (AND I LIKE IT!)
light brown/ash blond hair, br. eyes, 34.54% 140 lbs. Fr-a/p, Gr-p/a. Kissing, cuddling, hugging and making love are super important to me. Send photo of your heavy-duty overhang. Guarantee same day reply. Jim McCroy Box 211 Lincoln, RI 02865

SOUTH CAROLINA

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR LOST AND YOUR HUNGRY

If you are tired of poor BJs and lost interest in looking for a good mouth for your hot, hung, skin-covered dick and are hungry for attention then give me a call. I will treat your dick first-class. Love to do also. Try me—you will not be sorry. I am white. Hot and Horny USA 703

WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND
Or meet men in my area for social events 18 to whatever USA 156

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It's a scientific fact for the major moviemakers: What goes up on the big screen today reflects what was going down in the popular mind about a decade ago. A new male image (as ever, the operative motion focus of the motion picture) was forming around 1975.

He was fairly well self-educated and self-civilized, fast on the uptake, and Watergate/Vietnam cynical—in other words, he knew better than to let the smarts show. He was wary-to-paranoid with flexible standards, selective ambition, narrow commitments, and an expedient morality that I warn't nobody's business but his own. He was almost wholly passive—non-judgmental and non-aligned, without being noticeably anti-social—shielding and controlling an explosive aggression. Neither a giver nor a taker of orders, having experienced at one point or another both total mastery and slavery, he was anti-romantic and would go to any length to hide deep emotional scars. Physically, he was prime, matured beefcake, able to take care of himself or help out a buddy, he had an inscrutable, impassive countenance, fast but not unnatural reflexes, could endure pain wonderfully but did not prefer death before dishonor. He went one-on-one where possible, separated love from lust and vengeance from justice, enjoyed both and could do without either. If not a law unto himself, he was careful not to get caught.

Audiences were primed ten years ago for their arrival *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, *Silverado*, *Rambo: First Blood Part II*. Each unreels around that central male image, familiar not from the screen but from the rudimentary shadow that is just now being concretized.

This time around, the hardening process (thought-onto-film) is not producing cons out of whole cloth in the hero/outlaw mode—Bogart, Wayne, Eastwood or Schwar-

TWO MEN ENTER, ONE MAN LEAVES *Mad Max* (Mel Gibson) and the kids in *Thunderdome*

zenegger. They're something else, these five men, known hereinafter as Max (Mel Gibson), Paden, Emmet and Mal (Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn and Danny Glover), and Rambo (Sylvester Stallone). Whatever the movie time-frame—Future, Past, Present—they are tied to the new image and apparently comfortable with it. This counter-hero inverts the protagonist's role: instead of acting on his environment and making things happen, he reacts. The effect of reaction-acting is not quite the same as film-before. It's more like real life...or what real life would be like if Nature had high production values and lots of money.

The best reactivity is down in Oz, where the radwaste glows and the citizen-survivors of Bartertown imbibe at the Atomic Cafe or glom the gladiators in the caged arena called Thunderdome ("two men enter; one man leaves"). Bartertown is maintained under the uneasy co-auspices of a brazen, glamorous politician, Aunty Entity (Tina Turner), and an under-

ground energy Icar, the brains/brawn team of Master/Blaster (Antelo Rosillo/Paul Larsson), and their mutant minions. It's jazz against pig-shit: who'll break the deadlock? Over the barren, blasted dunes (Australia's opal-mining country, a special effect in itself) strides Mad Max (Gibson, doing his own fancy foot-and-stuntwork). Max is grim and gritty, somewhat mindblown but saner, as always, than anybody else around: just angry as hell and aiming to recover his purloined vehicle. Somebody copped his conveyance. Next thing, his life is on the line, and the line stretches all the way into the land where the Lost Children dwell and dabbles in the dappled sylvan glade a while with a tribe of youngsters (all but one nubile to a fault) before it snaps back to the Great Chase sequence.

Thunderdome risks a change of pace as well as of place and character types (never demeaning stereotypes—a laudable hallmark of George Miller's films to date), from makeshift, noisy,

crowded, smelly urb (where are scratch-n-sniff cards when you really need them?) to rustic idyll and back to the desert raceway/battleground familiar to *Mad Max* and *Road Warrior* fans. The directors, producers and writers took a chance—for my money, a satisfying one that creates new dimensions for their post-apocalyptic legend. (Those who require *Full Speed Ahead* all the time deserve porn loops for breakfast.) The camera goes away and doesn't always come back; the howling, throbbing Maurice Jarre score can still to the eerie no-sound of a moonlit wasteland night; and Gibson carries it off in true Gulliver style: Big or Little, straight or curved, they all want to make a tool of Max, a man who won't be moved or used.

Max is a mysterious, affectionate, implacable object who causes the forces around him to shatter like the monolith in *2010*; were he a classic hero, they would stay shattered. In the new reality, they simply yield and reform out of his way.





"MY GOD, HE'S UNARMED!" Rambo (Sylvester Stallone) claims the only weapon man needs is his brain, he keeps a gun around just in case



AIMING HIGH: Kevin Costner and Kevin Kline prepare for *Silverado*'s showdown

Their outward appearance of purity and innocence is deceptive; they've merely given up expectations and illusions. Their immediate world and personal situations, rather than the men themselves, become role models.

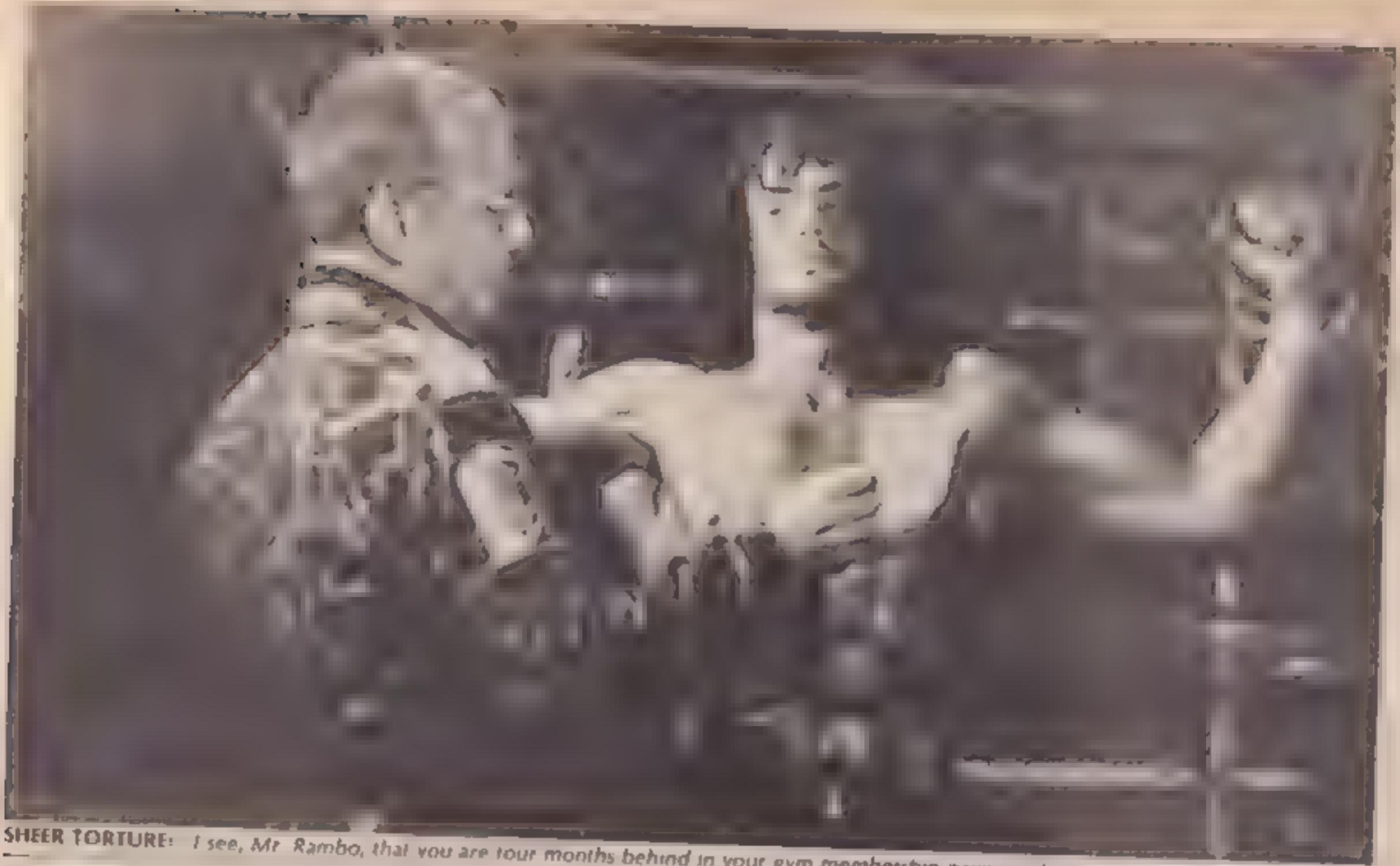
Silverado, a Columbia Pictures release, has a neat Western title, 3½ stars (besides Kline, Glenn and Glover, Kevin Costner comes in late and light as Glenn's kid brother, Jake), and a script spread out all over the wide prairie. Everything's on the surface, and there's a surfeit of it. Three separate storylines tie-up loosely in a final shoot-out in the town of Silverado (an isolated, exposed locale that resembles the quintessential studio back-lot miraculously come to life). But for 4½ths of the longer-than-average picture, the three touch base in totally unrelated scenes—cavalry outpost and wagon train, a brace of homesteads, four family situations and two different saloons (one managed by the classy Linda Hunt who brings enough emotion to the surface with one quizzical lift of an eyebrow to overbalance all the other enigmatic actors combined), two wrong-headed sheriffs (ex-Python John Cleese with

savoir-faire and heavy Brian Dennehy on the down side), three sets of bad guys, a fringed jacket and a set of long johns, a brace of mules and pearl-handled revolvers, a hundred horses (very well sat) and a thousand head of cattle, an offstage dog, a slick gambler named Sick (Jeff Goldblum), arresting arroyos, tumbling tumbleweed, background music that fell out of the wrong side of Aaron Copeland's "Rodeo," two kinds of sister, one father, one nephew, and one straight-faced bromide after another. It's Lawrence (The Big Chill) Kasdan open-ended ensemble that doesn't so much update the "Western" as free it from simple-minded nostalgia. It's easy to watch and bemusing as all get-out.

Paden, Emmett and Mal have chequered pasts and indefinite futures. Rugged, weathered, dust-crusted from boot to cowlick—oh, those perfect capped teeth do stretch one's credulity. There's nought to tell them from potential desperado-hood except for an interesting lie, the one that keeps you watching: They keep hinting at finding a home and settling down—Emmett to the promise of California, Paden to breathe the salubrious stench of the saloon, and Mal to the farming family he left behind (it's invidious to compare movies, but Glover's role here, facing pioneer-style prejudice, is the perfect lead-in to his character in *Places in the Heart*). They maybe even think that's what they want, but it ain't so and you know it. They're just going to touch leather for awhile, rub shoulders in the showdown, and then drift on out over the wide-open spaces.

From the moment Paden soul-kisses his found mount (the rustlers ripped his roan!), Emmett rousts his randy brother from an unjust jail and Mal finds his dad in a bad way and getting worse—all due to the same bad bunch—they're bound to be winners, with nothing left to lose.

Close-ups are on bad-ass beards, bandoliers across the chest and hardware. Where but in the traditional Western can you show off a crotch—from the top of the holster to



SHEER TORTURE: I see, Mr. Rambo, that you are four months behind in your gym membership payment!

its buckskin tie-down around the tight-panted thigh—without a fleshy bulge in sight! It does make the frequent full-screen views all the more disconcerting. The passion-points of *Silverado* are sudden and harsh, dealing only indirectly, and perversely, with sex—a man crouched in a cold creek cradling the corpse of a dead relative; a man torn between strange new friends and a strange new love; and a man suddenly double-rope, spread-eagled between two horses and ridden over by a third. It's too strong a scene to let go of easily. The whole picture seems easy enough to swallow, but slivers of *Silverado* will stick in the craw.

It wasn't what they did; it's what happened to them that counted. They voluntarily relinquished the rights of choice and responsibility, and the vacuum was filled by random chance, so there was nothing to be bitter—or dramatic, for that matter—about.

Rambo is a very attractively done piece of filmwork. The mainstream audience orders and Sylvester submits. There is a universal, predominantly Third World-wide, demand for war-mongering garbage, but the two are not usually so

compatible

Half stud-goat and half boy-nobo, at first take the "new male image" doesn't seem to fit Mr. Rambo; it's too complex and sophisticated a theory for what purports to be a strictly formula character in a one-phrase plot (bring 'em back alive), pushed above and beyond the casting-call of the hoary Hollywood hero.

But he was born and came of age with the others, a victim of the very idols he seeks to protect and project. "Rocky" is a ring classic; he am what he am. "Rambo," on the other hand, needs protection on his fantasy crusade because his dilemma, his enemies, his entire world, simply does not exist. He creates it as he goes, so there is something to respond to. The context puppet-strings show clearly in consistent votes of no-confidence, variations on, "Sir, do we get to win this one?"

Offered the latest in high-tech tactical weaponry, Rambo refuses. "The only weapon I need" he says, "is my mind." (At which point a Viet-Vet in the back of the theatre shouted, "My God! He's going in unarmed"). Actually, Rambo's knife with the serrated edge, as damaging as

a dum-dum bullet, could be the weapon fetish to replace 357 Magnums. But as the body-count builds on all sides, the victory early on becomes a sacrificial slaughter.

Let's face it, it's not the dauntless Reactionary, its his reactive bod. Pick a dozen frames at random and you've got a Muscle-Of-the-Month calendar. They come in ubiquitous close-up, pre-oiled forever slick with rain-forest sweat, streaming down from chiselled cheekbones worthy of Mt. Rushmore to heaving slabs of pectorals, out to spateulate butch fingertips (it's a gym-built physique sporting eyeshadow and exquisitely manicured fingernails, but who cares). He's a wet dream come true for Richard Crenna, playing a sweet-faced colonel who behaves like a parody of a rich and doting, if ineffectual, old queen—and later for Brian Dennehy (who, with Rambo, *Silverado* and *Cocoon* under his belt, is having a well-screened summer), another officer/boss brought low, on his terrified/thrilled way to the same role.

The "torture" scenes are not likely to raise an eyebrow or anything else—it's a bad fake aimed at showing how

stupid Russians and Vietnamese are. He's sunk in gunk scratched on the (dorsal) cheek, and electroded, pants on, in the least intimate and sensitive areas. (Back to *Lawrence of Arabia*, or the first ten minutes of a Charles Bronson bomb, *The Evil That Men Do* or more specific to the Rambo story, several extended descriptive passages in a current best-seller, *The Aquitaine Progression*.) The strength of Hercules, the brains of Pluto and the convictions of Jerry Falwell. Oh, my.

He was a rational being who followed his own logic even when it came into conflict with his own safety or pleasure, never mind anyone else's. He performed as a product of his invented milieu, a well-kept prisoner of an unsafe society in an unreliable world—today he is rough trade being used cinematically to satisfy a public need for rough and temporary justice. He might step off the screen and go home with someone who asked him, for the night, but we'll never know—with this kind of guy it's "two men in, one man out." He may not be a winner, but he's a for-damnsure survivor.

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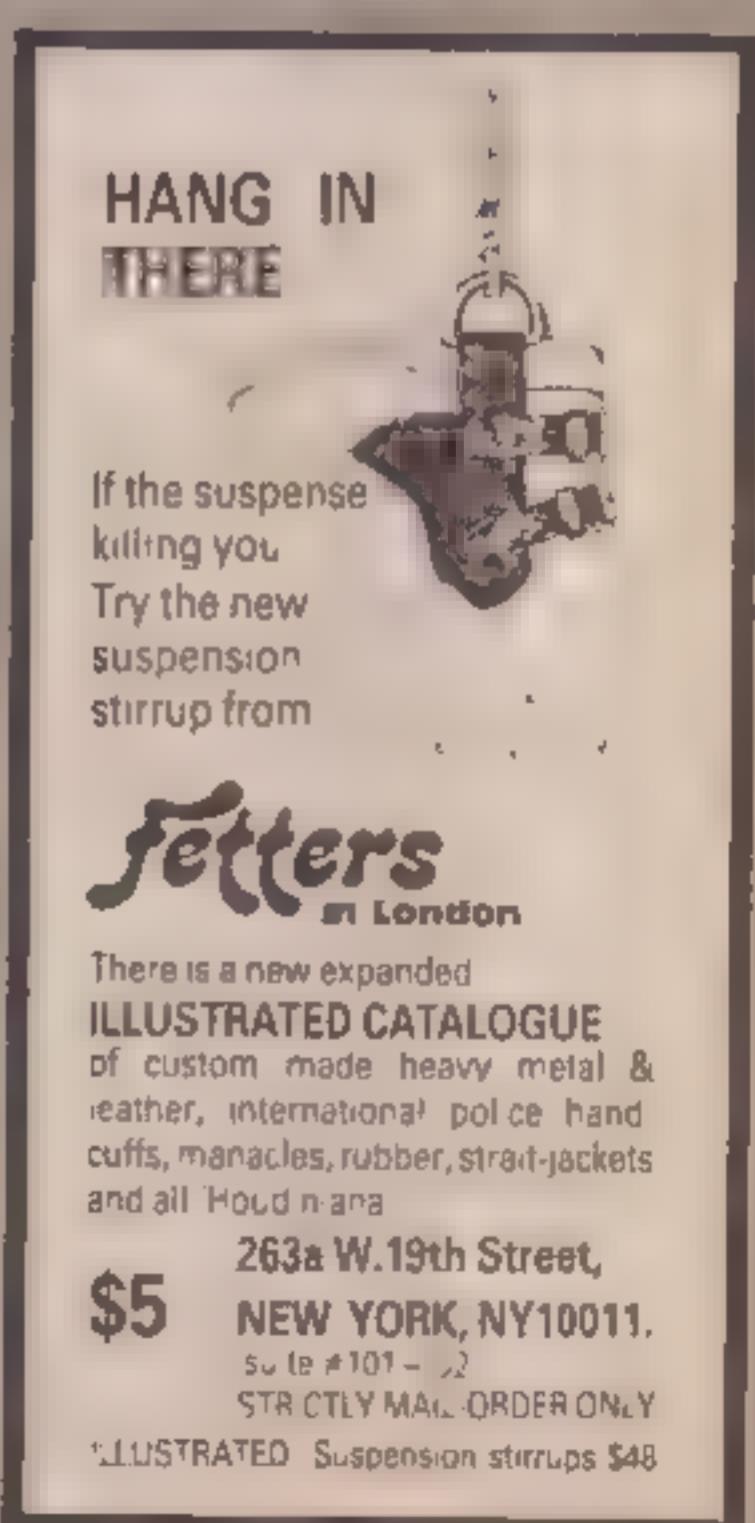
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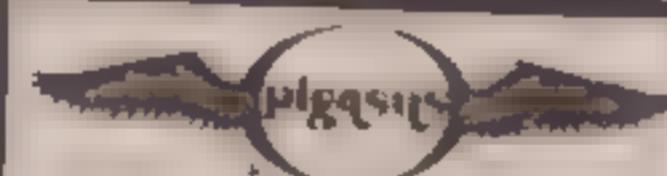
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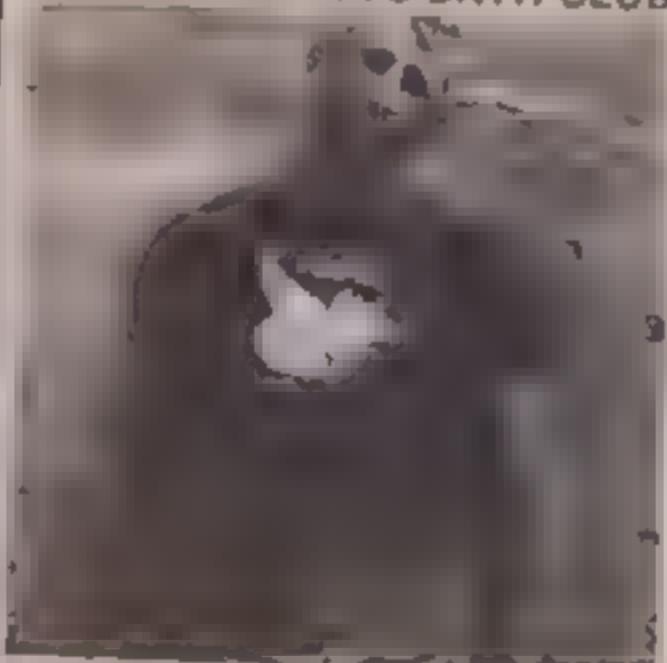
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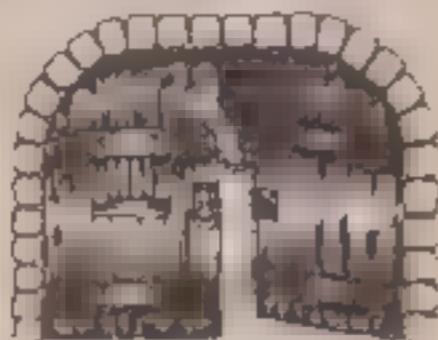
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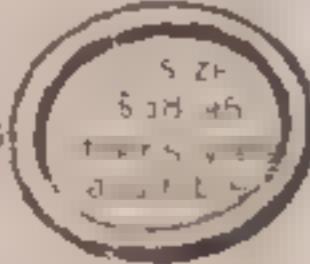


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THE SHAME OF THE NEW YORK NATIVE

The quotations that immediately follow will probably anger you, probably make you shake your head in familiar disgust—you've read this kind of anti-gay harangue before. But I want you to read these vicious words, and try to imagine their source. That may surprise you.

"Nobody I know is advocating criminal sanctions against homosexuality. What those of us who are concerned about homosexuality are advocating is that people who are not already into homosexuality avoid it, and that people in general begin to understand that homosexuality ought to be thought of as an unhealthy way of life that threatens us all."

"...Yet the popularity of homosexuality seems to be growing...Why?"

"People like it."

"This is precisely one of the great dangers of homosexuality. A person tries it and finds that it really gives him far-out kicks. He may achieve orgasms like he's never achieve before. It happens. Then he may come back to it, again and again because it's such a surefire road to pleasure for him...But then he may forget (or never learn) that there are other, more deeply satisfying means to sexual fulfillment. Homosexuality is very like using drugs to achieve a sensation that ought to be brought about by natural bodily processes. The body becomes confused...Finally the psyche becomes confused..."

"As Thomas Jefferson said... 'I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just'..."

"People are dying of AIDS. That must stop. People are dying of homosexuality. That also must stop..."

"How is it to be overcome? That is a question that must ultimately be answered by the 'experts' among us—the psychologists, the sociologists, the political scientists. The rest of us, meanwhile, must fight it as best we can."

"Whatever we do, we can't say anymore, 'If that's what

people want to do, that's their business.' Homosexuality is a far more dangerous proposition than some of us had thought."

You might assume that this odious diatribe comes from a Jerry Falwell pamphlet, or a newspaper column by James J. Kirkpatrick. It does not. Where did it appear? Would you believe in the pages of the *New York Native*, a major gay newspaper put out by the same people who publish *Christopher Street*?

Well—not exactly. Go back to the beginning of the quotations above. Each time it's mentioned, in place of the word "homosexuality," substitute "SM." What you now have is a series of exact quotations from an inflammatory and irresponsible article by Craig Johnson in the July 29-Aug. 11 edition of the *Native*, titled "SM and the Myth of Mutual Consent."

Why have I substituted "homosexuality" for "SM" in these excerpts from the *Native's* anti-SM diatribe? To demonstrate, at the outset, just how deeply author John-

son has assimilated the language and the tactics of our common New Right oppressors, and just how insidiously he has wielded them against yet another vulnerable minority within the gay community.

"I never knew him, actually," Johnson says of Vestri, "but I know if I had, I would have loved him...Such angels do not walk amongst us very often these days, not in this time and place. That is why I mourn."

Thus, robed in black but radiating light, Johnson proceeds to point the finger of blame: Vestri "was killed by a sadist. He was a victim of sadomasochism (SM)." (Again, try replacing "homosexual" and "homosexuality" for "sadist" and "SM." It is most revealing. Remember every headline you've ever read with those hated words HOMOSEXUAL MURDER or GAY PLAGUE.)

Johnson then launches into his attack on SM. "I intend to paint as true a picture of SM as I can. And I mean to show that there is no way this practice can possibly be defended." He then proceeds to reveal his ignorance about the dynamics of SM as it is actually practiced by sane individuals, and to display, again and again, his fearful fascination with SM, or at least his own twisted version of it.

Mutual consent, Johnson tells us, is impossible in SM. After all, "Masters own slaves," and the ideal Master "recognizes no parameters." This is clearly a vision of SM acquired from the realm of hyperbolic fiction, not fact; Johnson is talking about the myth of SM, but his perception is not nearly subtle enough to begin to grasp the dynamic between myth, fantasy and reality—or to under-

stand the infinitely complex bonds of give-and-take that endear a sadist and masochist to one another to their mutual satisfaction. Listen to this

"It is best not to mess with madness. The sadist often doesn't know when to stop. He loses the capacity to stop. The masochist loses the capacity and/or desire to make him stop. People end up in hospitals. Or morgues. Part of the danger and thrill of the game is that the more the masochist begs the sadist to stop, the more he gives himself over to the power of the sadist to decide the boundaries and when to end the game (if ever)"

I'd be curious to know just how much Johnson knows firsthand, about the "danger and thrill" he speaks of with such breathless excitement. Has he himself experienced this unhealthy inability to restrain himself, either as a top or bottom? Has he observed it firsthand in others? Or is this just part of the imaginative, pornographic world of SM that exists in his own head, to his horror and fascination?

Johnson is talking about sexual hysteria and psychopa-

thic behavior, which is dangerous in any form. His argument only makes sense if we allow that SMers as a group are psychopaths, utterly unable to make choices or control their behavior. Further, in Johnson's universe, anyone who might indulge in even the lightest SM is quite likely to instantly lose his marbles and turn into a frenzied, homicidal maniac. It's so simple, you see, to progress from an innocent spanking to cold-blooded murder—in nine quick and easy steps:

"Where do you draw the line? If it's okay to spank somebody if he asks for it, then surely it's okay to whip him, if that's what he wants, isn't it? And if it's okay to whip him, what about branding? What if he wants you to carve your initials in his chest? Why not? What if he wants you to put pins through his nipples or his dick? Shouldn't you do it? If he wants you to cut off his nipples? What's to stop you? To break his arm? That's what he wants, right? To chop off his arm? Go right ahead. He asked for it, didn't he? What if he wants you to kill him?

Where do you draw the line, indeed?"

This is ludicrous beyond belief, made all the more so by the fact that Johnson himself never pauses to answer his own rhetorical questions—"Why not? What's to stop you? Where do you draw the line?" If he did stop to answer those questions, his spiraling, luridly detailed fantasy would instantly collapse. The reason that "you" are going to refuse to cut off some psycho's nipples is because "you" are as sane as I am. I am not so sure about Craig Johnson (who has the gall to assume that you and I just escaped from an insane asylum, or a *Halloween* movie). Would you trust such a man in your bed? The least misunderstood suggestion of pain and—My God, what's to stop him? If Johnson can't answer that simple question, if he has as little judgment as he imputes to us, I wouldn't care to trust him in the same room with my nipples.

(And again, note the odious tactic Johnson employs, his "escalation" theory could as easily be applied to any group or individual he might despise, say, older men who like younger men: "You say you like men who are only 25? Then naturally you'll work your way down to college students, right, and then to high school boys? Why not, if they're willing? And then to adolescents. Go right ahead! And then children, and then infants. What's to stop you? Where do you draw the line, indeed?" Such arguments always reveal more about the people who frame them, and their own repressed desires and fears, than about the target of their venom.)

The ranting and raving continue. SM is identified as "unhealthy," "madness," an addiction, a "virus," a "plague" (directly equated with AIDS, though "in some ways more frightening"). It is linked to fascism. (This idea has of course been explored before, by minds far subtler than Johnson's; he has nothing to contribute.) And in a patently absurd assertion, he informs us that "SM and safe sex are incompatible." Period.

So what is to be done about this "virus"? Johnson declares, "Nobody I know is advocating

criminal sanctions against SM." (Who, then, except Johnson, is bringing up the idea of imprisoning SMers?) Short of handing out prison terms, Johnson wants society to disapprove of SM. If that's all he desires, he has wasted his time in writing his article, the grail was safely on the cupboard shelf long before he began the quest.

But disapproval will not be enough. SM is a problem to be solved, a contagion to be contained and eradicated. (Once again, the anti-gay language of our New Right oppressors.) It is a question that "must ultimately be answered by the 'experts' among us—the psychologists, the sociologists, the political scientists." (Johnson is referring, of course, only to those "experts" who agree with him.) Where have we heard this line before? And where has it led us before? Into the mental wards, the jail cells, the concentration camps, into the closets of self-hatred, because that is where the qualified "experts" said that we—all gay men, all sexual "deviates," all menaces to society—belonged.

Those into SM, says Johnson, must also be isolated and ostracized: "we who believe in genuinely progressive causes should not let them ever trick us into thinking that they are our allies, or into making us theirs. They are our enemies."

SM represents fascism, we are told; yet the insidious voice of Authoritarianism comes from Johnson himself. Throughout, to support his righteousness, Johnson alludes to "authorities in the field of mental health," to an SMer being "in peril of his immortal soul," to the spirit of the Founding Fathers, to the wrath of God; ultimately his entire thesis draws, over and over again, from the language of the religious New Right.

The bottom line: Who owns a man's body? The state, society, God, psychiatrists, "experts"—or the individual himself? I am not sure which Johnson would answer, except that it would not be the individual. "Nobody has the right to grant permission to inflict bodily harm (or verbal abuse) on another human being, even if that other

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Others were big and beefy and liked to carry him on their hips while they walked around, jogging in and out of him. Still others were aging and wiry and knew some weird, far-out tricks to pleasure a guy, always exploring the outer limits of sex.

Scott was performing some raunchy tongue tricks around Fly's crotch that set Fly's tremendous tree-trunk legs to twitching and trembling. Scott stroked the back of Fly's sweat-drenched ass. Then he moved out behind Fly, parted his hard clenched bums and began running his tongue up and down the hair-choked gulch, making slurpy sucking sounds. "You got a river flowing back here," he slavered, his words sounding like farts.

"Hey, baby," Fly cautioned. "Don't forget. You haven't had a taste of my dick yet. Come around here. On your hands and knees. With your mouth open."

"Gobble, gobble," Fly burbled, reaching forward with both hands to grab Scott's ears. Before Scott knew what was happening, his face was being stroked by a hot, bulbous, fist-sized knob, his eyes, nose and ears probed and smeared with pre-come jizz.

"Lick it," Fly ordered, jerking Scott's head back by the ears. Scott's tongue snaked out under that fat head and slid down to the shaft. "Just the head, baby. Just the head, you greedy fucking cocksucker," Fly sneered, betraying his own order by suddenly sliding the whole heavy prong up Scott's streaming cheek, burying the boy's face in his large, furry, sweating balls. He laughed. "Meattime," he sniggered, pulling Scott's head back roughly. "Here you go, dick-lips."

All Scott remembered was feeling something hot and blunt and wet and soft, all at the same time, jam against his lips. He opened his mouth instinctively and found it instantly packed with thick, steaming beef. He gulped and whimpered as the shapely, wedged meal kept coming, driving into his throat. His nostrils flared. His cheeks hollowed. His jaw was forced down to his chest. His throat muscles relaxed and allowed the burping intrusion to pass through into his upper chest.

His entire neck held a solid core of cock. His lips were ground into deep, coarse pubic hair. His nose smashed into a hard, flat, hairy belly. But only for an instant, before his head was jerked cruelly backward, and his strained face made to vomit up the huge invader in its entirety—only to have the madness begin all over again: swallow, vomit, groan, smack, suck, swallow, grip, breathe, snort, moan. On and on it went, the strong hands guiding his head like a puppet, making it bob around the incredible plunging dong, rotating it around his drooling lips, causing loud mud-sucking sounds.

The kid had one talented throat, once you got it opened up. Fly shoved forward with a mighty heave, and sank his leaky pipe to the balls down Scott's soppy, spasming throat, holding it in there, losing the kid's face in his groin. He grabbed Scott by the nose and pinched his nostrils shut. It wasn't really necessary. His gullet was sluffed to the gills. He couldn't breathe that way, anyhow. But Fly had found the nose-pinching trick really scared the living shit out of a deep-throat cocksucker. And what happened next was well worth the effort.

Scott's eyes bugged insanely. His whole body suddenly shuddered violently. Fly watched Scott's neck muscles expand, standing out in great flexed cords. The contraction began in his belly, rolling upward through his chest. His arms flew up in the air, fists balled white. With one unearthly, choking gasp, his insides vomited up the bloated blockage. Fly smiled as his cock shot free of the angry, spewing mouth, and Scott fell against him in a near faint, coughing and gagging, swallowing his own bile that had followed the erection out as far as his throat.

"Why did you do that?" he raged, hiccupping loudly.

Fly's fingers suddenly had a life of their own. They clamped onto Scott's neck and squeezed. Scott began clawing at his body, but it only excited Fly more...those hands all over him...the struggling body beneath him on the floor. For a moment the blinding daze cleared from his vision and he saw Scott's mouth stretched open like a tunnel, his fat tongue

lolling damp and dripping against his perfect white teeth. He lost himself again, briefly, and rammed the terrible swelling of his dick all the way down Scott's throat, trying to tear his tonsils loose and drive them into his belly. Fly fought the faint tugging of the hands on his hips with broad swipes of his arm, and held Scott impaled with the other, palming the back of his head firmly; thrusting brutally. Scott's face was ashen, his eyes bugling...Fly humped like he was inside the elastic resilience of a man's ass...one, two, three times...and drove Scott up into a corner. Fly flexed his mighty legs and pue-driven Scott deeper into the corner. He pulled Scott's throat all the way up on his pecker...it was tighter than any ass he ever had...and gave it one last vicious thrust.

Before Scott could catch his breath, Fly had him flat on the floor. He squatted on Scott's face and watched it disappear into the bottomless crack of his ass. Fly's balls drooled down over Scott's chin. The cheeks of Fly's ass relaxed down over the sides of Scott's head, absorbing it. Scott pummeled Fly's ribs, fighting for air, until the hot, funky darkness of Fly's maneating ass lulled him into a hooded bliss.

Fly's legs hugged Scott's torso, his knees digging into the ribs. He leaned back. His lower legs pinned Scott to the floor like a butterfly on a mounting board. Fly tilted his pelvis and felt his ass splay wider. Even so, Scott was unable to fathom a bottom to the hairy crack hovering within licking distance of his face. His eyes blurred with pain. Fly rocketed forward and braced his weight on his knees, waiting for Scott to figure out what he had to do. Scott immediately lifted his arms up beside his head. Fly leaned back and entombed the kid's head in his humpy butt once again, sitting firmly and snuggly onto the shiny, handsome face, pivoting his shaggy anus around Scott's nose, eating the snorting snoot with his hollow hole.

"Breathe real deep, baby, and I'll give you a whiff of my soul," he groaned, riding the bumps and grooves and curves of Scott's scrumptious head, feeling the hot, swollen lips open wide every time his asshole slid by. Fly mounted the fat ring of Scott's yawning lips and drove his full weight down onto the scorching probe that shot up from their core. His coccyx flattened Scott's nose like a pancake as he rode the ass-eating crater, sucking the erupting tongue deep into his rioting, virgin bunghole. He scooted back onto Scott's numb, punch-drunk nose and rotated furiously. Scott's chin peeked out from beneath the burying balls, and he gasped for air, nearly swallowing the large goose-eggs in the process.

Things were getting tense, but Fly wasn't about to abandon his trapped, struggling pleasure now. He slid further back, melding his crotch to Scott's forehead, rolling his balls up onto Scott's nose, and let the boy drag some fresh air, before sliding back to completely devour the head once more. He bobbed his hips back and forth, pressing down hard on the bucking, yielding face, punishing the pretty proboscis and the leeching maw, even trying to pluck out the eyeballs with his suctioning asshole.

Scott's rigid arms stretched into the air alongside Fly's heaving torso, fingers spread in a desperate signal for help. He was hovering on the brink of consciousness, but was aware of every sensation. He imagined he might suffocate in the heady slough of Fly's steaming ass. He swooned and fantasized his only means of escape to be the brush-covered cave, the entrance to which he was so busily excavating with the shovel of his tongue. If he could just snake his way up inside there...would he be in heaven, or a pile of shit?

Fly's knees slammed into Scott's ribs again and again, sending whoops of broiling, damp breath exploding up into his bowel from Scott's tortured, collapsing lungs. The immense, solid booms of muscle and heavy bone bruised the fragile ribcage to the breaking point, squashing the thin torso and causing Scott's hips to bounce off the floor like a rubber ball.

Fly brought his knees up suddenly, planting his feet flat on the floor, the full weight of his giant body threatening to mash Scott's head like a rotten melon. He bounced forward onto the long, twitching tongue one last time, and squatted deep until

he could feel the piggish teeth nibbling his anus, before lifting off reluctantly and standing up

Scott scrambled from the corner he was rapidly making his new home. He clambered onto unsteady legs, wobbling and careening, feet apart, asshole bared, socking his aching, throbbing cock-pocket back at Fly...wide open for inspection. His arms and upper body fell forward, slamming onto the metal table-top like a slab of cured meat ready to be cut and processed. His knees hugged the outsides of the table legs, sliding forward, forcing his own legs into a painful split, spreading his asshole to the four corners of his mewling, moaning, mindless desire, prattling an endless stream of idiot babble. Was it possible to want something this fucking bad? To be scared shitless and yet be so horny?

A trickle of sweat ran down his asscrack. He shivered uncontrollably. And waited.

Fly propped himself against the wall, shaken. He wiped his face to clear his lust-shrouded senses. Fought to control his labored breathing. And tried to blink some sense back into his shattered reserve. His legs were spread; knees bent slightly. He wanted to shove some of his own fat, that ridiculous wrinkling asshole. Goose the kid silly. Churn his insides. Make those knees jerk up and bang the tabletop. Force the kid to squirm and snarl and plead for it until he was so hoarse he could only gurgle helplessly.

Easy, boy. Easy. He closed his eyes and calmed himself. Two years of lacking this kind of encouragement had taken its toll on his control. He didn't want to hurt the guy. Much.

He risked a peek at Scott's twisted, crouching body. Scott's muscles were swollen taut with the tension of holding such an awkward, strained position. He was quivering so profoundly that the table legs rattled against the tiles. His flawless, tanned skin glistened with a sheen of sweat.

Fly made him wait a full minute longer before he pushed off the wall and headed for the boy.

Scott turned around just in time to see him approaching. The

sight of this outrageously humpy, hairy he-man, his huge hard-on cleaving the air like the prow of a whaler, made him gibber with foreboding. Unbearable pleasure was one thing. Stark raving madness another.

Fly saw the boy's eyes pop out of his head; his mouth drop open. He heard a wailing whine that sounded strangely like an air-raid siren, and enjoyed the boy's struggles to escape. But it was much too late for that. Fly made a big fist with his right hand and thumped the flat of it down hard on the small of Scott's back. Scott's chest and cheek thwacked the table with a sickening splat that punctuated his withering howl with a loud oomph! Scott played dead. It was a smart move.

God, how Fly loved to dog-fuck a man! Standing behind a guy, the full force and range of his mighty body at his disposal, a sophisticated, modern weapon that could deliver a multiple payload, and deploy a dizzying arsenal of clever techniques, supported by an array of shock-value maneuvers. In bed, he often managed to get tangled in the sheets, or drive the guy over the edge of the bed onto his head. But when he bent a guy over something, he would walk it into him and keep right on walking until he had stomped him into the ground.

Scott started struggling again. Fly held him pinned with his fist pressed into the fuzzy, dimpled bow of his back, staring at the hexing, splayed buns...daydreaming. He tickled the exposed crack of Scott's ass with his fingertips, lightly brushing the deep V, and felt the boy collapse into a shuddering resignation. His ohs turned to ooohs! and his legs slid back into a wide split. He lifted his knees up to the table so that only the upper half of his body rested on something solid. His ass jerked back against Fly's stroking fingers, trying to impale himself on one or two. He let himself sliding irresistibly forward onto the razor's edge of going totally berserk, and welcomed it this time with every fiber of his being.

"Lift one leg up onto the table," Fly instructed, calmer now but hornier and harder than he had ever been in his life. Scott did as he bidden instantly. "Now, you'd better get a good grip

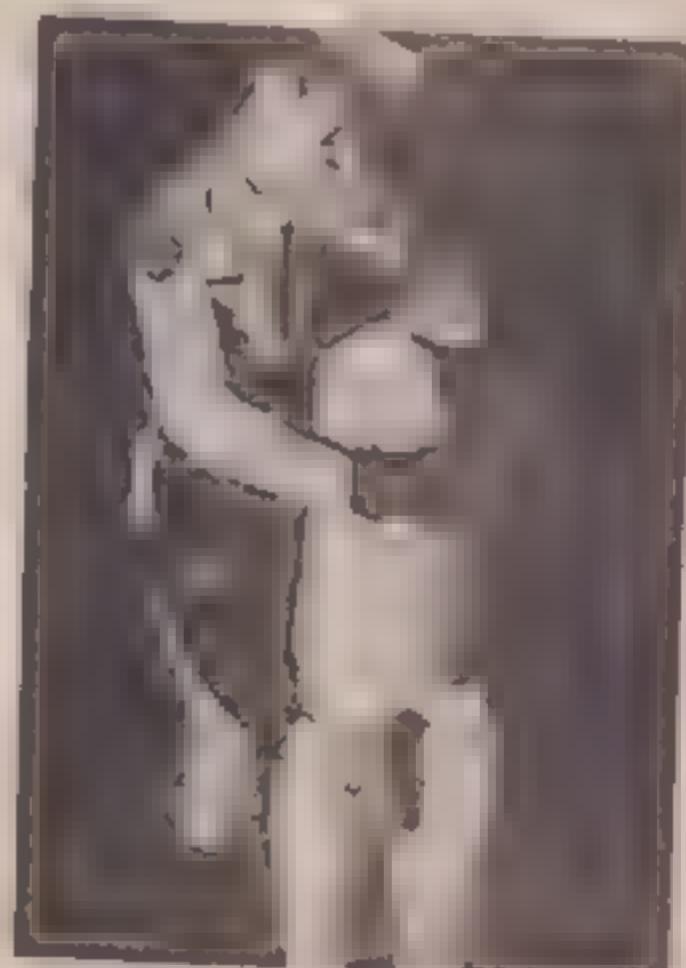
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on the sides and hold on for dear life, kiddo," Fly warned, ranging himself behind his spread-eagled victim, his roaning hard-on bobbing within striking distance of the totally exposed, greasy asshole.

Fly was impressed. "Already lubed yourself for me, I see Smart thinking. But I'd have fucked you dry anyway if you hadn't." He pressed the blunt knob forward slowly and watched it part the pouting lips guarding Scott's tube. Slowly, easily he entered him, hands on his hips, thighs thrust outward.

With a superhuman effort, Scott held himself stock-still. It was just too good! Damn it all! He grabbed the sides of the table tighter. His knuckles were turning white again. Damn! He tried desperately to concentrate on something else. It was a good thing the table had a metal top, or...Jesus! He must have four or five inches of that damnably exquisite pork sunk into him now. His toes began to grow numb. His flattened chest and tits ached horribly. He wondered, if he started barking like a great dane, if he would be forgiven; if he couldn't resist the temptation to arch his ass back and capture all of that wonderful five-pound salami to the balls with his tortured gut. He thought not. He decided to bark anyway. He felt like barking...

"Ruff! Ruff!"

He heard a snide snicker behind him. He was infuriated, but helpless to reply. He didn't want that glow-feeling push to turn into an entrail-wretching withdrawl. Not now!

"Ruff! Ruff!" he barked with more gusto, meaning "More! More! Don't stop! Dick me! Oh, dear God, don't stop now!" he sobbed and begged silently.

The bulbous knob hit an obstruction at seven inches. Fly withdrew slightly, lifted his hips a little and shoved forward again. His cock bent with resistance. He drew back again and, this time, plunged ahead into the clutching damp darkness of Scott's bowel. Scott barked and Fly observed an almost imperceptible shiver travel up the boy's backbone. His dilated asshole was playing a merry tune all up and down Fly's pipeline, massaging the big muscle like an expert masseuse. Three more inches to go. He reached down and tickled Scott's low-hanging nuts, exposed and vulnerable just below his entrenched prong, watching the sack pucker and draw upward into a fat, smooth pouch. Scott grumbled, saying in doggie language that it wasn't fair! In reply, Fly plucked a couple of hairs out of his crotch. Scott growled ferociously, but let out a guttural bark when he felt the brush of Fly's free-swinging balls brush the insides of his legs as penetration was drawing to a hit.

He became silent and absolutely still, but his breath labored with the effort. His face looked swollen and red. He felt like he was going to empty his bladder and bowels. He was sure his nipples were denting the metal table-top. His body was wracked with pleasure and pain. He was hovering on the verge of coming, knowing if he did, it would be all over. He bit his tongue until his eyes watered and his ears rang. The last inch was sliding home. It was bumpy and hairy and wrist-thick. Fly's large, velvety balls were flattening into his boiling crotch. Oh how he loved the feel of a real man's balls there—had so often fantasized about having another great big hairy set of balls transplanted there, just below his asshole, to play with and empty out through his asshole in long, squirting gushes, coming like only a man could. He howled and barked as Fly's wide, furry bush ground into his ass, and the insides of his legs were packed with Fly's nuts. Penetration was complete, and Scott barked and barked and barked, half-whimpering barks. His whole body twitched and trembled uncontrollably.

Fly stroked his hands over Scott's full loins. "I know how you feel, sweetheart," he soothed. "Stuffed, huh? You got a big bellyful and can't digest it. I can feel your asslips smacking like the cat who just swallowed the canary. I ought to pull it all out and start over again," he laughed. Scott yipped feverishly, his ass muscles clamped around Fly's cock like a vice, sucking it deeper still, determined to never let it go. Fly felt his balls draw up with the sucking pull, the ravening hole inhaling part of his ballsack. It was a feeling that always drove him wild. A hot, packed pocket trying to swallow him balls and all. He lifted onto

his toes and, reaching down under his balls from the side, poked as much skin from his distended bag into the engorged ass as possible.

"Relax!" he shouted. "Open up! Suck! Relax...Suck some more!" He grabbed one of his big goose-egg nuts and shoved it at Scott's hole. He pried at the opening with his remaining fingers, trying to open it up. He jammed his hips at Scott. He had three fingers in Scott's ass now, under his cock. He pulled down suddenly with one mighty yank of his arm, then using his thumb, scooped first one ball, then the other into the yawning gap.

For one unbelievable, magnificent moment he had done it! He had crammed it all up someone, made him take it all—cock, balls and all. He let go with his fingers and felt the greedy assmouth close behind his balls, hugging him snugly like a tight cockring, before he felt it burp and spit him out one ball at a time...plop, fart, plop. His balls were slick with rectal mucus, and the cool air hitting them made them contract and shift and roll between Scott's quaking legs, whose ass muscles continued to suck at him, tugging gently at his roiling bag.

"I'm going to fuck you now. Put your other leg on the floor. That's good. I'm going to pour some long, easy strokes into you. I don't want you to move yet. When you feel like you're going to blow it, I want you to hustle your butt up onto the table with both legs, knees spread wide, your ass hanging over the edge. You won't start coming until you're in position. Then you'll spend your entire orgasm in that position. When the last spasm has passed, you'll climb down again and stay that way until you feel another whump hit you. Before I'm through with you, you'll have ridden that table so often your knees will be raw. A little something to remember me by, baby. Oh, yes. I almost forgot. When you crawl down off the table after the first time, you can join in on the action. We won't get so carried away that we'll stray too far from the table though, will we? I wouldn't want you to break a leg trying to scramble back up there. Then you'd have to hop around on one leg until I was finished with you. Bark if you understand!"

"Whuff! Whuff!"

"Good boy."

If anyone had happened to pass through Scott's backyard at this point, they would have heard a mad cacophony of batfling noises emanating from the house. Dogs, wild and tame, barking. Wood screeching over ceramic tiles. Sharp, wet, smacking sounds...

After the second or third climax, Scott lost track. All he could remember was that he never did come down off the table again. His body convulsed. He rode the table like a pro jockey as Fly continued pumping at his humping, jumping ass. The table-top became enslimed with hot, sticky cum, and Scott slid around in the stuff like a greased monkey. Eventually, the table rammed into the far wall of the kitchen. The next solid thrust from Fly sent Scott gushing forward. His head slammed into the wall. Fly followed after him, right up onto the table, never losing a stroke. They were both on the table now, and Scott started to climb the wall. Literally. After several more pistonng thumps they were both up against the wall; Fly straddling the table, Scott impaled on his lap, clawing at the wall higher up.

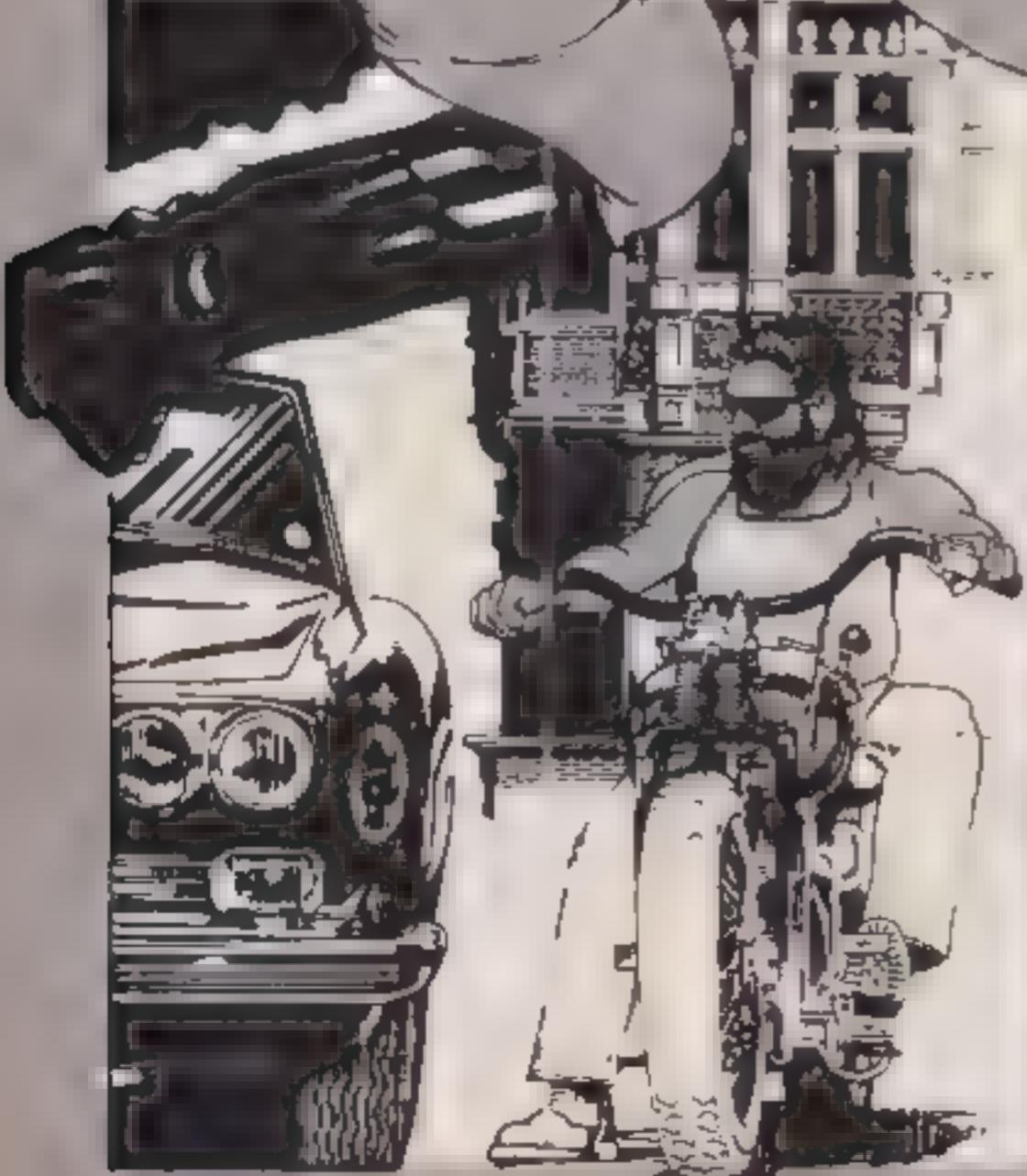
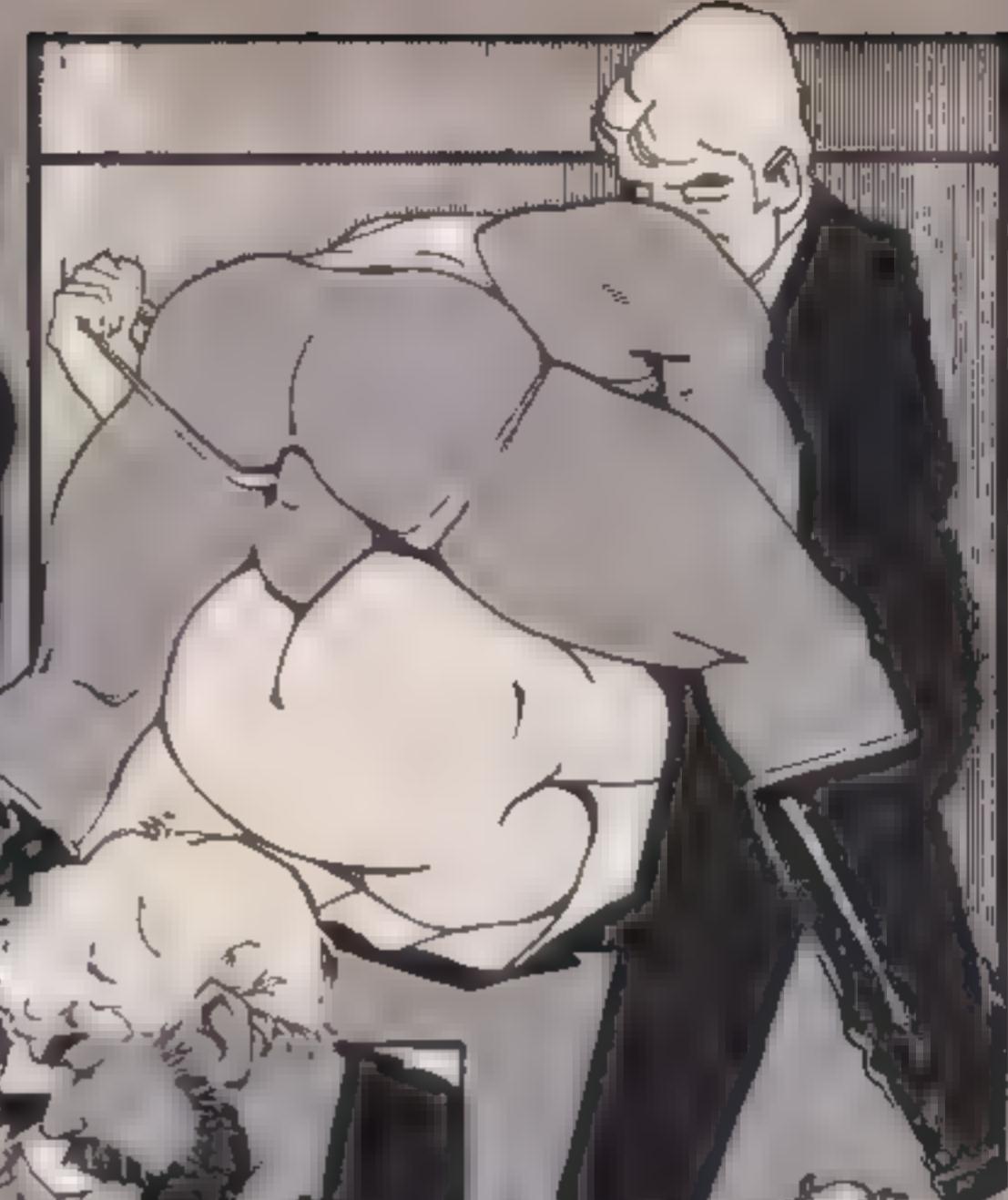
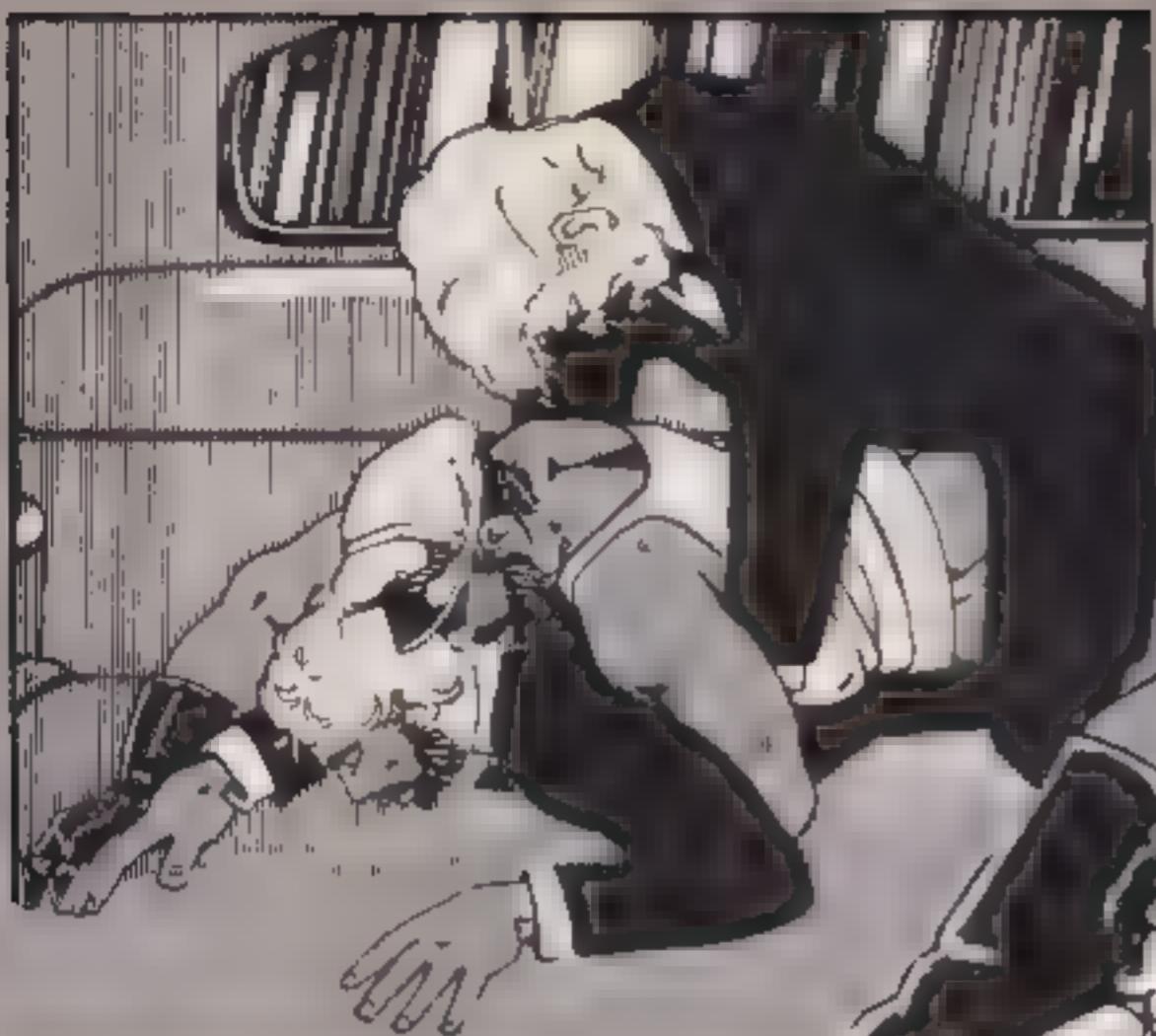
"Where's that bowl of cake mix?" Fly croaked, approaching his end. Scott barked and pointed to the counter next to them. Fly grabbed Scott by the waist, lifted him way up and down on his long, swelling cock several more times, then pulled him completely off it. He lifted him up in the air and sat him down on his feet to one side. Then he very casually reached for the bowl. Giving his pulsing dong a few more strokes with his fist, he began shooting his wad—into the bowl of cake mix. He came long and hard, covering the top of the mix with rich, creamy goo.

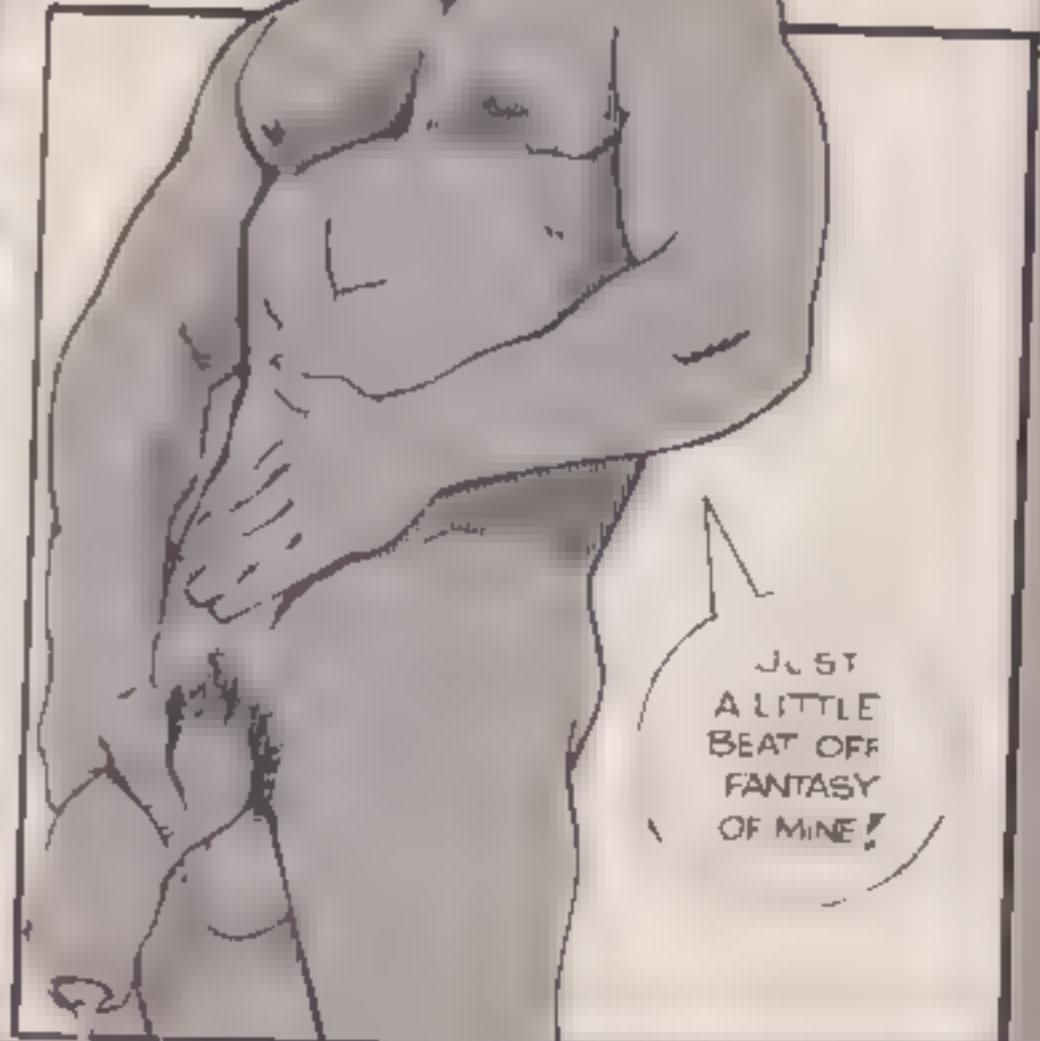
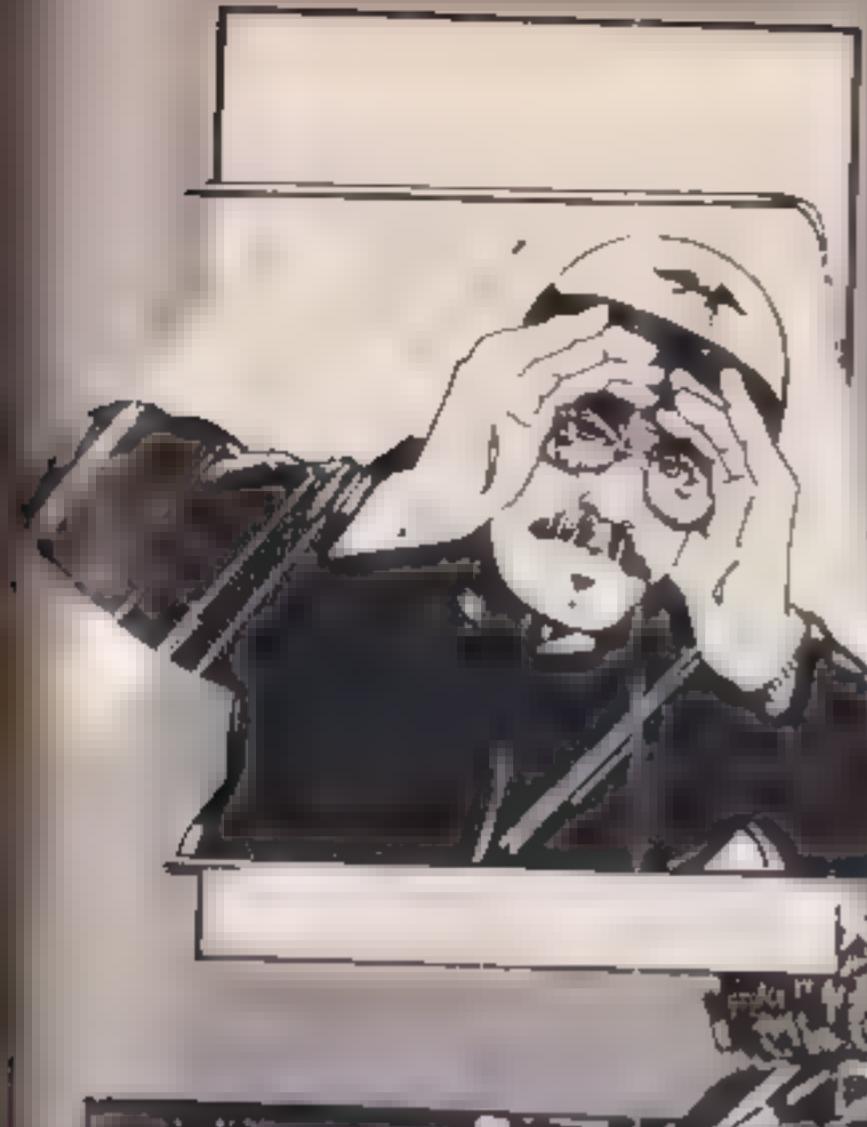
When he was through and had squeezed out the last stringy goobers into the bowl, he got up and silently dressed. As he left through the backdoor, he turned to Scott and said:

"Eat hearty."

(To be continued) □







JUST
A LITTLE
BEAT OFF
FANTASY
OF MINE!



SAFE SEX SLAVE SCHOOL

by Max Exander

My name is Chad. Six months ago I underwent a very special training. My Master, who was new to me then, said that I was worth his time, but he recognized trouble ahead unless we resolved some potential pitfalls. So he sent me to a week-long training program at the "SafeSex SlaveSchool" in San Francisco.

But first I must backtrack. There came a time when I began to wonder: Would I ever take a lover, find a Master? It seemed for the longest time that I couldn't connect, couldn't find the sadomasochistic relationship I dreamed about. Eventually it happened that I met Sir Dennis (he prefers "Lord Dennis"), but I also wondered: What manner of sex would we have?

That time of wondering and discovery came in the winter of 1983, that period of transition between the dinosaur of extreme brotherly love which some call promiscuity and the dark, uncertain future. For so long, as I wondered and waited, the notion of a relationship had been confusing and uncertain—for were we not, at all times, forging many relationships of every kind, these Friday and Saturday nights when nothing mattered but instant physical satisfaction? To take a lover, to find a Master—one single man—and to explore not the outside, but the inside—this was not on the agenda that winter.

But when the warning of disease and the abandonment of the baths left one deserted in the night upon which we had all

depended for love, one sat quietly at home with the pages of Drummer open to the yellow ads, reading them—scrutinizing them—but never picking up the phone or writing a letter. Confusion reigned and uncertainty triumphed as I breathed over those ads and those photos, my hand stroking my cock, my mind dragging those leathermen off the pages and bringing them to life in my room, where they bent me over, rammed their cocks up my ass, pinched my tits, ordered my about, and forced me to drink my own cum before they would retreat into those pages, now closed, their edges ruffled with moisture.

That prevailed throughout that transitional winter, but last spring—it was really early summer—I sat down at Hamburger Mary's South of Market in San Francisco, and, with my friend Edmond, confessed through tears that I simply could not live another day without getting strung up, worked over, and used.

"You're a mess," Edmond said to me that warm June evening. "Like everyone else in this town—and in New York and Chicago and god knows everywhere I think—you think your life is over because of this disease."

I nodded. He was right. My life was over if I had to keep living on a tightrope of virtual celibacy. One can go to the gym only so long. I picked at my burger and pushed potato salad around on my plate with my fork. I noticed that the tongs were bent.

"Well, it doesn't have to be like that," he was saying. "Not at all. Look, I went through the same thing..."

I interrupted him: "Look, Ed, if you're going to tell me about safesex and masturbating over the phone or joining a jackoff club, forget it. I want real sex."

We were silent for a moment, as silent as we could be. The sound system blasted Cyndi Lauper at us. I observed two happy leathermen enter and sit down, their leather creaking as they moved past our table. Their smiles irritated me. Were they going about their business as usual? Had everyone else decided to risk everything and just go on?

"I am not going to tell you to jerk off over the phone," Edmond said. "Although it's not a bad idea to let off a little steam...but that does tend to get the handle on the phone kind of sticky."

I did not laugh.

Edmond composed himself. "Okay, Chad, out with it. What do you really want?"

I shrugged my shoulders and cocked my head as if suddenly interested in the new song by Prince that had just come on.

"Chad!"

I looked at Edmond. "You know, I was just telling you I want the old days back. I want to go out and get fucked and whipped and all of that. But I guess I do want to find one Master to do it on a regular basis. I think I do...I don't know, I'm confused."

Edmond smiled. "Try to figure it out some more. Keep talking."

"Well, I guess where I get confused is this: I've always wanted to have a real SM relationship, but until recently, that didn't seem necessary, because there was so much to do—The Cauldron, the Slot, the Catacombs, Animals, Sunday afternoons at the Eagle. But always in the back of my mind I have to admit I was looking. Then the health thing started, and it seemed like the hole thing was useless. Now I'm feeling like I have to find a Master and get a relationship, but even if I did, what could we do? I just don't feel it's safe. But it's the only thing I want."

Edmond was nodding his head, sympathetic and understanding. Our waiter brought cups of coffee which steamed and sloshed onto the table. We poured swirls of cream into them. My appetite returned. I finished my burger and potato salad and started on the coffee. Even with the cream, it burned the tip of my tongue.

"I understand what you're saying," Edmond said. "But the first thing we all have to remember is that part of growing up is realizing that there is a certain degree of risk in our life. Period. Next, we have to decide what is an acceptable degree of risk when it comes to this health crisis. If you don't care, then don't define it. But you're telling me that you do care, but that you're

just too confused to work out your own definition of what's acceptable and what isn't."

I was working on the hot coffee, blowing across the brown surface, watching it ripple. My full attention, however, was on Edmond. I suddenly felt as if I were in the middle of a therapy session—without the sixty dollar fee. I thought about Edmond for a moment, remembered how we had met three years ago in the laundromat, folding sheets. At first we were fuck buddies, then good friends, still close. Edmond was bright, too smart at times. He was a master craftsman at thirty, creating highly stylized furniture pieces in his loft off Folsom Street. He was small and compact. His eyes were blue intense, his moustache soft sand. He wore a T-shirt that said "This is not a dress rehearsal."

"So," he was going on, "it sounds to me like what you want is a relationship, with heavy, hot sex—you as a bottom, a slave. But you don't want to risk your health."

I shrugged my shoulders. "That's right."

"But you think to yourself 'I have to offer a Master my body to use the way he wants to.' And you're right, that's it. So you need to do that safely."

I shrugged my shoulders again. "Sure," I agreed. "But I don't get it, only because that's just too much to ask—to find a Master, to get into a relationship with him, and to do it some new, safe way . . ."

He shook his head and cut me off. "It's not hard at all. It's not asking too much. Guys do it all the time."

"But . . ." I started to protest, but he went on.

"Your problem, Chad, is that your head is blocking it all up. You know what you want. Go find it. Make the decisions you're making and then turn the fucking inner dialogue off and go do it. Just stop chasing your inner feelings around in circles and be done with it."

I didn't say anything. I was attracted by the advice, particularly about turning off the inner dialogue. Ed was right—I'd been chasing myself around and around, trying to figure out what to do. What I hadn't tried was precisely what he was suggesting—to turn it off and take action, to stop thinking and do something.

W

e didn't talk any more that night. After dinner we had walked down Folsom Street, irritated that the warm June day had yielded to the chill of San Francisco fog. For the next two months after that I started to go out again, in the evenings. I would put on my leather, wrap a leather strap around my right arm, and frequent my favorite bars: the Detour on Market Street, the Brig on Folsom, the Eagle on Harrison. Slowly it dawned on me: I had been in a state of something akin to shock for about a year. Fear had made me withdraw, when withdrawal was unnecessary, even counterproductive. Those summer nights on Folsom Street again—strutting in leather, listening to the roar of motorcycles, enjoying the muscles on display in those hard bars—came back to me with the force of remembered pleasure, a security in habits that had been, and were once again, sources of profound pleasure in the company of a community of men I truly loved.

I realized that I had my life back, that life I had chosen and come to San Francisco to lead, a life of perfect balance which included leather, slavery, and horniness. And I was not the only one. Other men whom I had not seen for awhile were back—safer and wiser—but back nonetheless. And the mood was changed, subtly in some ways, such as the relaxed tempo of evenings at the Brig, the high pressure relieved by responsibility and respect. Communication—which had always been at a minimum—was now absolutely necessary, and it fostered a new attitude, a feeling of masculine serenity in stating desires, making terms, and sticking with them.

It was in that context I met Dennis, the friend of a friend. It





was late July, a Sunday afternoon at the Eagle. He took me home, stripped me, and worked me over, finally jacking himself off onto my chest and then using his slick semen to jerk me to climax, my lips whispering fantasies: "...to fuck me up the butt and make me crawl across the floor dragging weights from my tits and my balls just to get within sucking distance of that big thing...oh god and make me take it everywhere you want, in every position...giving me to your Master friends for a fuck toy and making me beg for everyone to torture my cock and tug on my balls..." Until I shot my load across the floor

The "relationship" was much easier than I had thought. Nothing happened. No contract was drawn, no agreements made beyond simple resolutions like "I'll call you tomorrow" or "We'll get together Friday night." One date led to the next, and within a month we both knew that we were having a relationship, as simple as that

But there was trouble, and Dennis was more aware of it than I. For my confusion—though intellectually confessed to Edmond and myself—persisted in our actual sessions. I begged and pleaded—as part of my submission and verbal fantasy—for Sir Dennis to fuck me, to piss in my mouth, to let me drink his cum and prove our connection. Yet he steadfastly refused to do this. We practiced safesex SM by default—through his choice and my deprivation. The stronger I became attached to him, the more I wanted what my mind called "real sex"

Finally, one day in early September, a hot, true summer day in San Francisco, the air hazy and the light harsh, Dennis refused to beat me, refused to tie me up and use me. "We have to talk," he said, and we drove to the beach to walk in the cool surf

We pulled off our shoes and rolled up our jeans and walked along the beach, our toes digging into the wet sand, our feet sinking a couple of inches before the next step pulled them up and set them down again, the cold saltwater rushing in, swirling around our ankles, then retreating again

"What's wrong, Sir?" I asked

"You tell me," Dennis said

But I couldn't answer. I was too afraid, afraid that this was already the end, that I was about to lose him for some reason. In defense, and in romanticism, I etched the scene in my mind. The two of us walking up the beach, the Cliff House far ahead, the glaring ocean at our left, the ugly beach to our right. We walked along the barrier between sea and land. Large Mexican families sprawled across the bright beach towels, radios blaring, open bags spilling potato chips onto the sand. A black couple waded in the surf, the woman shrieking "But it's too cold!" while her boyfriend pushed her further into the water. A wind that was neither warm nor cold blew past us. I had to turn my head just right in order to hear

Finally I said: "I don't want to lose you already." Tears came to my eyes

Dennis looked shocked. "Lose me? Oh, god, man, you've got it all wrong. No, no, no, stop that. That's not what's going on at all

I took a deep breath and felt wonderful. The great Pacific Ocean curled around my ankles and tickled my toes again. Happy people sat in the sun, contentedly reading fascinating novels

"Then what is it?" I asked

"It's the safesex," Dennis said. "You know we're having it, but I know you want something more. You feel incomplete without it, don't you?"

I started to shake my head. "No, of course not, it's just fantasy, that's all..." But my voice betrayed my deeper feelings, and I decided to be honest. "Yes, no...well, you're right. But don't you figure it's okay now? I mean, it's just the two of us. I'll accept the risk, really I will."

Dennis shook his head. "No, I won't. I can't. It's not just you we're talking about. I want to let the leather do the touching—if you'll excuse that!—but I can't fuck you or cum inside you or do piss. I just won't do it."

"But..." I said, but I stopped. I didn't know what to say. We reached the cliffs and looked up at the ugly buildings above us.

Dennis shook his head and said he didn't know why they didn't tear it down and reconstruct the beautiful old gothic Cliff House. We turned and walked back the other way.

"Okay," I said after a few minutes. "I'll stop saying those things out loud."

"That's not enough, babe," Dennis said. "I don't want you to be suppressing yourself either. I want to send you to slave training school."

My eyes widened. "Slave training school?"

"That's right."

"I don't get it. That'd be even less, with other Masters? Like the old Compound?"

This is a new one. It's a safesex slave training school. It takes a week. They train you to be safesex slaves, to serve safesex Masters. By the time you come out, you'll be so thoroughly well trained you'll beg for me to wear a rubber, you'll be begging for caution and respect. Are you interested at all?"

My dick was already half hard. Part of me loved the idea of the training (I had always wanted to go into the Compound, but never had). Part of me loved Dennis so much I would do anything he wanted to. "Yes, I'm interested," I said. Dennis had seen the lump in my jeans grow into a long bulge.

"Good," he said. "Arrange your vacation for next week. I already reserved your space for the mid-September training session."

I nodded. My dick was completely hard. Dennis took me home and whipped me until sweat poured from my body, and, for the first time in my life, I came without touching my dick.

T

hat is the background for my story. The week which followed that conversation on the beach was filled with preparation. I arranged for a holiday from the office, and Dennis arranged my entrance into the school, though it was extensive. I had to go through two interviews, and those fuckers even wanted a "Statement of Purpose" like I was applying for graduate school or something! Here's what I wrote:

Sirs, I am a slave with a new Master. To me slavery has always meant serving my Master in order to satisfy his big dick. Usually this has involved submitting to his orders and taking his sadism until we were worked into a fever of lust that ended with the satisfaction of his big dick, most often shoved up my greasy ass and pounded there until it filled me with hot cum. But my new Master—and the new ways we're all thinking about now—makes me need your training facility, in the arts of safesex slavery. Please accept my application, Sirs, for the power of slavery is something I can't abandon, but neither will I submit myself to the old ways. I know there has to be a way to do it—to be a hot obedient slave without enduring any risks to either of us and I beg to be trained in these methods.

I was accepted, of course, and the next weekend, on Friday at midnight, I was blindfolded by Dennis, put into the pickup, and driven somewhere in the city. I don't know where. I suspect that we were somewhere in the deep South of Market, but it may have been Potrero Hill or even Hunter's Point. I can't be sure, because Dennis drove around and around, turning this way and that, until I lost all track of where we might be, until I began to feel a little bit like I was being kidnapped.

When we finally stopped, Dennis told me to strip before getting out of the trunk. I did, pulling off every piece of clothing, my eyes still blindfolded. I was seized by foreign hands then and led through the chill evening into what I saw was an immense warehouse, converted into a palace of SM dungeons, rooms, showers, and other necessary facilities.

The first thing I was told to do—and I guess there were about five men giving me orders, Dennis among them—was to display myself to them. They instructed me in a ritual of display which I learned and was often required to perform. I had to turn my body around fully three times, so that whomever was there





could see everything I had. Then, after the three turns I was to reach up and pinch my own tits, first the right, then the left, enough to give myself a hard-on. Then I was to lift my cock and balls in my hands as though offering them to my observers. Then—and this was the most humiliating part—I had to slap my own ass, once on both sides, really hard, hard enough to make a loud crack and leave a red mark. Then I was to finish by bending over and spreading my ass cheeks apart so that my asshole could be observed, keeping my legs apart so that my balls dangled vulnerably between them. Then I was to remain bent over like that, legs apart, and to grab my ankles and remain in that position until given orders.

That was taught to me in the first evening, and we were all required to do this, sometimes many times a day. After that first instruction session, I didn't see Dennis until the graduation ceremony the next week. I was on my own, though I never feared. The safesex Masters were horny and kept me safely on my toes all week.

You never knew what to expect after displaying yourself to them. Sometimes it was a sudden slap, or a lengthy whipping. Sometimes a finger would be shoved up your ass, or a big greasy dildo. Whatever they wanted you to do, they'd just order, and you had to do it, or else you'd get the strict discipline, usually to be tied up spread-eagle in one of the large "Discipline Chambers" always filled with tops and bottoms in various stages of disciplinary sessions, and they'd let the guys in the room think up your punishment as they went. If some guy wanted to see my balls stretched really hard, maybe with weights hung from them or with an ace bandage constricting them, then that's what they'd do. So you'd be hanging there naked, and all these guys—anywhere from five to twenty of them—would dream up these tortures. Once, my discipline went on for about three or four hours nonstop! They tied me up and made me beg for every punishment they dreamed up. This one little slave said: "I'd like, Sirs, to see his tits hanging heavy with weights." So the Masters made me beg to have that done. Then another guy said he wanted to see me spanked hard with a paddle, so that he could watch the weights hanging from my tits bounce around, and they made me beg for that. But another guy interjected his idea that it would be more fun to watch if they could see weights swinging around from my balls, too, so I was made to beg for that. Then they had me all tied up and begging for these tortures, and I had heavy weights swinging from my nuts, and then they each took turns whacking my butt with this wide leather paddle they had, which set the weights to swinging and bouncing around.

Anyway, we learned a lot about torture from our Masters, and humiliation as well. But there was no structure to the training, unlike what I had expected. I suppose that the lack of structure was actually a structure in itself. What they did was to keep you guessing at all times, and it was a constant series of completely different things, over and over, to the point that you remained in a continual state of horny readiness. And gradually, the message sank in—you were having the hottest slave session of your whole fucking life, completely free of worry or concern over health risks. As that reality settled in, you became exultant at the new world which opened up for you—to be a hot, hot slave enduring heavy SM sessions with a clear, unfeared mind, an open conscience. It forced you to make an ultimate surrender to them—that of your worry, your fear, your panic. Without fear of the darkest kind, you could trust your Masters completely. You could really give yourself to them. . .

They especially emphasized humiliation, making a slave jerk himself off in front of a group of Masters, ordering you to tug your own tits and stick a big dildo up your ass and ride it while they jeered and laughed and jacked themselves off. Then they'd let you cum in your hand and order you to drink your own cum, the only safe cum, they called it, and lick the mess off your hand.

They taught me how to please a Master without penetration, surely the crux of the training for me, finally relieving me of my

fantasy which conflicted with my will. But twice—and this is curious, because it shifted the issue of penetration to the very heart of the matter which was simply the problem of bodily fluids—twice I was allowed to get fucked by a huge Master with a huge cock in a rubber. Their position was that fucking a slave was a special rite to be reserved for only the most intimate Master-slave relationship, once the slave had earned the right to be safely poked and used, but the utter masochism of it was the barrier of the rubber. So you could have your cake and eat it, too, I guess. I was never to have my Master's unsheathed cock in my ass. Well, that was one Master's version, the one with the ten-inch monster who fucked me first. The second fucking was different, a really thick cock, sheathed in glistening flesh-colored rubber. Man, I had to lick that shaft and those low, heavy balls until the whole monstrous arm of a dick was throbbing and needy. Then I had to beg for the privilege to be fucked by a Master with a rubber on. That really turned me on, getting fucked like that. The utter caring of the Master, coupled with the freedom of conscience, transported the safesex slaves into unbearable ecstasy.

O

ur "graduation ceremony" lasted for two days straight through the final weekend of that week. It was one huge safesex SM orgy. There were twelve slaves and twenty masters. We were together in the largest hall in the place, completely outfitted with baths, cots for resting, a kitchen, low lighting, and furnished with racks, chains, whipping posts, sex toys, manacles, etc. We slaves were kept naked the whole time, except when leather items were required to be worn.

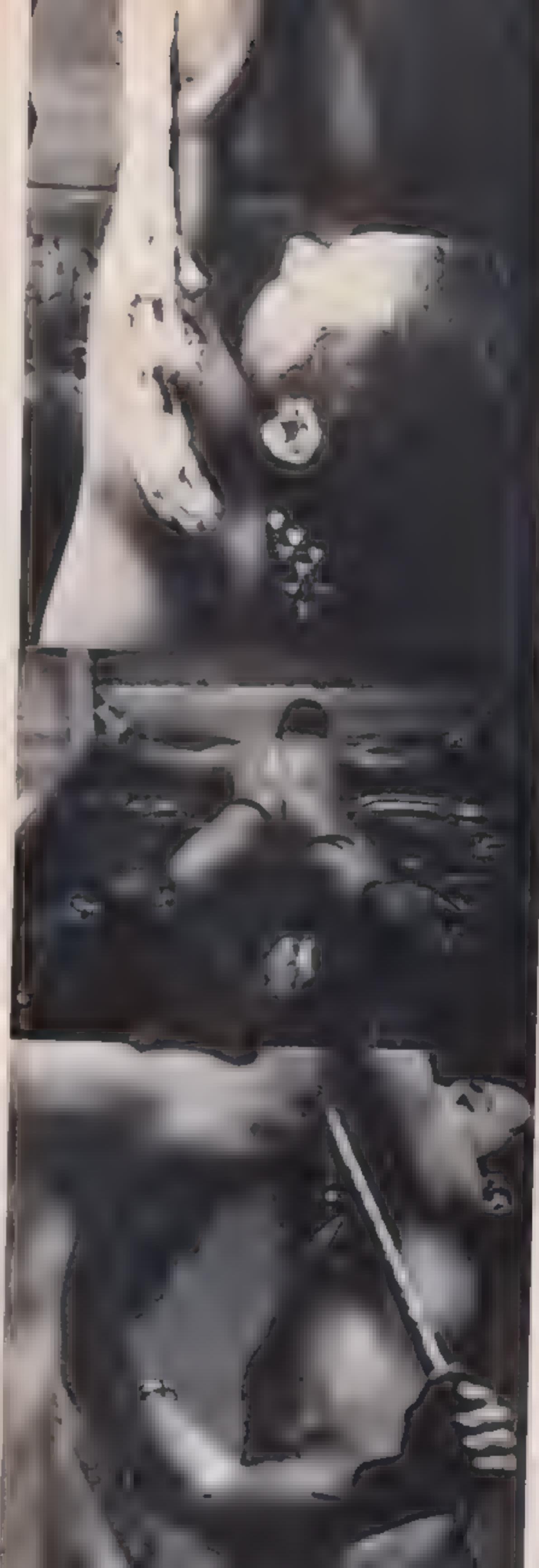
It was an incredible 48 hours of shifting scenes, some slaves resting while others were worked over, sometimes everyone resting and watching one small, intense scene, humiliating the lone bottom on display for all to observe.

I remember one time when there was only one slave tied up, spread-eagle in the middle of the big room, while the twenty masters went after him. They did everything you can imagine to that kid. I think he was about twenty, maybe twenty-two, blond, smooth, with one of those thick curving horsedicks that some blond kids have.

They tied him up and did it all—humiliating him by making him beg for everything, making him invent and recite slave fantasies for the benefit of all to hear. They jacked him off two or three different times and smeared his own cum on his face, lips, and body, making him lick it off their hands. They whipped him and stuck bigger and bigger dildos up his butt. They clamped and weighted his tits and nuts. They stuck an electric cattie prod on his nuts. They made him talk dirty to various slaves who jerked off to his fantasies from across the room...

After that, we were given back to our Masters and that's when I saw Dennis again. When I saw him later—for I was driven away again blindfolded—I realized how much I had missed him and how much I truly loved him and wanted to be with him. So there I was, safe and sound, or I guess I should say safer and sounder. I've got an insignia to wear on my motorcycle cap or jacket, a special silver pin that has a set of three letters superimposed on a phoenix rising from the flames. My pin has "SSS" for SafeSexSlave, and my Master has "SSM" for SafeSexMaster.

The experience had been for me a fulfillment on many levels—to finally attend slave training, to learn the unlimited pleasures of a worry-free SM relationship, to discover my deep feelings for my Master, to resolve my conflicts and regain my lost hotness. All of these were the wonderful outcome of that dark transition when I had sat alone and worried. □



TOUGH CUSTOMERS

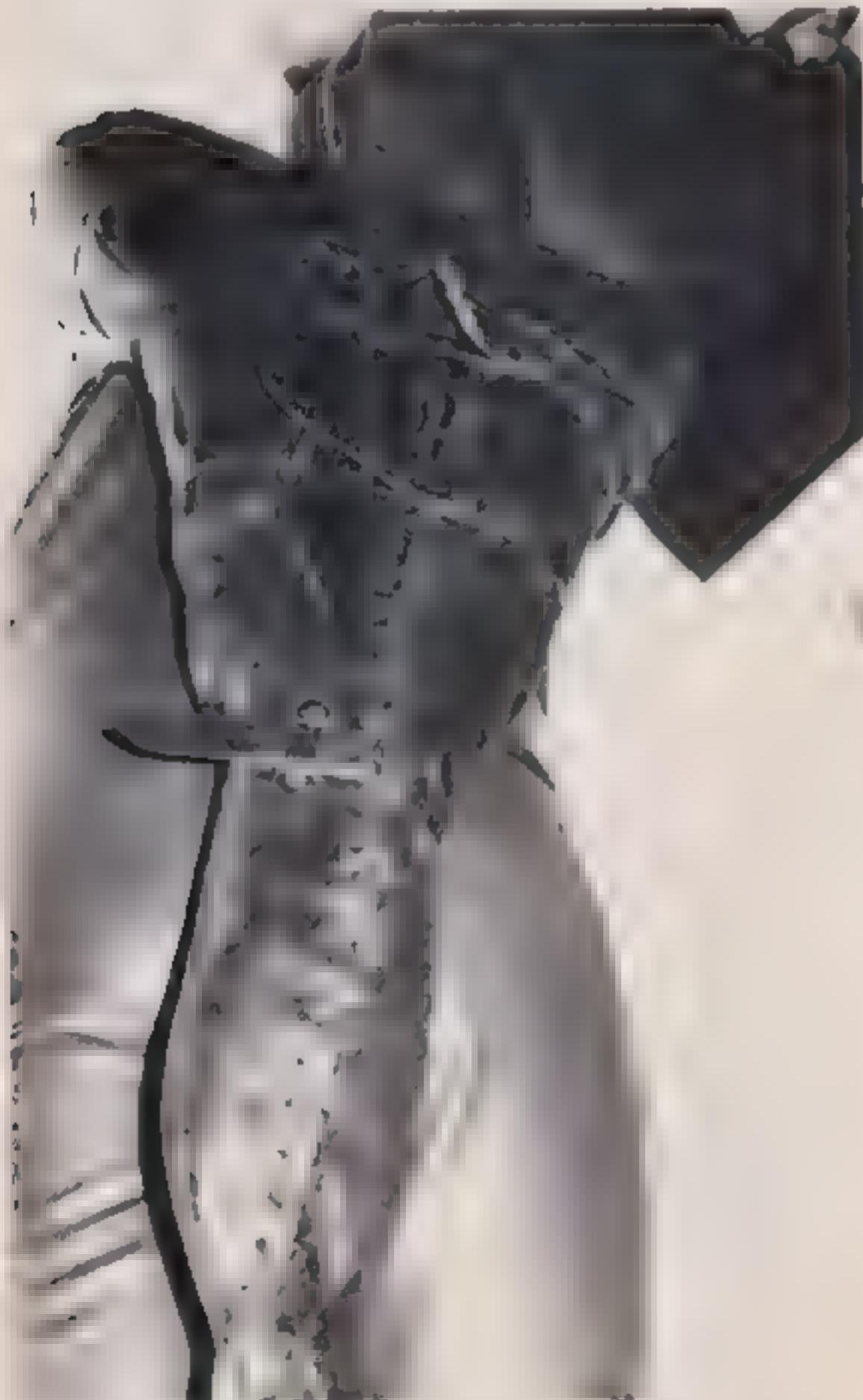
ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH IN RUBBER

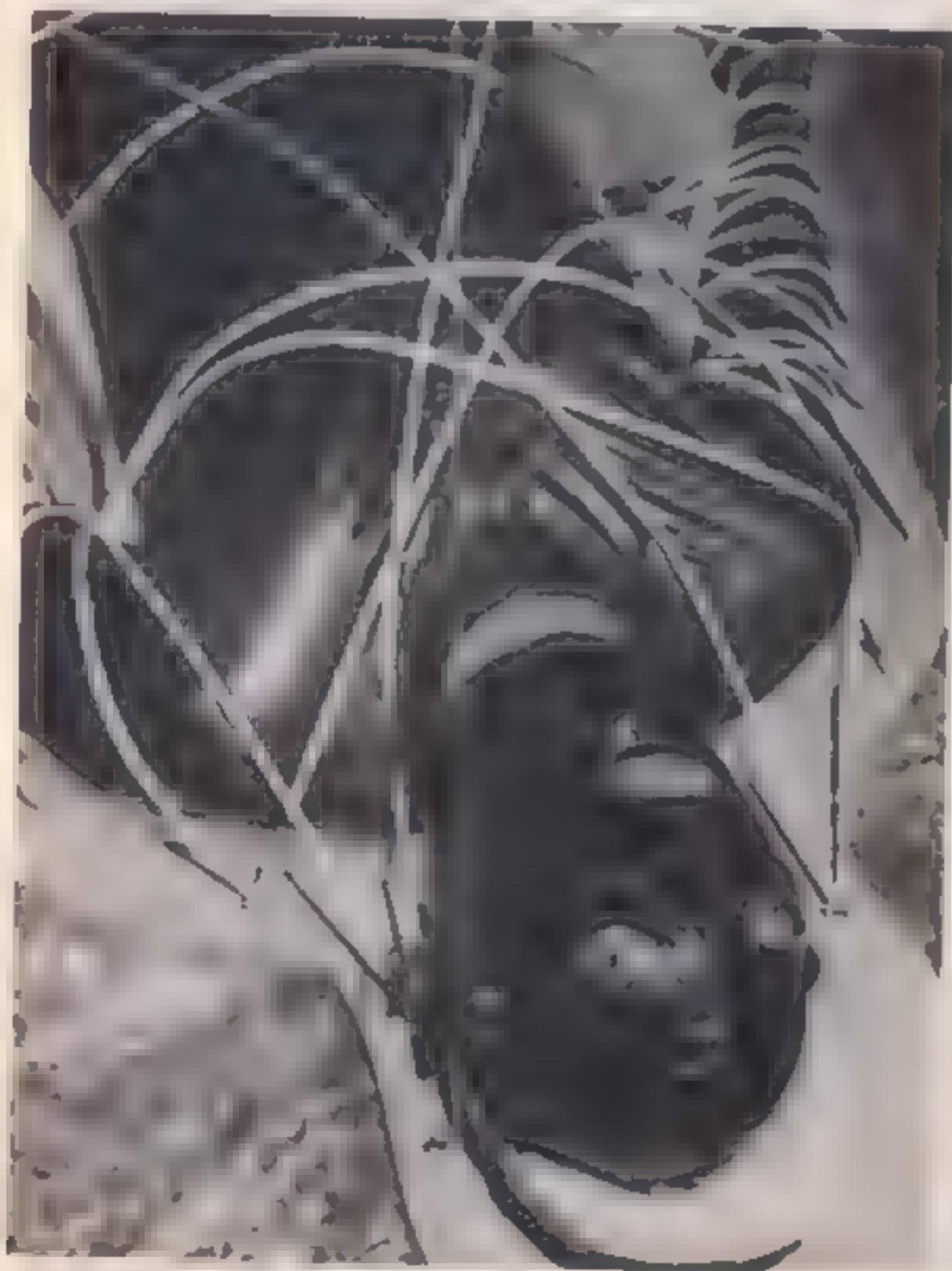
For this edition of Tough Customers, something a little different...

Just as we were finalizing plans for the special Rubber emphasis in this issue, a packet of snapshots from a Colorado Tough Customer arrived in the mail. Not to stretch the point, but the timing couldn't have been better—here's a genuine TC who really knows his Rubber, from the inside out. So we decided to devote the entire section to him and his extensive wardrobe—we figured you'd just have to see it to believe it.

"As you can see," says TC 1114, "I love tight bondage, rubber, leather, boots, masks and water sports. I enjoy being top or bottom, and want to meet similar men in my area (Colorado or surrounding states). I am 37 years old."

Anybody else out there want to show off your Rubber? Snap to it!







Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black & white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, 94103. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos can't be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the envelope in pencil, put that inside another envelope and mail to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!

SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE

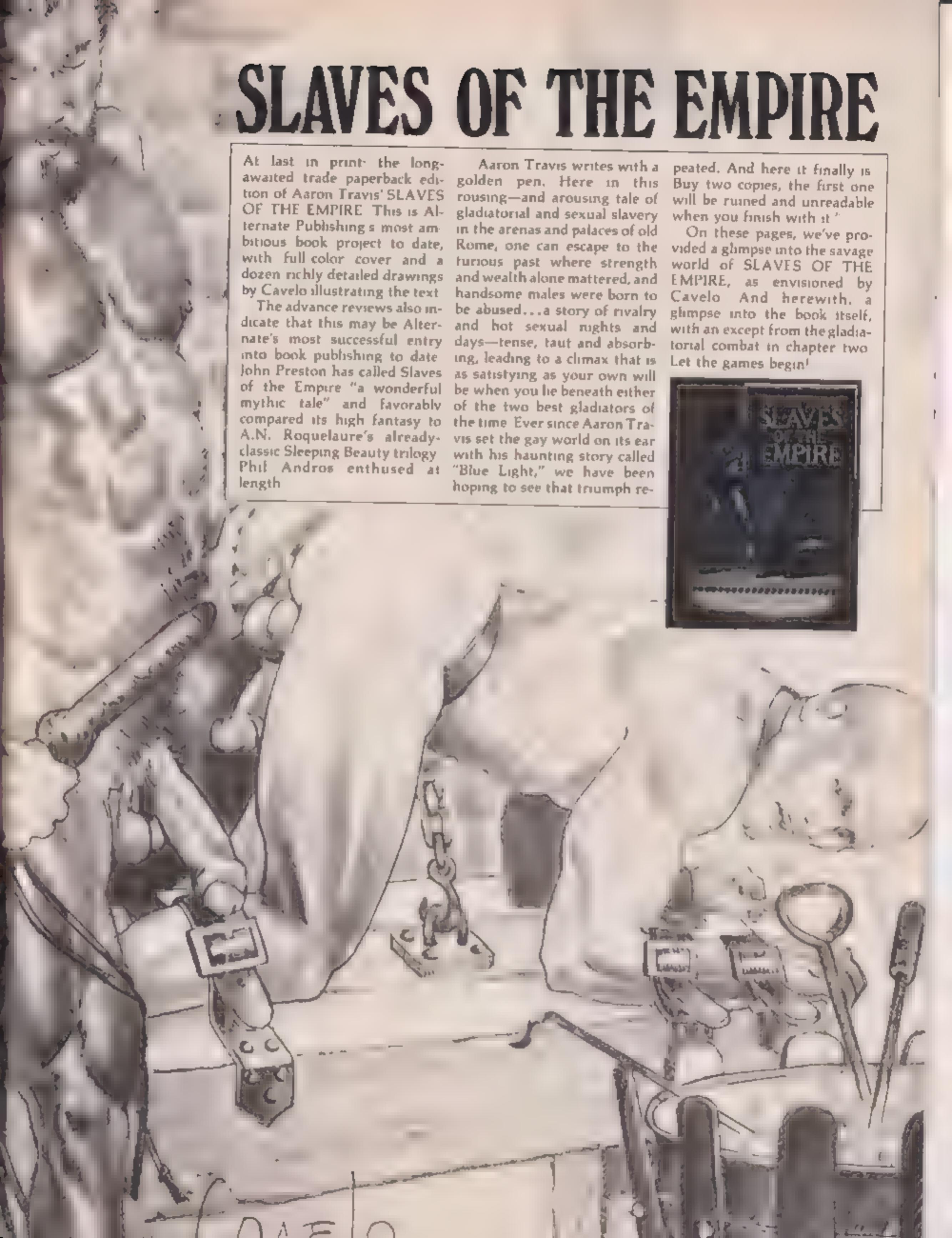
At last in print—the long-awaited trade paperback edition of Aaron Travis' *SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE*. This is Alternate Publishing's most ambitious book project to date, with full color cover and a dozen richly detailed drawings by Cavelo illustrating the text.

The advance reviews also indicate that this may be Alternate's most successful entry into book publishing to date. John Preston has called *Slaves of the Empire* "a wonderful mythic tale" and favorably compared its high fantasy to A.N. Roquelaure's already-classic *Sleeping Beauty* trilogy. Phil Andros enthused at length

Aaron Travis writes with a golden pen. Here in this rousing—and arousing tale of gladiatorial and sexual slavery in the arenas and palaces of old Rome, one can escape to the furious past where strength and wealth alone mattered, and handsome males were born to be abused...a story of rivalry and hot sexual nights and days—tense, taut and absorbing, leading to a climax that is as satisfying as your own will be when you lie beneath either of the two best gladiators of the time. Ever since Aaron Travis set the gay world on its ear with his haunting story called "Blue Light," we have been hoping to see that triumph re-

peated. And here it finally is. Buy two copies, the first one will be ruined and unreadable when you finish with it.

On these pages, we've provided a glimpse into the savage world of *SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE*, as envisioned by Cavelo. And herewith, a glimpse into the book itself, with an excerpt from the gladiatorial combat in chapter two. Let the games begin!



Magnus was able to watch, unangered and almost forgiving of Urius for his crudity. He had Eskrill—and Erskin—to occupy his thoughts. How plain Zenobius looked, compared to the German twins!

The rhinoceros was led in from the arena. Its horn glistened with dark blood. The body of the Egyptian followed.

The sweepers with their rakes trotted out onto the field. The charioleers assembled their teams in the passageway in single file. The horses stamped, blew through their cheeks and uttered the ground with dung.

The sweepers returned, the gamemaster gave the sign. The chariots paraded onto the track. The races began and ended. The time for the final match arrived.

Magnus gathered up his sword and shield, no armor would be worn in the death match.

The Nubian awaited him in the passageway. They exchanged cold stares, then entered the arena together. They marched across the field to the Imperial box and raised their swords to the Emperor. The mob was hushed, saving their voices for the violence to follow.

The fight was brief, almost too brief. From the first clash of steel, Magnus knew that the Nubian was his. It was bad form to end a match with the first wound. He would have to toy with the Nubian. A successful fight was like the art of sex, it was best to hold back, to thrill the crowd as long as possible before the climax.

The energy passed from Magnus' groin into his arm, and through his fingers into his blade. His sword became his erection, hard and gleaming, eager to penetrate unyielding and sensitive to every touch.

Magnus first deprived the Nubian of his shield. He caught the edge of the bronze plate on the tip of his sword, wrenched it from its owner's grasp and sent it skimming through the air. The mob awarded him with a reserved round of applause. The more experienced spectators knew now that the Nubian would die. They relaxed in their seats to observe the master's technique as Magnus began the process of paralyzing his victim. He began with a series of superficial wounds—cuts across the Nubian's left shoulder and arm, a slice across the man's taut belly that brought a thread of blood to the surface.

The Nubian, flailing awkwardly in desperation, drew blood—a glancing oblique scratch across Magnus' thigh. Magnus decided to end the game.

He penetrated the Nubian's defense and landed a deep cutting blow across the bicep of his sword arm, severing the thick muscle. The Nubian jumped back and transferred his sword clumsily to his left hand, his useless right arm, a burden now, hung limp and bleeding at his side. His left arm was the weaker, in seconds Magnus struck the sword from his grasp. He made a lunge at the Nubian's lower chest and scored a deep wound.

The Nubian groaned and staggered back, but did not fall. Magnus approached him slowly, frowning, he was angry that the fight had not been more interesting. Knowing Marcellus, the senator might complain that the match had been a farce, and take back his reward.

Magnus raised his sword, swung it upward and down, upward and down, marking a crimson X across the Nubian's dark chest.

The mob roared. Still the Nubian did not fall. Magnus flicked the tip of his blade about the Nubian's skirt and cut the strap that held the man's leather cup. The garments fell away and the Nubian stood naked, his arms hanging useless at his sides.

There was a hush from the mob. They were eternally curious, the sedate merchant classes in particular, about the dimensions of any shaft that was not white. It was always good theater to indulge their prurience.

The Nubian's sex was swollen, almost erect. Magnus had seen this curious phenomenon before in his victims, the concentration of blood in the sex even as it drained from the rest of the body. He slid his sword between the man's legs, forcing him to open his thighs and rise to his toes. He lifted the Nubian's shaft for display, the fleshy rod lay balanced along the sharp edge of his blade.

The crowd was silent. Magnus looked at the Nubian's face. His dark eyes begged for an end to the humiliation, for release into death.

THE NUBIAN'S SEX

was swollen, almost erect; Magnus had seen this curious phenomenon before in his victims, the concentration of blood in the sex even as it drained from the rest of the body.

Magnus lowered the pommel of his sword and stabbed upward, entering the Nubian below his testicles and impaling him on the blade. A rain of blood and oil poured hot over Magnus' fist. A thrill like fire ran from the buried steel into Magnus' arm, welling in his chest and filling his leather codpiece.

The Nubian screamed in spastic agony. The mob roared. There were shrieks among the cheers. Hysteria filled the coliseum.

Magnus pulled his sword free and stepped back. The Nubian jerked wildly and collapsed to his knees. Magnus raised his foot to the man's throat and pushed him backward to the ground. He placed his sword to the Nubian's chest and looked to the Imperial box.

The Nubian's performance had been disastrous. There could have been no reprieve for him, even if there were a chance that he might survive his wounds. The Emperor extended his arm and made a fist, thumb pointing down.

Magnus drove his sword into the Nubian's heart. There was no thrill in the penetration. His sword was lifeless again, insensate, the power had returned to his shaft.

The Emperor and his court saluted him. The mob cheered wildly as he walked the circuit of the arena, raising the bloody sword for their adoration. The fight had been unremarkable, even mediocre, but Magnus had given them a climax that would be talked about in the bazaars and palaces and slavequarters for many days.

As he passed the nobles, Magnus searched the stands for Marcellus and the boy. His eyes found the painted matron first. She had fainted. Her head had fallen onto the lap of her younger charge. The ingenue seemed unaware of the weight as she bounced on her cushion and clapped. She tried frantically to

catch his eye; but Magnus looked above and beyond her, at Eskrill.

The slaveboy's chiton was still folded back. Marcellus was running his fingers idly over the boy's shaft, keeping him erect. Magnus looked at Eskrill's face. The boy stared back at him, eyes wide with fright. He looked at Marcellus; the senator's expression was as flat and inscrutable as ever.

He circled the arena twice. The applause grew louder. Garlands were thrown before his feet. An emissary from the Emperor crowned him with a golden wreath.

In the gladiators' quarters, the athletes hailed him in subdued tones, too in awe of him to shout. Urius stood apart, leaning against a pillar, one foot planted on the back of the Syrian slaveboy. Zenobius lay collapsed in the dust, unconscious after his long ordeal. Urius was cleaning his nails with a dagger and scarcely looked up.

An attendant rushed to take Magnus' sword and shield. The slave spoke to him in a low voice and nodded toward the entrance. "You have visitors, master."

Magnus turned and saw that Marcellus was approaching him, followed by Eskrill a few paces behind.

The Senator raised his hand in greeting. "An extraordinary finish, Magnus. I have never before seen anything quite like it. Something must have inspired you."

Magnus nodded absently. He stepped past Marcellus and went to Eskrill. The red haze was upon him.

The boy saw the look in his eyes and turned his face away. He trembled and would not look up.

Magnus took the boy's chin in his hand and tilted his face up. He tightened his grip on the slave's jaw, pulled him onto his toes and kissed him. Eskrill's hands flew to Magnus' hips, searching for balance.

From the corner of his eye, Magnus saw that Urius had drawn closer and was watching them.

Magnus moved his hand over the slave's chest, cupping his pectoral and pinching the swollen nipple between his fingernails. He caught the boy's sigh in his mouth and broke the kiss. Eskrill's eyes were tightly shut.

"I pity you boy," Magnus murmured, breathing the words into Eskrill's face. He touched his lips to the slave's eyelids. "I pity you for the things I shall do to you."

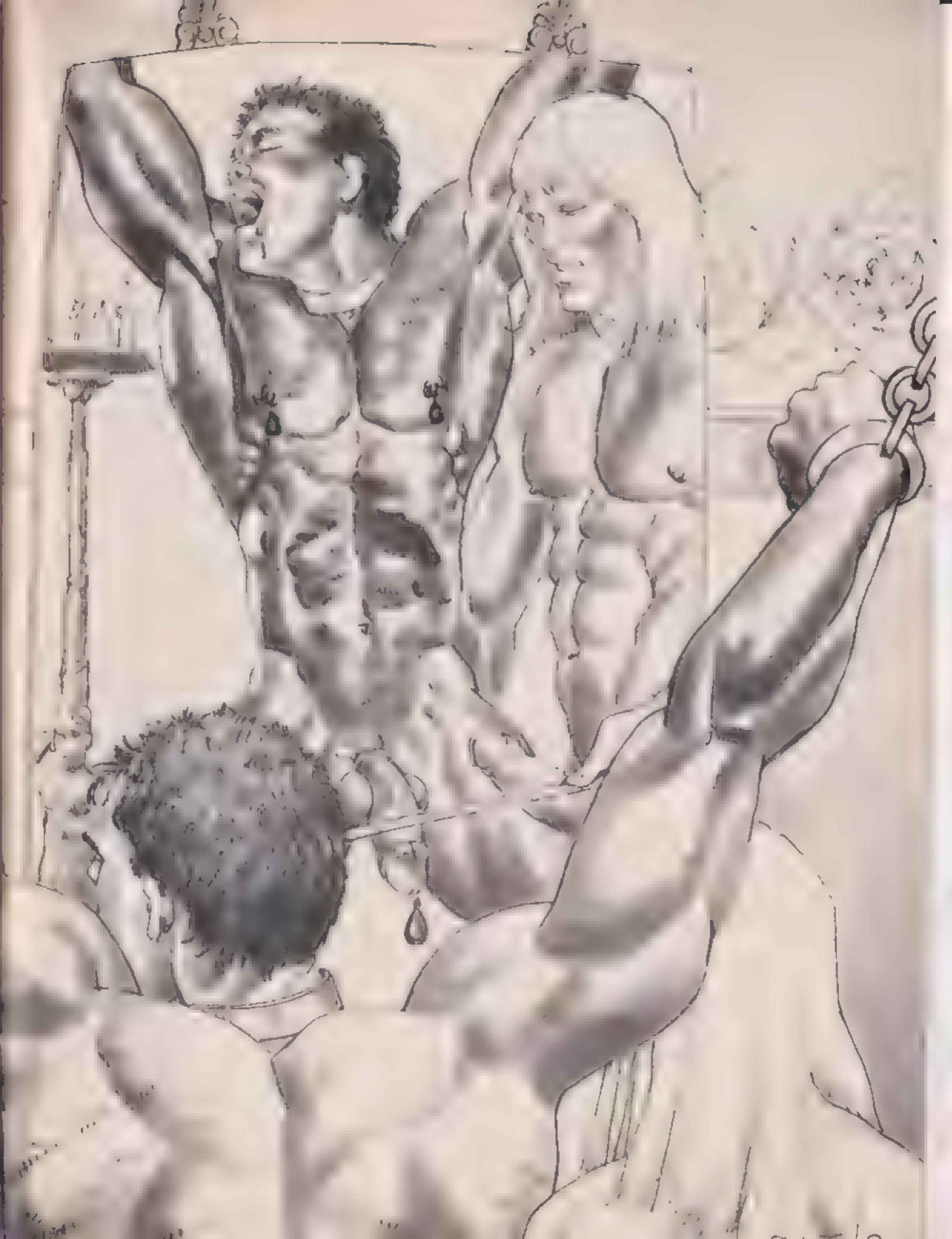
Magnus turned his head to observe Urius' reaction. He was surprised, and disappointed to see no sign of envy on the gladiator's face. Urius seemed more amused than jealous.

A hand fell on Magnus' shoulder. "Not yet," Marcellus said softly. "Not yet. Tonight. Both of them together."

Magnus released the boy who backed away and lowered his eyes to the floor. Marcellus stepped between the gladiator and the slaveboy.

"Eskrill and I shall return to the villa now to prepare for your visit. I have already spoken to Harmon, you are free for the evening. Do not bother to bathe or eat. Tonight, my home and all its comforts are yours. I will send a litter for you in an hour."

SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE by Aaron Travis, illustrated by Cavelo, available at gay bookshops, or from Alternate Publishing, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103, \$9.95 (mail orders add \$1 postage/handling. California residents add 6 1/2% sales tax.)



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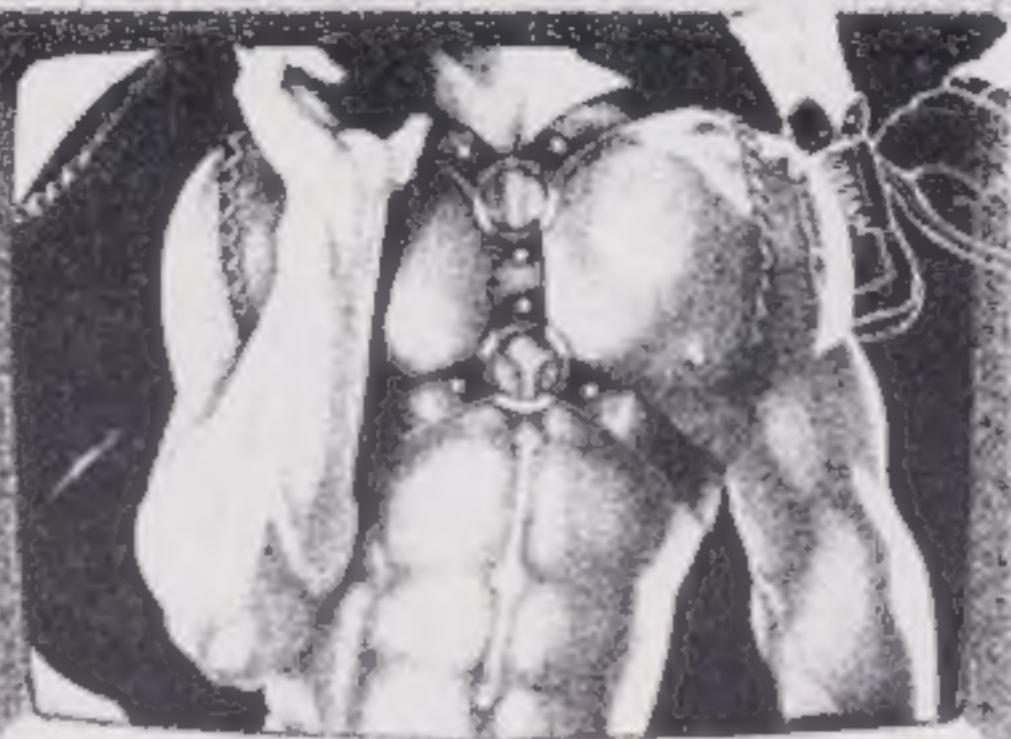


An eager admirer adds his bit to Mr. Drummer '85's jubilant return to Seattle. Requests for his phone and home address have deluged the Drummer offices. We simply forward the mail.

Photo by ROBERT PRUZAN

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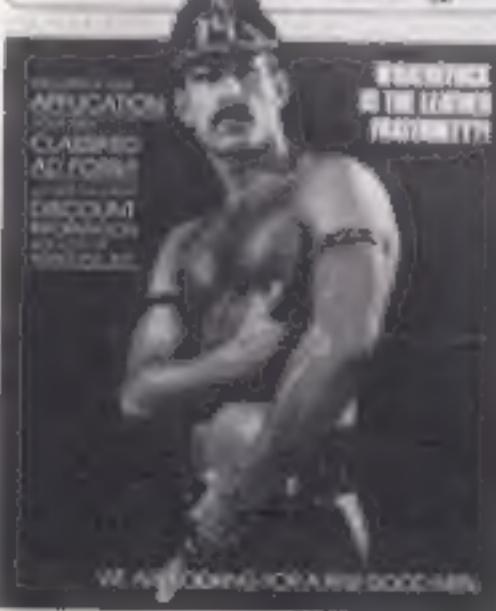
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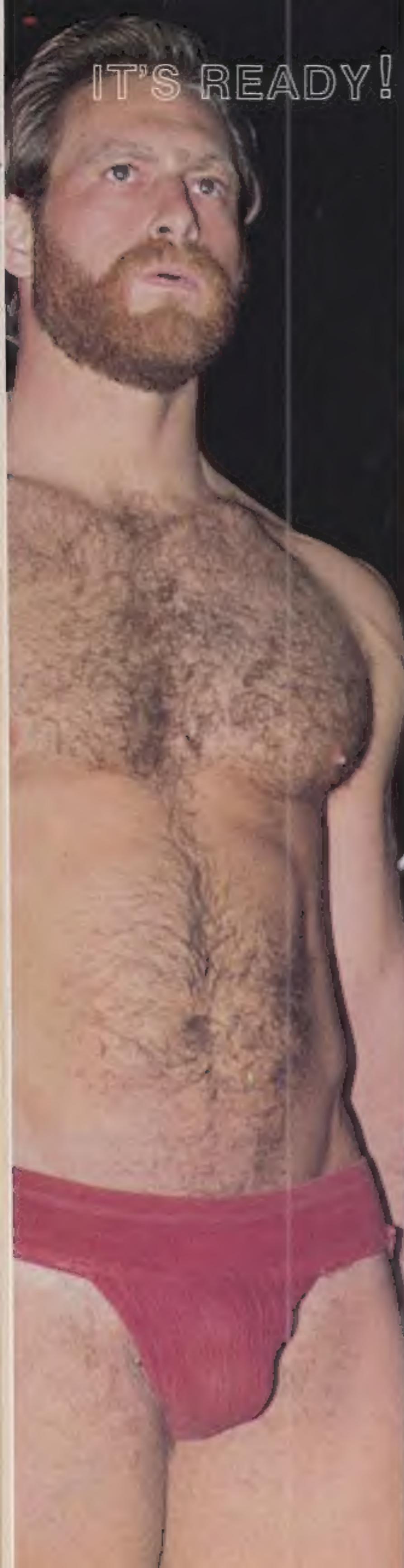
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